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Presented
in Memory of the late
Mr. Balacrushna Venayek Wassoodeu
by his family.
to
Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society

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where he sought refuge. The year 1774 gave birth to memorable events. The English dispatched a large force from Bombay, and notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of the Portuguese officers commanding the forces designed by the monarch of that nation for the re-conquest of their possessions from the Peshwás; reduced in the course of a few weeks the Islands of Salset and Uran. The state of the foreign affairs of the Peshwá's at this chaotic period was peculiarly embarrassing. While the neighbouring powers had taken advantage of this weak state of the Government abroad; there reigned the most indescribable anarchy in the Court at home. Parties were set up against parties. Intrigues were opposed by counter-intrigues. The seduction of the two Chiefs, Sindiá, and Holkar, from the side of Raghúnáth Rao was effected by the politic and scheming ministers of the yet infant Peshwá the celebrated Mádhaorao. Finally Raghunáth Rao was, with all his family reduced in the end to the utmost straits; deprived of all prospects of aid from every quarter; and at last obliged to throw himself on the mercy of his triumphant enemies by whom he was thrown into disgraceful confinement.

This was indeed an ominous commencement of his career for the future Peshwá. He was as yet a child. His family, after the nomination of Mádhaoráo to the office of Peshwá, and the total discomfiture of Dádá Sáheb, were deprived of all hopes of succession to the Peshwáship. Bájiráo with his father and mother remained confined as state prisoners, in the Castle of Shiwanerí, guarded with the greatest vigilance by the faithful servants of Náná Phadanawis,* who was actuated by strong feelings of jealousy, suspicion and hatred towards the prisoners. For during Rághobá Dádás' short administration Náná had embraced a decidedly hostile line of policy. Rághobá Dádá, with all his family was removed to Kopargáo, where he remained in confinement till his death, which took place in the year 1784.

The early seduction of Bájiráo was calculated to produce the most salutary effect on his future character and conduct. It might have been expected that this school of adversity would have called forth dispositions and virtues which would be a glory to him in after life. Indeed his bodily and mental accomplishments were greatly praised, and while in his sixteenth year, he was allowed to be the most expert spearsman in Gangathadí, the district in which he resided. His countenance was handsome, and his deportment, graceful. He possessed an insinuating address, and above all, a most eloquent and soothing tongue, by the magic force of which the most determined and sagacious intel-

* Commonly written Furnavis.

lects were persuaded. All indeed interpreted these indications of his youthful temper and genius as the certain tokens of a glorious career in the future. But alas! The blackest part of his character was yet to be unfolded; made public to the world; that unparalleled duplicity and at grossly imbecile and vacillating conduct which he exhibited in dealing with circumstances that required the greatest presence of mind and a steady adherence to the fixed principles of morality; that greatest fault in his character, one, that cost him his splendid kingdom and his priceless freedom,—the highest objects of human ambition in this world. But he had not yet been put to the test.

About the year 1794 Bájiráo together with the other members of his family, was removed from Kopargáo to Anándwallí, while Náná Phadanawis relaxed nothing of the rigours of the confinement. His situation was then by all parties regarded with feelings of commiseration, as Náná's harsh treatment of him, was generally believed to proceed from vindictive feelings. Fortunately however, for Bájiráo, he was now placed in a situation in which he could introduce himself to the Peshwá, Mádhaoráo Náráyan, his cousin, who was well-disposed towards him. Their secret correspondence being intercepted by the spies of Náná, the Peshwá was severely reprimanded for his conduct and the rigours of Bájiráo's confinement were increased. In thus exercising his authority over the Peshwa, Nana had gone too far; for Mádhaorao being at this time of age was impatient of restraint and took a fatal step that proved a deathblow to the power of Náná, and hurled the whole kingdom into a confusion from the effects of which it never afterwards completely recovered. This was the premature death of Mádhaoráo, who deliberately threw himself from the terrace walk of the second story of his palace, and thereby received so bad a wound, in his leg, from the tube of a fountain on which he fell, that he breathed his last two days after, in the year 1795. With the death of Mádhaoráo may be said to have virtually ceased the political career of Náná Phadanawis. For although he lived a few years after, he took no interest in the affairs of the Government, and after having had repeated proofs of Bájiráo's suspicious and treacherous conduct, he gradually contrived to withdraw himself from all public business.

That fatal event from which dates the real decline of the Maráthá power, opened prospects to Bájiráo of quite a different character. He had been kept in close confinement at this time in the Hill Fort of Shiwaneri, and when apprised of this event, so important to his interests, he began to project plans whose efficacy appeared very doubtful, but

which displayed in the most glaring light his talent for political intrigue and cunning. Nana Phadanawis in the meantime deliberately propounded a scheme for robbing Bájiráo of his paternal inheritance. It was agreed at Puná between him and other officers namely, Parasharám Bháwu Patwardhan, Tukáji Holkur and Sindiá, that, Chimnáji Appá should be given in adoption to the widow of the deceased Mádhaoráo, and be installed in the Peshwáship. Náná was the main spring of this conspiracy, being probably actuated in his conduct towards the future Peshwá by motives of self-interest. Counter-intrigues, had, however, been meanwhile carried on ; for Bájiráo, on perceiving this deeply laid plot for unjustly depriving him of his hereditary rights was not slow to form a party for himself and he soon found in Bálobá Tátyá, the Prime Minister of Sindiá, and a personal enemy to Náná, a man competent to fulfil the difficult and troublesome mission with which he was soon to be charged. As soon as this important person was secured in his interests, Bájiráo through his instrumentality succeeded in gaining over Sindiá to his cause, and thus opened his way to the Peshwáship. Before, however, their plans were matured, the whole was revealed to Náná Phadanawis, who, anticipating the designs of Bálobá Tátyá, and fearing lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult in case the projected arrangement should take place, he proposed terms to Bájiráo through the medium of Páráshrám Bháwú Patwardhan, which Bajirao thought fit to accept, although his brother Amrutrao advised to the contrary.

Báloba Tátyá, finding himself thus defeated in all his projects, began to plan a scheme for counteracting the influence of Náná Phadanawis ; and averting the dangerous consequences that might befal his party should the projects of Náná and the establishment of Bájirao as Peshwá, be carried out. With this view he devised the expedient of raising Chimnáji Appa to the Peshwáship and induced Sindiá to detain Bájirao in his camp under trivial pretexts. The scheme, however failed, and after several vicissitudes of fortune and various chances of success on both sides, Bájirao was placed on the *Gádí*, formally invested with the robes of the Peshwáship in the year 1796. Náná Phadanawis being induced to assume, though reluctantly, the office of Prime Minister undertook the conduct of the state affairs.

Although Bájirao appeared for a time to acquiesce in the appointment of Náná to the office of Prime Minister, yet he was internally dissatisfied and felt uneasy at the superiority of his servant. Daolatrao Sindiá who was mainly instrumental in raising him to power, soon began to make pressing demands for the promised sums of money which Bájirao was

unable to meet. That politic chief taking advantage of the troubles in Hindustán caused by the dissensions which arose on the death of Tukáji Holkúr in 1797, interfered in the Government of that prince's country and thus extended his importance and resources. In the mean time Bájirao, who grew impatient of his thraldom, was desirous of getting rid of the Minister and for this purpose engaged Sindiá to arrest and imprison Náná, who, as well as many of his principal adherents, were put in custody. After thus revenging himself on Náná. Bájirao practised a similar deception on Sindiá whose deplorable consequences were the subject of reproach to his reputation; and which transaction deservedly brought unparalleled obloquy on his very name. Bájirao at first proposed the arrest of Dowlatrao Sindiá, but afterwards shamefully and weakly enough made an avowal of his sinister designs towards him, and by thus giving him timely notice frustrated all the plans which he had formed against him. The same treachery and duplicity did Bájirao exhibit in his conduct towards the Raja of Satara when he wanted his assistance in depriving Náná Phadanawís of his power and dignity.

The consequences of such imbecile policy were disastrous to his own future influence and brought unprecedented calamities upon his capital. Daolatrao Sindiá, to whom Bájirao had promised immense sums of money as a reward of his assistance had by this time begun to make the most pressing demands for money which Bájirao was unable to furnish him with. As an expedient to obtain the requisite sum, Bájirao suggested to Sindiá, that, should Shirjirao Ghátge be created Dewán, he would with his assistance, levy contributions on the inhabitants of Puná and raise money to the required amount. That monster Ghátge then executed his bloody mission by inflicting all sorts of torture which his cupidity and malignity could suggest upon the rich, respectable citizens, and merchants of Puná, who were suspected of possessing immense treasures. The violence and extortions of this monster and his horrible proceedings on that occasion will make his name be remembered, as long as Púná exists, with horror and execration.

Máhadji Sindiá, at his death had left three widows, with the youngest of whom his nephew and successor Daolatrao was suspected, on very good grounds of an incestuous intercourse by the two elders ones, who refused to reside with him. The troubles thereby excited soon spread around and the resistance of the two Bais having assumed the attitude of an insurrection and their cause having found many partizans; the disturbances at last became so formidable that the Peshwás were obliged to interpose and succeeded after much difficulty in restoring peace be-

tween the conflicting parties. About this time the kingdom of Tipu was conquered and partitioned by the English under the Marquis of Wellesley and by the Nizam ; but owing to the tardiness of Bájirao, in sending his contingent, and his refusal to accept, on the terms proposed, the portions of territory offered upon by the British commander, no acquisitions were secured to the Peshwás in that quarter.

An event of awful importance happened about this time, the death of the celebrated Náná Phadanawis in the year 1800. "With him" says Colonel Palmer "has departed the wisdom and moderation of the Maráthá Government." His death was a fresh cause of dispute between Bájiráo and Sindiá ; because each wished to get possession of the enormous treasures which Náná was supposed to have amassed. These disputes had scarcely terminated, when wars of a most destructive character broke out between Sindiá and Yeshwantráo Holkar. The latter plundered the country of Sindiá ; and though defeated at the battle of Indur in 1801, still kept up a harassing warfare. The weak Peshwá sometimes sided with one, and sometimes with the other party. Holkar however at length reduced the combined forces of Sindiá and the Peshwá to the necessity of coming to a pitched battle near Puná, where his unusual bravery and extraordinary perseverance, were crowned with complete success. Bájiráo fled with precipitation from Puna and sought refuge in the British camp. He then fled to Sinhgad, thence to Ráigad and finally to Basín where he concluded a treaty with the British.

Mr. Rá[illegible] Holkar, had, after his victory, taken possession of the capital, [illegible] Vináyakaráo, Amrutráo's son on the *Gádi* and began to make demands for money upon the rich men of Puná in the name of the Peshwa. All the enormities, of which the citizens of Puná had on a former occasion been the victims, were renewed ; they were subjected to the most cruel tortures by their inhuman persecutors in order to compel them to discover the treasures which they were supposed to have concealed. Bájiráo made a treaty with the British at Basín in 1802 by which he agreed to maintain a subsidiary force of 8000 ; to abide by the treaties which the English had recently concluded with the Gáikawád and the Nizam ; and to take no step of any political importance without their previous consent. Thus did Bájiráo in trying to protect himself from one enemy sacrifice his independence to another. He was soon escorted to Puná by a British auxiliary force, and reinstated as Peshwá. From this day forth he was a mere pageant in the hands of others.

With the treaty of Basín may be said to have virtually terminated his independent political career. This treaty sealed the downfall of

Marátha independence. From this time we shall see Bájirao husbanding his resources, and trying to array his enemies in hostilities against each other; but his wavering and cowardly policy in the end proved fatal to himself. "To trust none and to deceive all, was" says Capt. Grand Duff "the game he invariably played; and like all those who have ever done so, he never failed to lose". Sindiá and Holkar intrigued against the British power with secret promise of alliance from Bájirao; but all their machinations were defeated by the decisive overthrow of their joint armies near Asai in 1803 by the British, under the Honourable Major General Wellesley. Important consequences followed this victory. Meanwhile a series of successes scarcely less brilliant had been gained by the British under General Lord Lake, and the conquest of Bundelakhand and other provinces effected after a succession of victories over Bhonle and Sindiá. Treaties of peace were concluded by General Wellesley both of which which proved to the advantage of the British. The rapidity and successful termination of the British conquests in the North roused Yeshwantrao Holkar from his state of inactivity. He immediately conceived the bold design of leaguing with his late enemy the Sindiá against the British, and soon began to wage a predatory warfare in central Hindustán. Lord Lake soon entered upon a career of glory and conquest that at once raised the British to the highest rank among the Indian powers. Sindiá and Holkar were reduced to extremeties and each forced to conclude a separate peace in 1805 by which a complete preponderance was secured to the British in that quarter. In the west a treaty with the Gaikawad, brought to the company the districts Kera, Chikley and others.

Bájirao although he had been reinstated in his place by British aid, harboured feelings of suspicion and jealousy against that power and only awaited a favorable opportunity to shake off the yoke to which he had reluctantly submitted. He soon found in Sadáshiv Bháu Mána Keshwar, a man whose chief merit consisted in his hostility towards the British. Bájirao soon advanced this person and appointed him to conduct affairs with the British residency. He made himself detested by his ingratitude towards his staunch adherent Khanderao Ráste, a man who in his most critical circumstances had upheld his honour and name, and had mainly contributed to preserve the Marátha supremacy in the Konkan. The rebellion of the Pratinidhi of Karhad and the troubles thereby excited created much embarassment; but Bápú Gokhale by his skilful operations soon suppressed the insurrection and carried the rebel a prisoner to Puná. About the year 1810 Khusaruji Modhi a Pársi and

a servant of the company became through the means of Sadáshiva Rao Bháwo, a favorite with the Peshwá and characteristically enough he soon began to instil Anti-Anglical feelings into the mind of Bájirao. Khusruji soon fell out with Bháwu, but still continued to exercise a considerable influence on Bájirao's mind and pushed on his machinations against the British resident Mr. Elphinstone. The rancorous revenge and studied aggressions of Bájirao completely alienated the minds of the southern Maráthá chiefs who were only deterred from joining in a coalition against the Peshwá by the presence of the British auxiliary troops. The widow of Phondsáwant of Sáwantwádi having broken the conditions imposed upon her by Mr. Elphinstone, her territory was reduced but subsequently restored after an exaction of several obligatory conditions.

In the mean time intrigues had been carrying on at Puná by Trimbakji Denglia, a man who from the low station of a spy, rose to such a height by means of the ascendency that his congenial nature secured to him over the mind of Bájirao, that by degrees about the year 1814 he was appointed to the station of a minister corresponding with the British Residency and was allowed to farm all the public revenues. This low, base and presumptuous favorite of Bájirao resembled Shirjirao Ghatge in his strong prejudices against Europeans, his unbounded arrogance and unprincipled mind. He encouraged his weak and dissolute master in the shameless, immoral and tyrannical practices of the court, and shared in all his vices. The court of Puná resembled that of Louis XV of France, mistresses ruling in the palace, and incapables commanding the armies.

The people were barbarously treated by the violent, rapacious, vulture-like, Denglia, aided in his fiendish deeds by his blood-thirsty satellites. [illegible] found no redress of their grievances at the Peshwa's hand. [illegible]kji, [illegible] with pride and enjoying the unsullied favour of his [illegible] to the popular clamours. Yet the time was [illegible] he was to receive his just reward, his well merited [illegible] of that same power, that had made his master through [illegible]ly, what he then was; and that was, to his own [illegible] a complete revolution in the Indian affairs.

Bajirao had by this time succeeded in settling by the aid of the British the affairs in the south, advantageously for himself. He now turned his attention towards the Gáikawád in Guzaráth. After some warm discussions on both sides it was agreed to compose their mutual differences by arbitration. To this end Gangádhar Shástri was sent in 1815 to Puná by the Gaikawad under the express guarantee of the British Government. Bájirao subsequently went on a pilgrimage to

Pandharapur and was followed by Gangádhar Shástri. The Shastri was there treacherously and inhumanly murdered by the wicked Denghlia (it is said) at the instigation of Bájirao. The British Resident made a peremptory demand, for an immediate surrender of the murderers, and in particular of that diabolical character Denglia. By a sad and dishonorable attachment to his favourite, Bájirao was involved in a hostile line of policy, in a warm dispute with the British Government at the end of which he was obliged to give up Trimbakji who was confined in the fort of Táná in 1816. He soon however effected his escape; opened a secret correspondence with the Peshwa and began to flatter him with vain illusory hopes of a speedy relief from the supremacy of the British. Their correspondence being intercepted, the Peshwá was threatened. The British resident Mr. Elphinstone demanded an explanation. It was put off. An evasive answer was at last obtained. It was after all to no purpose. Colonel Smith was ordered at his own suggestion to attack the Peshwá's Capital. About the middle of 1818 it was invested. Bájirao was dismayed and obliged to form a treaty by which his throne was stripped of the greatest part of its solidity and grandeur. He soon relapsed into his former practices. He forgot his promises and tried secretly to raise troops. To his surprise his hostile designs were anticipated by the British. The inevitable consequence was a war. A total rout of his armies followed. Fort after fort surrendered. Still a resolute persevering arm fought for him and while it continued to wave the flashing weapon Bájirao had no reason to despair. But, his natural timidity overtook him. He left that brave Gokhalá at Ashti to his fate. He abandoned his army. He sought an ignoble asylum under the British banner with Sir John Malcolm, while his partizans still fought for him. Thus did Bájirao descend from the rank of a sovereign to that of a mere dependant on the bounty of foreigners. Brahmavarta was assigned the place of his residence and an annual pension of eight lacks of Rupees, a trifling return for the loss of a splendid kingdom, settled on him. Here he eked out his idle life and dragged on till the year 1851, when his miserable existence at last terminated on the 28th of January at the advanced age of 76 years, leaving behind him a crowd of relations among whom are to be reckoned, his two daughters; two adopted sons and two widows, all of whom are as yet totally unprovided for. Thus terminated with this man that mighty dynasty of the Maráthás. Thus ended the last representative of that renowned monarchy that defied the mandates and baffled the arms of the Great Moguls.

I shall conclude this brief survey of the history of the declining period of the Maráthá power by giving a short review of the character of the great actor in the variegated scenes of those times. Something has already been said of his early education and habits. Much more however remains for us to know. He was an excellent writer and accountant. His penmanship is yet praised. In a word he was what in our own language would be called an expert *Kárkun*. He was deep read in the Shástrás. His intellectual faculties were in short well cultivated and his mind was highly polished. His body was no less trained than his mind. He was a most remarkably skilful swimmer. In his appearance he was calm and mild. He was distinguished from all his predecessors by his romantic though often misplaced generosity. He made a bad choice of his favorites whose pernicious influence together with his mistaken policy, it is to be regretted proved in the end, fatal to his own and his People's Liberty.

IX.—A PEEP INTO NATURE.

By Bamanji Pestanji, Assistant Master, Elphinstone Institution.

The word Nature is a very comprehensive term. It means the native state or properties of things; the constitution of an animated body, the regular course of things, &c. But what is meant here by Nature is, the state or operation of the material world.

If we cast a look around us, we perceive a great variety of objects and appearances; and a great many of these, differ so palpably from the rest with which they are placed, that the eye can quickly make a distinction between them, and arrange them under two classes viz. the objects of Nature, and the objects of art or human ingenuity.

One of these classes, is so sensibly marked with vastness of structure, beauty of form, and variety of coloring, as to be easily distinguished from the other class, which bears traits of insignificance, deformity of shape, and inferiority of skill.

But although these things stand with such broad lines of distinction, yet they are seen in two different lights, by two different observers. For instance, a man who has only cared for his food and drink, and has given no leisure to his imagination, to fly in the wide and lofty regions of Nature, looks upon the rude and imperfect productions of man, as

the most perfect which he can any where behold. But a man of an opposite cast of mind, looks upon human productions with contempt and ridicule, being trifling and insignificant, when compared with the immensity and grandeur of Nature.

We must have all found an opportunity of putting this question, to the pupils, of our classes, whether there was more mechanism, displayed in a watch or a rose, and most of us must have received for answer, that the construction of a watch required more ingenuity than that of a rose. But this is an unpremeditated answer, that is, the boy answers as soon as the question is put; however if we tell him that it was in the power of man to make a watch, but to make a rose was totally out of his reach, the boy begins to reflect a little. We must at the same time add, for the sake of illustration, that the flowers on the bonnet of an European lady, are made by man in imitation of the true rose, and although man tries to approach Nature, as much as possible, still the result of his skill, at once betrays an imperfection and deformity of which the true rose, exhibits no trace; and in this way, we can soon satisfy him that though a rose appeared at first sight so simple of construction, yet it required a far greater mechanism, than that necessary in the construction of a watch, and which in the present state of things, is beyond the reach of man to accomplish.

The same remark holds good, throughout the whole of nature, that is the inventions and productions of human labour and skill, dwindle down into insignificance, when compared with those, which have been contrived, by the Great Mechanic of the universe.

Nature is not an accident, that is, it is not created without a certain end in view, or in other words, Nature is designed and intended for certain ends. For instance, if a carpenter while learning his trade, happen to chop a piece of wood, and by that means to make something of exquisite workmanship—or a boy who is learning the art of drawing, to take a piece of charcoal, and to make a very beautiful picture—these would be mere accidents, for the persons, who made them, had no end in view, or even did not know what they were about. But to say that Nature is an accident, would be the same thing as saying, that the tables and chairs in a house grew on large trees, on the surface of the earth.

That large and sounding collection of waters, which we call the ocean, whose heaving breast supports our ships—those huge and colossal ramparts of Nature, which we call mountains, compared with which, the great wall of China, would be a mere molehill—that thin and invisible ether, which we call the atmosphere, which surrounds the earth, and without

which it would present a scene of chaos and death—that glorious source of day, the Sun, who travels through the heavens in solemn grandeur and unequalled majesty—that mild illuminator of the night with her ten thousand torch-bearers—all these I say are not plunged into the immensity of space without some grand aim in view, as if some superior being, while handling certain tools, accidentally gave birth to these mighty and altogether incomprehensible existences. No; this cannot be the case, and far be it from any human creature to entertain such a thought, for the moment it is admitted in the mind, that same moment, the Creator of Nature, becomes an unskillful artizan, destitute of all design or foresight.

Having seen that Nature is a design of the Supreme Being let us now examine the objects of Nature with which we are most familiar. Cast a look upon the earth, on which we dwell and on the waters with which we are surrounded, and what a train of reflections takes possession of the mind. What is the earth? It is a grand dwelling-place, built with exquisite design by an Architect, who has furnished it with every thing, that would tend to the ease, convenience, and comfort of its inhabitants. It is furnished with several stories, with a ground-floor and one vast cellar. The stories are the huge mountains, on which the inhabitants of this house, may go to cool themselves, when they find the lower part of their habitation somewhat warm; the ground-floor is the surface so useful for the cultivation of grain and materials of clothing, and the cellar is the vast hollow under the ground-floor, and in which are locked up various things for use and ornament.

These different parts of the earth serve us not only as places of residence, but as places from which we might draw out our food, our enjoyments, and our comforts. The surface of the earth, uneven and rugged as it is, instead of being a deformity, is really a beauty; for uniformity soon tires the view, and therefore the all-wise Being has made the earth high in one part, depressed in another; he has covered it in one place with flowing rivers and with purling streams, and he has paved another with large masses of ice, compared with which the best Parian marble, would appear as dull of appearance, as common stone.

Nature abhors uniformity, in the same manner as it "abhors a vacuum"; and thus we see the great diversity of shapes, colors, and appearances in all the objects on the surface of the earth.

All the materials of food and of art, necessary to mankind, are drawn from the three great sources of Nature, viz., the mineral, the vegetable and the animal kingdoms.

The mineral kingdom is that vast depository of Nature, where a store of materials necessary for building houses, for making implements of husbandry and tools of art, and for the construction of instruments of Science and Philosophy is locked up, not with Chubb's and Bramah's locks, as a frightened and avaricious man, would lock up his treasures, but given with a bountiful hand, that he who has a will to take them may have a free and liberal supply.

Here is to be found the cheapest and most common metal, iron, without which fields would have been very rudely cultivated, houses and ships would have remained unbuilt, the labour of the mechanic, and the skill of the artizan, would have been very inefficiently applied, and what is still worse, mankind would have been so much pressed for time, that very slow advances, would have been made in the sciences and arts, which truly elevate the mind and refine the understanding. But how wise and good is the Great Father towards his children! He has put this metal in such a state, as to be so cheaply obtained, that the rich and the poor might equally share its blessings. That polished and shining blade which glitters by the side of a general, is made of the same rude metal, which the humble peasant, employs in making his ploughshare.

Here are to be found substances of still lower value than iron, as stones, flints, coals &c. But when we think of the manifold uses to which they are applied of how much more value are they than that by-all-wished-for metal gold, the curse of the world, for to obtain it, children do not shrink from murdering their parents, husbands from poisoning their wives, and monarchs from oppressing their subjects: nay such is its overpowering influence, that persons who are noted for discretion, moderation and sobriety of conduct, often go astray, and plunge themselves into this itching disease. Gold is of no direct use to man, except as an ornament; but those inferior minerals I have mentioned tend to minister directly to his convenience and comfort. How much are we indebted to God for giving us that abundant mineral stone! It makes for us a comfortable mansion, in which we can live with ease, regardless of the howling winds that blow without, or of the sweeping clouds that pour forth their liquid stores from above, or of the great luminary of the day who radiates his sultry beams around.

Flint is a thing which at first sight, seems to us to be of no use, being so extremely hard, as to resist the blows and cuts of our sharpest tools. But how useful a thing it becomes, when it undergoes, some of the chemical processes, which the Author of Nature, has kindly made known to man. It is now so pliable, that though it opposed our hardest tools

before, a gentle blowing at it by the mouth, is sufficient to give it any shape we choose. But the delight is inexpressible when we see that a substance of so rude and dull an appearance, should be formed into something clear and transparent, pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the touch. This is glass, an article greatly used for domestic, artistic and scientific purposes.

Its household uses are various. It forms beautiful vessels, for holding our exquisite wines and delicious sauces, for containing the nostrums of the doctor when we are sick, and for lighting our rooms at night. The halls of the great, are embellished by it. The big chandelier, with its branching shades and symmetrical prisms, emitting various tints of light—the moon-lamps alternately hung up with globe-lamps—the double branching shades, decorated with flowers, and the gilt frame looking-glasses, embellishing the walls, form a sight both brilliant and dazzling to the eye. But if these rude productions of man dazzle us so much, how much more awful will it be to contemplate the Supreme Being who alone, is the life and soul of every thing here below!

The artistic purposes will be well seen when we know, that it is so vastly employed in the manufacture of what is called glass-ware. But glass becomes an article of still greater importance, from its being extensively employed in the experiment and researches of science—Chemistry is a science, which has as it were sprung out of glass, for we see no other substance more suitable, for chemical experiments, than this. Make vessels of metal, but they would be acted on by some of the weakest acids; make them of wood but they would not withstand the heat of a spirit lamp; make them of stone, but the changes that are going on in them, cannot be seen through. Thus we see, that chemistry is solely the daughter of glass.

Glass, gives a great help to old and decrepit age, for without it many an old grand-mamma, would be unable to use her needle, and many an old grand-papa, would be unable to read books.

How much is science indebted to the microscope and telescope. Who could ever have believed that the hairs on our body are hollow tubes, —that at times we devour some thousands of creatures in each draught of water we drink—that the point of a needle should be like a country, intersected with hills and mountains! Without the telescope, who could ever have known that the moon's surface is indented with mountains—that there are bodies in the immensity of space that have their own satellites like our moon—that those bodies are surrounded with an ether like our atmosphere. These facts, are miracles to mankind.

Having examined the subterraneous regions of the earth, let us now come to the surface. In order to have a full sight of Nature, let us shun the busy haunts of men, the head-aching din of artificers, the crackling of carts and the creaking of chariot wheels, and take a position more suitable to the object in view. Let us go to some thick wood, or the country seat of some gentleman, and what a beautiful and solemn scenery opens itself to the view. It is here that the vegetable kingdom is seen in its Native exuberance. All around is a large plain of the most beautiful green; every thing is fresh and blooming, not scorched and burnt up, as in a thickly populated town or city, where the demand for water is so great, that very little of it is left for the growth of plants. Here are to be seen delicate herbs, tender shrubs, trailing creepers, and tall and umbrageous trees. The leaves of some of these are longer than they are broad, of others, the margin is cut like the edge of a saw; some have five divisions like our hand, and some are perfectly entire.

Again one plant bears one kind of flower, another a different kind, a third still different, and so the variety extends to as many different kinds of flowers, as there are plants on the surface of the earth. The fruits are as various as the flowers. Some are green, some red, and some yellow; some have a sweet flavour, others sour; the seed of one is eatable, while that of another is only useful for sowing. Thus we see, that we are placed in a situation, where the diversity of objects, colors and properties, at once delight and regale the senses. The eyes are greatly delighted by the verdure of the trees, and diversity of their shapes—the nose is highly regaled by the wholesome and aromatic smell of the different parts of plants—the ears also take their portion of pleasure by hearing the music, which the soft breezes play with the dancing trees—the delicious acid of some fruits, and the balmy sweet of others, please the tongue and palate—and lastly the organs of touch, are transported with joy, by the cool winds playing over them. Thus every vein and sinew, nay every pore of the body is filled with pleasure. But while the body is in the enjoyment of such pleasure, the mind is not excluded from the general revelling. It also partakes of enjoyment suited to itself. It is filled with solemn and sublime thoughts respecting the Being who bade the plant to grow, and the tree to thrive.

How curious are thy works, Father of all! From the same earth, the same water, and the same air, Thou producest things so dissimilar, that some should nourish, and give strength to thy created beings, while others should prove detrimental and fatal to them!

That a single seed put in the earth, and consigned to thy care should yield to man, ten or twenty times as much. If thy beneficent hand was not employed in thy created world, if thy great laboratory were not set to work in the interior of the earth, if yon luminary of the day, who is the creature of thy handiwork, did not exert his benign influence, what could feeble man have done? Could he by the aid of all the sciences he boasts of, have raised a single spike of Corn, to nourish his weak body, or a single pod of Cotton to shelter his naked frame? No: imperfect man would have languished and died without thy aid. What is a mother's solicitude for the safety of her child, or a father's anxiety for the support of his family, or a monarch's vigilance for the prosperity of his subjects, when compared with thy solicitude, anxiety, and vigilance! Without thee, all these would fly into vapour, and dwindle down to nought. It is Thou alone, that inspirest a mother, a father, and a monarch, with the feelings of love that reign in their breasts!

The vegetable kingdom is an inexhaustible store for human nourishment, clothing, and other useful purposes. Though man derive his sustenance from animal food also; yet the greater part consists of vegetables. No man in a civilized state, can be satisfied without bread or rice. Every man after the monsoon is over, is anxious to know the state of the crop, because corn is his principal food. Besides these necessaries of life, the vegetable kingdom yields to man various seasonings. These are the spices, a very precious word to the nations of the west. The Spice Islands are to them, as it were, islands of diamonds or rubies; for spices seldom thrive in the temperate regions. The spices make our food wholesome and palatable, and from their aromatic properties, carry on good digestion. But when a superabundant quantity of these spices, is taken in, great heat is felt in the intestines, and then also the vegetable kingdom is ready to serve us. It yields a great variety of medicines, such as Rhubarb, Jalap, &c., a proper dose of which being taken, purifies and cleanses the bowels of all sort of uneasiness, and though these things find a greater difficulty in going down the gullet, than the spices, yet they are equally necessary to man, and the proverb, "the rose has thorns" is verified in this case, for the greater the sweets you take in, the greater quantity of bitter stuffs to be swallowed. Who can fathom the wisdom of the Deity, that things both agreeable and disagreeable to man should be equally useful to him!

Let us now take a peep into the animal kingdom. This is one of the

most important branches of Natural History, for it contains the history of man, who is also an animal. The multiplied relations which animals bear to our species in supplying our wants, in administering to our comforts, and in aiding the greatest of our undertakings, together with the important part they bear in the creation, in animating the face of nature, and enlivening every scene, can hardly escape the observation of the most unreflecting minds. What a vast number of animals, either grazing in the fields, or flying in the air, or swimming on the surface of the ocean, is killed daily for our food; even some of the most noxious and despised, such as snakes, lizards, beetles, worms, &c. do not escape the voracious appetite of man.

The great and manifold uses of animals to man besides being used as food, are worthy of attention. Man, physically, one of the weakest of animals, but mentally the most powerful of all, holds a tyrannical sway over the whole of animated Nature. He extends his rule, from the meanest worm that creeps the earth, to the strongest and most ferocious beast of the forest.

What a number of these are destroyed, to supply him with clothing, particularly, with wool, silk, leather, fur, and feathers; with the means of procuring light, as oil, wax and tallow; with various articles of medicine, as hartshorn, musk, and Spanish flies; with the materials of numerous useful and elegant arts, as cochineal, parchment, glue, isinglass, bone, ivory, mother-of-pearl, hair, whalebone, and horn. But animals, are employed to such purposes, only in civilized countries: in the infancy of society, however, when man had made very little progress in the sciences and arts, he domesticated these animals, and subsisted on their milk and flesh; and "indeed, without the dog, the horse, the cow, the goat, the reindeer, the camel, and the lama, many extensive regions of the globe, would be uninhabitable; and others now covered with a numerous population, would be reduced almost to the condition of deserts."

The resemblance, which animals bear to ourselves in frame and actions, naturally leads us to ascribe to them our own feelings, to fancy that they are susceptible of our pleasures and pains, actuated by our desires and aversions, and impelled by the same motives or springs of action; and thus excites in the mind, even of the youngest and most unlearned, a sympathetic interest, and a degree of curiosity, which are never felt, in examining inorganic Nature or in contemplating its phenomena.

How pleasing it is to watch them build their nests, and burrow their

holes—to see the care and affection, bestowed by them in rearing up their young ones—to teach some of them to utter articulate sounds like our own, and to serve us in many respects, like human creatures. What a delightful company do they give us when we have none! with this view, many persons keep a dog, a cat, or a monkey, a parrot, or a canary-bird, to amuse themselves, and to yield them a happy pastime, when every thing else is fatiguing and tiresome.

If animals are of such great use to us for food, for carrying our goods from one part to another, for taking us in the cool air on their backs in order to renew our exhausted spirits, and for giving us delight and amusement, how thankful ought we be to kind Providence for the gift!

Thus we have seen the three great divisions of nature viz, the mineral, the vegetable and the animal kingdoms; and these three are mutually connected with each other. The mineral kingdom aids the growth of trees and plants; these feed animals, and both the vegetables and the animals together, go to the nourishment of man; so that we can at once say, that the ultimate object of nature, is man. If matter is created for the happiness and comfort of rational beings, how becoming would it be in us, to obey the will and dictates of the Supreme Being, to lead a life of sound virtue, to assist the needy and the distressed, to love our fellow-beings like ourselves, and last of all to adore and praise the Author of our being; so that when this short journey of a day, in this world, is at an end, the divine principle in our breast, may rise into the blissful regions of heaven, and mingle with its first source.

Let us now turn our attention to the dominions of the mighty Ocean. Three-fourths of the globe are covered with water. The Ocean must have been designed for grand and mighty purposes, being so great a portion of the globe; but these, man has not sufficiently discovered.

But the various ways in which the ocean is useful to us, is known to all. The fishes which inhabit it, yield us if not a nutritious, yet a delicious food. There are some so fondly attached to fish, that though the richest dishes be set before them, yet without fish they would all seem insipid. There are some animals, which only feed on grass, some only on flesh, some only on fruit; but man feeds almost on every eatable, and is hence called omnivorous: fish, flesh, and fowl, all fall victims to his voracious appetite.

But besides, supplying us, with fish for food, oil for light, and whalebone for many useful purposes, the sea yields us a very precious gem,

the pearl, whose rainbow tints, mingling with the color of the Beauty, that wears it, make her at once an object of adoration and delight. Many substances, requisite for the arts and manufactures, are also drawn from the sea. Some of these are chloride of Sodium, or common salt, Muriate of Soda, Muriate of Magnesia, &c. &c.

But the use of the sea in yielding us articles of art and manufactures, is trivial, when we know, that it is far more useful to us, in the following three ways, namely: first, in yielding us all the water on the surface of the earth,—either in the shape of springs, which perforate the rocks of the earth, and trickle down from the sides of mountains; or in the form of gently-flowing streams, or mighty-sounding rivers, which inundate and fertilize the earth; or in that of rain and dews, which renovate the face of Nature; or of transparent and solid ice, which affords delight and amusement, to the inhabitants of the temperate and arctic regions; or in the state of steam which works miracles now-a-days. Secondly, the sea is the great purifier of the Earth, because all the offal and refuse of towns and cities, are thrown into it; and after undergoing decomposition in this great laboratory of Nature, again become the feeders of life and the restoratives of health. Thirdly, it is the great medium by which a communication is kept up between nations, inhabiting different parts of the Earth.

Thus we see that Nature has created nothing in vain; every thing is appropriated to certain ends; the smallest as well as the mightiest object in Nature, displays equally the wisdom and goodness of its Creator.

If a mere 'Peep into Nature,' afford us so much matter of delight and amusement, and at the same time of respect and adoration for its Author, how much more will it afford, if a microscopic observation, or a minute investigation of it be made; and still man cannot say, that he has finished his survey of Nature, because Nature's stores are inexhaustible. It is the Eternal Being alone, who can unravel this mighty mystery. Man can never solve this difficult puzzle!

I shall conclude this imperfect Essay with a short Hymn in praise of the great author of our Being.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,

My God! silent to thee——
Pure, warm, silent to thee:
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee!

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God! trembling, to thee—
True, fond, trembling, to thee:
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee!

X. HINDÚ NOTIONS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

By Bálàji Pándarang, West Scholar, Elphinstone Institution.

Without entering at length upon the question, what is meant by Civilization, or without attempting a scientific definition of the term, I shall proceed to lay down a few observations of my own on the subject of the present Essay. I shall use the term Civilization throughout in its most comprehensive sense, including the improvements in arts,—both useful and ornamental, in Science, in Literature, in Philosophy and in the social arrangements of life.

The various political revolutions that India has undergone, the numerous invasions of conquerors, which continued from the remotest antiquity down to a comparitively recent period, and some other local causes, have extinguished the fire of enterprise and freedom in our People, so that not a spark now remains; and the consequent check to their progress in Arts, and more particularly in Science and Literature, has rendered them inferior to the Nations of Modern Europe. Our country no longer holds that position among the nations of the globe which it boasted of in former times.

This radical change in the condition of our People may be accounted for in either of two ways. Either the present inhabitants have undergone a complete revolution in their physical and mental constitution, and, consequently or antecedently, in their habits and modes of life, so as to be altogether inferior to their ancestors. Or else some other Nations have made a more rapid progress in Civilization, and consequently outstripped them. But as it is a well known fact that the Hindús in

their manners and customs still follow the example of their fore-fathers, and as various passages are to be found in the Purâns prohibiting innovations of all sorts, the first supposition cannot be maintained.

During the last three centuries a succession of mighty events have occurred in Europe which have worked a radical change in its condition. Now-a-days, France, England, Germany and the Colonial descendants of Europe in North America, are reckoned as the most civilized countries in the world. I need hardly say that all of us meet every day with ample evidence of the same fact around us.

Since the establishment of the British rule in India, order and security of property, the chief elements of industrial development, prevail throughout the whole of the country subject to its control. It is time then for the rich and influential members of our people to open their eyes; to look steadily at the degradation into which thousands of their countrymen are sunk, and to adopt some effectual measures to raise them from that low condition.

Now the chief and the first means that naturally suggest themselves for gaining this most desirable object is, to make them *feel* their degradation—to rouse them from their lethargy—to force them to see that there are many nations ten thousand times superior to themselves, from whom they can borrow all that they require as a basis for their improvement.

That the Hindús are ignorant of all this, and that they have no idea whatever of European Civilization, is a fact which every one of us must thoroughly understand, and which I shall endeavour to enforce as far as my abilities will permit.

If you ask an educated Hindú, who are our present rulers, he will immediately answer, why, the English. If you extend your inquiry a little further,—whence have they come? in what time have they overrun India from Cape Comorin to the Himálaya? in what are they superior, what is their policy, and such questions, he will be confused at once, he will think a little and say *Vilâyata*; but in what part of the world Vilâyata is, he does not know. As he is accustomed to conclude at random, he will probably say, it is beyond China, as if it were a fictitious country. I am not here alluding to their geographical inaccuracy, but what I intend to show is, that they are wholly ignorant of the world around them.

As for their learning I need scarcely say anything about it. It may be remarked generally that some Brahmans to whom it is exclusively confined, possess some remnant of the old knowledge of Logic

and of Grammar, and that these, with a few advocates of barren Theology compose the Indian sphere of philosophers. In short they have no notion of the real nature of things, and accordingly the various phenomena that are frequently observed are attributed by them to causes which are purely ideal.

It may be worth while to stop for a few moments to inquire whether the amount of skill has increased or diminished in the country. It is commonly supposed, but I think without much consideration, that as native Rajas no longer hold the supreme authority in India, the taste for luxury is annihilated in the country. But as society advances, new wants are created, and accordingly the labour of a larger number of people is directed towards such means as tend to satisfy them. I shall not take upon myself to say whether the absolute extent of the comfort has been increased or diminished, but we have no reason to suppose that the amount of skill in the arts has been lessened.

Having thus far premised as to the nature and character of the learning and knowledge of the Hindús, I proceed to state a few results of my personal observation respecting their notions with regard to European skill and knowledge, or to speak more generally with regard to European civilization.

It is quite plain that the Hindús have no idea whatever of the superiority of the Europeans in what are called the Fine Arts ; nor have they any notion of the perfection to which Science and Literature have been brought in that continent. Many instances may be cited in corroboration of these assertions.

One of the most prevalent opinions among learned Bramhans is, that as many literary men who come here from Europe still exert themselves with unremitting toil to become acquainted with the sacred scriptures of the Hindús,—the Vedas and the Puráns, with the various forms of worship here prevalent, with the state of literature and science among them, and with the manners and customs of the country in general, it follows that they borrow every thing from the Hindús, and after making some modifications in it, claim it as their own.

I have met with several respectable persons who believe, with extreme credulity, that the Government have introduced the art of steam navigation in this country, and are now desirous of constructing railroads, in order that they may be able to escape with facility, in the event of their final overthrow by some native Rájá, who they prophesy will one day surely conquer them.

To those who have no familiar intercourse with the natives, such igno-

rance and prejudice will appear incredible, but such notions are very commonly to be found amongst all classes of uneducated Hindús.

Such fantastic notions arise, partly from their ignorance, and partly from their superstition, which forms the most insurmountable barrier to the progress of civilization. The few who are brought in contact with what may be called the civilized portion of India—those who visit Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and other stations, they alone have any opportunity of observing European skill in machinery, and the application of the natural agents to the arts of life.

When the Literary and Scientific men of Baroda visited this city, they were struck for a while with the gigantic power of steam. They had an opportunity of observing in the factory, the manifold wonderful operations carried on by the simple agency of the five mechanical powers. They visited the Observatory, and with wild amazement witnessed the magnifying power of the telescope, and the strange construction of various other instruments for observing meteorological phenomena. In the Lecture-Rooms of the Grant Medical College, and of this Institution, many curious and beautiful experiments in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy were presented to their admiring gaze. In our schools, they must have observed several hundreds of boys studying different branches of knowledge; and remarked the deep interest which the Government, and several of the benevolent inhabitants of the Island take in their Education.

All these acts, however, produced but a temporary effect on their minds. They were struck for the time, but did not seem at all curious to become acquainted with the causes of the internal forces of the machines they observed. Some of them attributed what they saw to the agency of Magic; others again, seemingly more thoughtful, condescended to remark, "whatever the English do, is all by *yantrás*. What intrinsic merit is there in themselves?"

I have chosen as an example, the visit of the *Savans* of Baroda, because that city is affirmed to be pre-eminently the abode and the resort of men of genius on the western side of India. To this place, all men of superior attainments, either in Science or Literature, are attracted by the munificent patronage of his Highness the Gaikawád.

As for the manner in which the Hindús are accustomed to observe the phenomena of a social and general character, the following account will suffice. When a stranger to this city takes an evening walk on the green, the capacious roads, the openness of the place,—the beautiful surrounding scenery, the cold draught of sea-breeze,—all these combine to

work, though imperceptibly, a charming effect in his heart; but when any of his companions interrogates him as to the cause of this pleasant feeling, he is at a loss what to answer. In short he is habituated to indulge himself in shabby magnificence, rather than in what is plain, clean, and decent; and in the contemplation of marvellous and un-heard of fables, than in the study of *real facts*. If he happens to look at the picture of some natural object—the production of one skilled in his art, his attention will be very little attracted; but show him a most unnatural and hideous figure of a ten-headed monster, and he will be tremendously astonished, and will pretend to know every thing about this imaginary being.

Thus we see that the majority of our fellow countrymen have no knowledge whatever of the wounderful trophies achieved by Civilization; and, what is more strange, they have no curiosity to become acquainted with them when any one is ready to show them. We see, moreover, that their misery arises from ignorance, and from gross superstitution, and arrive directly at the conclusion, so often drawn, that there is no remedy but Education,—founded on the best principles possible.

It is EDUCATION only that can purify their minds from all the nuisances which haunt them, that can bring them to a par with the races at present so superior to them, and that can make them acquainted with the world around them. I shall conclude this short essay by exhorting all those who possess any means of imparting knowledge to others, to consider the social and moral amelioration of their countrymen, their first and most urgent duty.

XI.—LORD CLIVE—HIS CHARACTER AND CONDUCT.

BY JAHANGIR BARJORJI, GUZARATI SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY.

A. I am astonished friend B at what civilization can do, when I find so much good will and generosity prevailing in a country where one race rules over another. How delightful and instructive it is to reflect on the rise of this brilliant Empire, and how interesting is the career of its illustrious founder—a man equally distinguished as a soldier and as a statesman, whose actions are on the whole, full of wisdom and justice, and who has a right to the gratitude, not only of his own country but of that which he conquered.

B. Tis true we should be grateful to those who have even partially benefited us; yet we must take into our consideration their aim and motives before we pronounce our opinion on their conduct. Good things have sometimes resulted from actions planned with systematic wickedness, while great mischief is occasionally done from benevolent motives. Should we then pass our sentence either of condemnation or of approbation from taking into consideration merely the results, namely, that Clive, in seeking his own interest, brought about a change, the fruits of which we now enjoy? I admit that he was a great soldier and a statesman, though at the same time unscrupulous and cunning; but to say, that we see in his acts nothing but wisdom and justice, is an assertion monstrously one-sided.

A. I fear you judge him from what is written by his detractors. These prejudiced authors are not to be relied on. It would be well if we could make out an authentic account from original sources: but as few are capable of undertaking this difficult task, the usual way for us students is, to compare opposite opinions as presented by hostile writers, and endeavour to form from them some consistent view which, if not the safest, is at least the easiest and a tolerably right way. If the acts of Clive do not admit of being measured by the standard of too rigid a justice, we may find explanations for them sufficiently creditable to his character.

B. What explanations can you give of his turbulence at Madras, of his shameful and dishonest intrigue against Suraj-ad-Daula, of the horrible deception practised on Omichund, of his accepting bribes from Mir Jaffir, of his authorising that very abuse, to remove which he had been appointed—viz the monopoly of the internal trade in the hands of the Company's servants.

A. I am sorry you examine his conduct with a prejudiced eye. Great allowances must be made on account of his education, and of the circumstances in which he was placed. His conduct at Madras was not owing to any inherent bad quality. From the anecdotes related of him it is clear that he was stubborn rather than turbulent.

B. I do not lay stress on this point. It is his administration in Bengal that I condemn—his intrigues—his treacheries—his substitution of documents—his forgery.

A. His conduct towards Suraj-ad-Daula by no means tarnishes his renown. The Muhammedans and Hindús of Bengal—the most fitted by habit and nature, to be slaves, even they became so weary of that despicable monster that they were anxious to get rid of

him by any means. Accordingly, Mir Jaffir and other nobles and bankers resolved to dethrone him. They communicated their plan to the English. Clive only seconded their attempt and was quite justified in assisting them. It was the interest of the Company that he sought; for their affairs could not be profitably managed in a country where the rulers hated them, and on more than one occasion had vowed to compass their distruction. He longed for an opportunity to do so, but in the mean time, tried to lull their suspicions. If then the Nawáb followed a treacherous and insincere line of policy, was it unjustifiable to encounter him with his own weapons? Was it blameable in Clive not to keep faith with one who absolutely had no honour? There is little in this transaction to lower him in our estimation.

B. Your defence is singular. But in the case of Omichund?

A. Why, equity itself allows us to deceive the deceiver. Treachery has something so wicked and so deserving of punishment in its nature, that it merits meeting with a return of its own kind.

B. But should we not regard the means by which we deceive the deceiver? Should we descend to fraud and treachery, which are beneath the dignity of a man of honor and good sense; in order to revenge ourselves on an individual however treacherous? Did the interest of Human Nature deserve less to be attended to than the acquisition of some lacs of Rupees, or securing comfortable Worldliness? To be the aggressor in this way for any cause is abominable. This act of Clive I am compelled to condemn most severely.

A. You may condemn this act on the principles of rigid Morality; but policy suggested that, if the demands of Omichund were to be complied with, it would stimulate others to imitate him.

B. Stay friend, remember the saying that 'honesty is the best policy.' This holds true in case of both individuals and of states. History rings its warning bell by telling this Truth to statesmen and to men of all classes. Had the British pursued your policy they would have forfeited the confidence of India's millions, and never would have attained the rank and power which they now enjoy. However treacherously the promise was extorted, it should have been scrupulously fulfilled. The money should have been paid. Clive then not only committed a crime, but also a blunder.

A. It was a mistake of judgment then. He evidently did not think it a crime, for he afterwards publicly avowed that he was not ashamed of it, and that he would do the same again.

B. How far this palliates the guilt, is evident. I hope however you

will not assert that he had not done wrong when he received presents from Mir Jaffir, because he did not consider them to be such.

A. His conduct in this respect cannot be censured. The receiving and giving of presents was, and is common, in this part of the world. There was no law of the British Parliament then prohibiting presents, and the Company allowed its Agents to enrich themselves by the liberality of Indian princes. But was Clive likely to betray the interest of his employers, if tempted by Indian Gold ? No : his conduct at the arrival of the Dutch fleet plainly shows that he sought the interest of the Company, even to the detriment of his own. He had sent large sums to England through the Dutch East India Company, and in the event of a war, this money was sure to be lost.

B. Granting that Clive would never have been a traitor to his masters, we find enough in this transaction to blame him, for he never made known to the Company what he received. What should we think of a General or of a Minister receiving presents from foreign states without making it known to the Sovereign ? If he did not enrich himself at the cost of the Company, he left a bad precedent for others to enrich themselves by more objectionable means. That there were no laws prohibiting the receiving of presents does not at all lessen the guilt. It is not on such laws, but on the universal law of conscience and honesty—a law though not written, yet tacitly understood by all;—that I highly censure his conduct, and feel indignant to find him leaving India with ill-gotten wealth and then returning back to authorize abuse !

A. O what injustice ! That, that part of his life, the most honourable and trying—that part whose fruits we now enjoy and which he himself delighted to reflect on, is not free from the attacks of malignant enemies and misguided historians. I see you smile, but remember he had to deal with fearful odds. Few statesmen have undertaken so difficult a task, fewer still have succeeded in their attempt; yet perhaps no man has been so much reproached for doing what was good. If there was any fault in his first administration, it was more than nobly compensated for by his conduct in the second.

B.—By giving the monopoly of salt, beetle-nut and tobacco to the servants of the Company in defiance of the repeated orders of the Court of Directors ? Was this the reform he was commissioned to bring about ?

A. There is surely little to find fault with in this scheme. The pay of the Company servants was not adequate even for bare subsistence, and presents were prohibited. Could the functions of the government be administered fairly where there were opportunities and an ample field

for acquiring wealth by illegitimate means, and while the functionaries had never a comfortable meal at home? Some provision was necessary to avoid illicit emoluments, and Clive made one as good as circumstances allowed of. The monopoly of salt, beetle-nut and tobacco yielded a revenue to the Company long before and after the time of Clive. The servants ought to have been paid from the revenue, but the Company refused to increase their allowance. Clive then gave the monopoly into the hands of the servants of the Company.

B. I cannot help remarking as to the means which he proposed to arrest the hand of rapacity. Is avidity for acquiring more satiated by the amount of what is possessed? A man of wealth does not care for trifles, but a large sum is equally attractive in his eyes as in those of a poor man. The temptation in the case of both is equal, but misconduct in the case of the powerful is more to be censured, as he has more chance of being able to shield himself from popular contempt, and from legal punishment. The remedy administered by Clive then had a tendency to aggravate the disease.

A. This conclusion is drawn from an imperfect survey of human nature. He who has no means of comfortable subsistence, has no fear of profiting by objectionable ways, as he has little to hazard; but he who is sure to make a moderate fortune after several years will be very reluctant to enter into a dishonest bargain. The whole history of British India confirms this. "To the gang of public robbers which once spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries, not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness and public spirit. If we now see men like Munro, Elphinstone and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return proud of their honorable poverty from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth—the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list,—the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind." *

* Macaulay.

XII.—PROBABLE FUTURE OF THE MARATHA EMPIRE.

By Náráyan Vishnu, Second-Normal Scholar, Elphinstone Institution.

A sketch of the political and moral condition of the Maráthá Empire, at the time of its downfall, will, I think, furnish us with good materials to judge what its Future probably would have been, had its power continued.

The condition of the Empire at that time was indeed very deplorable. The seeds of future destruction were sown in every department of the government. The king was merely a pageant in the hands of his ministers, and especially of the Peshwa, who was in fact their supreme head. He was in his turn, a puppet in the hands of his favourites, who governed the state affairs and sacrificed the interests of their master and of his subjects to their own ends. They carried on a system of plundering and oppressing the Rayats, which marked the reign of Bájirao. Bájirao was the most singular character in the whole list of the Peshwas. He was a man of romantic generosity, but of no principle, weak and timid beyond description. Every kind of dissipation and vice marked the career of himself and of his court. The chief men at the Court were quarrelling with each other to gain the supremacy over their master.

Indeed there was one among the number who was able by his political talents and sagacity to save the kingdom from utter ruin. But he, proving a check to the licentious career of Bájirao, was divested of his authority and imprisoned. He had sought to check the power of his ambitious associates and to deprive them of their influence over their master's heart. He gave him such counsels as he thought, would prove most beneficial to the state and to the people.

The whole country was already distributed among the chief Sirdárs, as Jáhágírdars, on condition of assisting at the time of war, But under Bájírao every court menial received a Jáhágír, and thus became the chief of a petty principality. These petty chiefs and sirdárs, acted like independent princes in the respective provinces, often robbing and plundering the Rayats. No law could bind them. Their own choice was their law. Sindia, Holkar, the Gufcuwárs, Bhóslé and others, may be cited as examples. The petty disputes between these refractory chiefs, often harrassed the whole country. The one that prevailed in the

contest, ravaged the dominions of the other with impunity, often carrying devastation and conflagration before him. They did not even scruple to fight with their master, to whom they paid little or no allegiance. The plains of Mahárástrá will still continue to remember the miseries that were inflicted upon them by the troops of that rapacious monster Jishwantrao Holkar, who rose from an humble origin to be a chief of a great principality in the North of Dakhan. Holkar's March upon Púnah, the outrages committed by him in the city, and the flight of Bájirao from his capital, are facts too well known to require any description.

A regular system of government was wanting. The right of the security of property was not sufficiently, (perhaps I may say, not at all,) acknowledged by law. There are instances in which the Peshwa himself publicly caused some of his Rayats, to be robbed of their property. When a man grew rich, by any means, the favourites of the Peshwa began to envy him, and, by their insinuations, brought about his destruction with their master.

The revenues of the Peshwa were raised at his pleasure. Contracts of the dues of each district were given to officers, called Subhédárs, to whom was left the entire government of the territory. Not bound by any law, these Subhédárs acted like regular princes throughout their districts; fixed the rents of land, and other items of revenue, at whatever rate they chose; and extorted money from their Ráyats without the knowledge of their master. So that the district under the jurisdiction of a Subhédár was nearly half impoverished before the term of his contract with the government expired. These terms were often so long, that the Subhédár, who before he took charge of the district was merely a man of moderate means, left it with an enormous fortune. Thus did districts fall a prey to the avarice of those tyrants, and their inhabitants were reduced to beggary in a few years.

The establishment of police scarcely deserved the name of a proper system. It was only in the capital that any thing of the sort existed. There were no standing armies properly so called. When war arose, a mercenary rabble was hastily collected, without any discipline and therefore quite ineffective. The former spirit of the Maráthás was altogether extinct. That daring valour, which led them under Bájírao I. from their Native mountains, to the gates of Delhi, on a career of glorious conquest was now no more! At this period, mere mobs provided with little or no ammunition, harassed the country through which they marched, thereby causing frightful famines, and the consequent

depopulation of the country. There was no regular sytem of paying the troops. Sometimes for months together, they received nothing, and not being kept in awe by any military laws, they raised contributions often by the force of arms.

Scarcely any regard was paid to the law. The poor complainant was frequently obliged to abandon his cause in despair. If there were any courts, they were more under the influence of money than of law. The gold of the rich had more weight with the judges, than the sacred obligations of their office. This disorder and confusion prevailed throughout the whole system of government. Intrigue and treachery were every where predominant.

Such is a brief outline of the political condition of the Maráthás, immediately before the fall of their Empire. Their moral condition was not less to be lamented.

The most dreadful perversion of morals had taken place. Luxury the most licentious, and debauchery the most vile, marked the character of the rich. The poor harassed and depressed under the tyranny of the wealthy, abandoned in despair the means of honest labour; and collecting into plundering bands, went on infesting the highways and villages and thus became the source of constant misery to the honest and peaceable portion of the community. To the improvement of his people, Bájírao paid scarcely any attention. He spent the whole of the day in religious ceremonies; in receiving visits from the idle Brámhans, who thronged from all parts of the country; and in indulging to excess in the voluptuous pleasures of the Seraglio.

Such being the political and moral condition of the Maráthás, it is not difficult, I think to conjecture, what the Future of the Maratha Empire would have been, had it continued to exist.

It is a general law of nature that every thing yields to the destroying hand of Time. The pages of History afford ample evidence to the truth of this law. The mighty empires of antiquity have crumbled in the process of ages. *Nineveh* and *Babylon* have been buried for countless generations, without even the place of their sepulture being discovered till within a few years. The *Medes* and *Persians* have vanished like ghosts from the theatre of their former glories. The splendid edifice raised by *Alexander*, and the solid monuments of *Roman* conquest, have in their turn been razed to the ground. Finally, the great empire of the Saracens, which spread its colossal body from the banks of the sacred Ganges to the centre of Gaul, has fallen from its mighty eminence, and been broken into a hundred fragments. Is it likely then that

that mountain strong hold reared and guarded by Shivájí and his iron followers would have much longer resisted the assault of the great destroyer—considering to what extent its foundation had already been undermined ?

We may fairly compare the empire of the Maráthás, in its decline, with that of the Saracens. Nearly the same mischiefs that I have alluded to above, were at work in the Saracenic Empire. The same disorders in the system of government. The same cruel tyranny in the governors. What befel the Saracenic empire, would probably have befallen, the Maráthá empire. The time for its dissolution had arrived.

The refractory chiefs whose power had already grown to so high a pitch, might have usurped the supreme authority in the provinces, which they governed. By successive usurpations of this kind, the dominions of the Peshwa might have been reduced to the possession of some small districts, perhaps to the narrow limits of the capital. These newly formed States, separated as they might be in their interests, would be constantly struggling with each other, and would thereby become the disturbers of the peace of the country. These little states being confined solely to their own individual interests, and all communication between them being entirely interrupted, would gradually have retraced their steps in the paths of improvement, and thus the Maráthás, who were a little raised in the scale of civilization, would probably have been thrown back into their former rude state, or into one ruder still.

It is however probable, that like some of the Saracenic states, which arose after the dismemberment of that mighty empire, one or more Maráthá states might have raised their heads from the general prostration, and gaining strength, might try to obtain a paramountcy over all the others. But the more probable consequence would have been that, the empire being split up into many small states, there would have been no ties of common interest or of patriotism to bind them together. Some foreigner might have stepped in and reduced all of them in succession to his authority.

Such in fact was the case with the Saracenic states. The power which finally absorbed them was of foreign origin, different altogether in Race and Language, from the Syro-Arabians, who propagated the religion, and extended the empire of the Prophet, I mean the Turks, who, as well as the Moguls of India, were a branch of the great Mongolian family of central Asia.

Such no doubt would likely have been the case with the Maráthá

Empire. The constant struggles between its separated states, would have attracted the attention of some powerful neighbour, who by gaining over some, might have brought all under subjection; and thus the country would have become, as it is at present, a dependency of some foreign power.

XIII.—THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION IN INDIA.

By Naorozji Nanabhai-Framji, Assistant-Master, Elphinstone Institution.

Neither history nor tradition have furnished us with sufficient records whereby we may be able fairly to delineate ancient India in her literary or scientific garb. Her literature, her civilization, her arts and her sciences have been buried together in that eternal grave with her lost kingdoms, from which they can never be reclaimed—a loss now the most deplorable to dwell upon. India will any of thy present sons revive the names of thy Bháskars and Kálidásas, or rival their glory? Dynasty after dynasty of foreign sovereigns has held the Indian Sceptre, and has made the Indian masnad terrible for a time to the surrounding nations; monarchs after monarchs have coveted Indian gold, and have ravaged India till they have left her a waste of entire desolation; but none have sown the seeds of a solid and permanent civilization from whose full-grown trees after generations might pluck the blessed fruits. India thy name has been blotted out from the map of civilization in which thou didst once possess a conspicuous territory; wilt thou then again come prominently forward before the eyes of the civilized world; or wilt thou lie idle and let those censorious epithets of moral depravity and intellectual inferiority be heaped on thy name?

Let us turn over those dark pages of Indian history, from which the mind falls back with horror and direct our attention to the first dawn of Western civilization, which it is to be hoped will ultimately work out the regeneration of our country. Indian gold had attracted to this distant peninsula the Western Nations who at first set on foot intrigues with the native princes to further their respective ends. These involved them in intestine wars with one another and the country had no good to expect at their hands. At last however, a mighty power overcame them all, and now has established a kingdom more consolidated than any hitherto in the country.

At first, India even in the hands of her British conquerors was held, in the same way as by her Eastern tyrants, to be the means whereby to satiate their own voluptuous appetites; and in no way were Indian interests ever consulted. It is only since the change in the constitution of the Hon'ble Company, from a trading corporation to that of an exclusivly political body, that we begin to see India wear quite a new aspect. The days of Bhrámanical dominion, as of priestcraft in Europe, are numbered in India; no longer can it exercise its former sway over the minds of the rising generation, no more does the caste system oppose its former barriers in the way of Civilization.

The 19th century has been remarkable as the era of social revolutions all over Europe. It is likewise the brightest era in the annals of India. It is the era in which she shines forth in the civilized world with brighter lustre than heretofore,—blessed with the civilization, the arts, sciences, and literature of the Western world. Let us therefore take a short review of this career of Education in India.

The City of Palaces, being from an early period the seat of Government, has had the advantage of her sister Presidencies. She consequently is the first in her educational establishments. In respect to education Bombay ranks next to Calcutta, and is ever treading on the heels of her more fortunate sister, who had much the start of her at the out-set. The Madras University, if we may at all angur from her auspicious commencement, promises soon to over-take her elder sisters. In the North-West, and in Bengal, many other Colleges are being founded yearly, and promise a brighter future to India.

Amongst the great crowd of European rulers and other influential persons, how few can we number amongst the zealous advocates of Indian education. Calcutta numbers a Wellesley, an Ellenborough, a Hardinge and a Bethune. Bombay may boast of an Elphinstone, a Malcolm, a Grant, a Jervis, and a Perry; and Madras of an Elphinstone, and a Pottinger. All these have done their utmost to promote the cause of Education in this country, according to their several views; and for it they deserve our gratitude and esteem.

But let us examine the system of education as at present pursued in these colleges. It is true that it has introduced the mind of India into a new world altogether and has opened the gate which leads to civilization. But let us look steadily at the full results—results which will surely somewhat disappoint us. In the present system of English education Government has proposed to itself chiefly this end:—"Let us" say they "educate the talented few in the Sciences and Literature of the

West and through them we expect the moral and intellectual regeneration of India." These sanguine hopes have as yet been imperfectly realized though we see every day reason to believe that, that desirable consummation is not very far off in our own Presidency, at least in the island of Bombay. But the success of this system should not prevent Government and the Board of Education from commencing at the other end also, and proceeding simultaneously with both kinds of education—the careful training of a class of educators, and the preliminary preparation, or simply the primary instruction, of the great body.

The condition of the great mass of the Indian population is yet most appaling. Let the education of the people then keep pace with that sort of education at present pursued in our colleges. Let them in fact go hand in hand as they do in some countries of Europe. It is not to be expected that the regeneration of India will be effected by the former system alone, if the latter be neglected. Let the government then no more delay this great national work, but at once launch into it; for the interests of the people and the interests of government are intimately interwoven. Does not Britain in her European territories, in England. in Ireland, and in Scotland, admit the necessity of a wide-spread education among the masses; and do not the other European powers admit the same need? Why then should India be denied this blessing?

Indeed grieved am I to say that, in the opinion of our benevolent rulers, the Indian masses should not receive the blessings of Education. "Let them attend", say they, "to their respective callings, and let those who can afford it be educated. It is a mistaken notion—now giving way in Europe—that by educating the poorer classes, they are drawn away from their humbler calls, entertain loftier aspirations, and become discontented with their position.

"Once we thought that Education was a luxury for few,
That to give to the Many, was to give it scope undue:
That t'was, foolish to imagine, it could be as free as air:
Common as the glorious sunshine to the child of want and care:—
That the poor man educated, quarrelled with his toil anon;—
Old opinions! rags and tatters! get you gone! get you gone!"*

No more do such selfish motives influence the present philosophic age. No one in Europe now a days is so uncharatible as to deny the blessings of education to the poor. Should therefore enlightened Britain listen to such prejudiced opinions entertained regarding India?

Why should Government stand aloof and be deemed exempted from

* Charles Mackay.

the many obligations it owes to the Indian public, drawing an annual revenue of crores from the country ? What are the few lacs per annum devoted to educational purposes ? The Means are quite inadequate to the ends they propose. Who would not like to have an enlightened public ? Britain is now giving a national education to Ireland at the expense of Government, and why should not India enjoy a similar blessing from her own revenue ?

Another thing required in India is a Literature, and *we* are expected to assist in creating one. Let us then actively set about it and show that we can accomplish something. Let us take the Literature of the West and make it our's by adapting it to the feelings and requirements of our countrymen, and translating into their vernacular dialects.

Now with regard to the medium of Instruction. Having laid the foundation of a primary instruction by the creation of a Vernacular Literature, let us begin with the education of the masses through the medium of the Vernacular languages.

It will be perceived that at present the growing thirst for English education is not for the sole sake of the science and the Literature to be found in it, but more probably from a desire to come in close contact with our rulers. We should give such persons an opportunity of learning English by having one English school at least in every collectorate. Let us give to the masses of India *an English education in the Vernacular garb*. Some may perhaps argue here the inefficiency of the Vernacular languages to the technicalities of Science. I do admit that it has proved a stumbling block to many ; but we must now assist in removing it as soon as possible. I shall here conclude these few remarks, which I fear may be considered unworthy of the subject.

XIV. THE PRESENT STATE OF THE GUZARATHIS AND THE MARÀTHÀS COMPARED.

By Nárayan Dínánáthjí, Vice-President of the Society.

Before entering upon this important subject, I think it necessary to say a few words on the extensive sense in which I have made use of the words Guzaráthí and Maráthá in the following pages. Under the term Guzaráthí, I have included not only the inhabitants of Guzarat proper, but also their neighbours in Káthiáwar, Kutch and other adja-

cent countries, where different dialects of the Gujaráthí language are spoken ; and under the term Maratha I have included all those people that speak either the pure Maráthí, or the various dialects derived from it.

It cannot fail to strike a foreigner, or even a native of Hindustán, possessing an ordinary share of common sense, that the natives of Guzarat, Hindus as well as Mahomedans, are at present in a far more flourishing condition than their Maráthá countrymen. Whether viewed as engaged in their various pursuits in the land of their forefathers, or following a more enterprising life in the country of their Maráthá brethren, their situation in life is greatly superior to that of the Maráthás. Almost the whole of the trade of this side of India is carried on by the industrious Guzaráthis. They are the bankers and shopkeepers not only of Guzarat but also of the territories comprized under the term Mahárashtra. They have penetrated into almost every part of the country, and established themselves, some as wealthy bankers and merchants, some as petty traders and brokers, and some even as *Bichaitis*, who spread their articles on a piece of coarse cloth, expose them for sale every morning on the road side, and as soon as evening approaches, pack them up and carry them home for safe custody on their own shoulders ;—and almost all of them, from the opulent *Sawakar* to the *Kowree*-saving *Bichaitis*, live in a flourishing condition, compared with the Maráthás of the same rank and degree in life.

They are not only to be found on this side of India, to which the Maráthás have, for the most part, confined themselves, but they are also to be seen in the most northern and southern provinces of Hindústhan. They have gone over to Scind, and upwards as far as Pesháwar, and have crossed over to the Persian, Arabian and African coasts, and to the adjacent islands.

The superior condition of the Gúzaráthis is very strikingly illustrated by comparing the state of steam communication between Bombay and the Guzarát coast, with that between the same port and the Concan or the coast of Mahárashtra. While the Guzaráthis can afford employment for about half a dozen of swift little steamers, that now constantly ply between Bombay and several of their ports, conveying passengers and valuable goods backwards and forwards, the whole line of the Mahárashtra coast, cannot supply a sufficient number of passengers even for a single steamer. The people there have become so poor, and are so little alive to the advantages of commerce and a speedy mode of communication, that they are content with being carried in country boats,

or with travelling along the rugged and difficult foot-paths in the Concan, while the Guzaráthis, although they have much superior cart roads over their flat and even plains, have given up their old modes of travelling by land and water, and go in steam vessels backwards and forwards in hundreds at the present day.

The comparative condition of these two classes of Natives in Bombay, the Chief-city of Western India, is very striking indeed. Although this fortunate little Island is a part of Mahárashtra, and all its original inhabitants speak the Maráthi language, or some dialect of it, the Guzarathis with their commercial spirit and natural shrewdness at once saw the importance of settling in this island, and at this day the wealthy and commercial portion of its large population is almost wholly composed of the inhabitants of Gujarat.

The best portion of the island, extending along back bay where the soil is fertile, and where there are the advantages of a salubrious sea-breeze, and a plentiful supply of delicious water throughout the year, was naturally enough occupied by the original Maráthi inhabitants. The rocky and sterile tract of land running along the eastern coast of the Island, where there is no good water, and where the unwholesome land-breeze prevails over whatever sea breeze that may chance to reach the spot, after passing over the whole breadth of the island, and, in the greater portion of its course, through thick plantations of Cocoanut and other large trees, was considered by them of very little or no value at all, and left unoccupied till it was gradually inhabited by the Guzaráthis.

Although this part of the island did not possess the advantages that the western portion enjoyed, still it was particularly well suited for Commercial purposes, being situated close to the sea shore, with a number of Bunders or convenient places to land goods on ; and it was not long before the keen-eyed Guzaráthis saw the great advantage and availed themselves of it. The consequence was that hordes of these people, Surtís, Broachís, Amedabadís, Cambaytís, Bhao-Naggarís, Gagaris, Cutchíes &c. with their Mahomedan countrymen, the Boras, Khojas, Memons &c. as also the Parsis, who have had long ago settled in that country, and becoming Guzaráticed, came and occupied what was at that time, a nearly valueless part of the island, and by their commercial industry and enterprize, and by a course of rigid economy, peculiar to the race, soon acquired great wealth, under the fostering care of the British Government. Large houses gradually reared up their heads where not many years before almost total desolation had reigned, and the value of the land went on increasing year after year, till at last it became a

hundred or two hundred per cent higher than that of the fruitful and salubrious land situated on the western side of the island.

The difference as regards the Mahomedans of these two countries, that have settled in Bombay is equally remarkable. Most of the Concani Mahommedans, who were in former times *Fazundars* of a large portion of the land in this Island, and were evidently well to do in the world, are now reduced to a state of comparative poverty; and the Deccani Mahomedans, who subsequently came and settled here, are in no better condition, there being very few individuals among them, that possess wealth, or carry on mercantile transactions to any large extent.

But turn to the Guzarathí Mahomedans the Memons, the Khojás, &c. and the picture will appear reversed. When they first came here, almost all of them were in a state of poverty, but within the last thirty years, a great many of them have become opulent merchants and ship-owners, and possess landed property to a large amount. If we take a survey of the Memon or Khoja Streets, we shall find them lined by large three or four storied houses, erected on a rocky and what was once considered an almost valueless piece of ground, but which has now become one of the most valuable parts of the Island; but if we turn our eyes towards those quarters which are inhabited by the Concaní and Deccaní Mahomedans, we shall find low miserable houses situated on pieces of ground, which if offered for sale, would not fetch one fourth of the price that an equal portion of land in any of the Memon or Khoja quarters would yield.

The condition of the Parsîs, who although originally a foreign race in India, must be now considered a people of Guzarát, and who are as famous for their commercial industry and enterprize, and the immense wealth and importance they have thereby acquired, as for the rapid advances they have made, and are at the present day making, towards European improvement and civilization, is too well known to require any lengthened mention of it in this place. They are well known to be among the wealthiest people in this island. They are merchants and bankers, shipowners and landed proprietors. In short, they are the first people in India, who have fully appreciated and availed themselves of the numerous benefits conferred by the British Government. They have established half a dozen of newspapers, and two or three Magazines in the Guzaráti language, and have of late established one English and several Guzarátí Schools, supported by funds raised among themselves. They have got funds sufficient to support their own poor, and they contribute very

largely to the support of the poor and helpless of other castes and creeds.

Such is a short sketch of the present state of these two races, and such the difference now visible in their respective conditions. What is it then that has occasioned this difference? What has contributed to bring the one race into so flourishing a condition, and to reduce the other to so indigent and miserable a state? I shall now endeavor to enumerate some of the leading causes which have, in my opinion, been mainly instrumental in bringing about this result.

1st. The extreme vanity of the Maráthás, and their contempt for mercantile pursuits.

2nd. Their pompous and idle habits, and a want of economy in their general expenditure.

3rd. The commercial character of the Gúzaráthis, and the encouragement and support they meet with, from the British Government.

4th. Their industrious and economical habits.

From the middle of the 17th century up to a very late period, the Maráthás were the governing people in a great many provinces of Hindústhan, their chiefs having established themselves as princes at Satara, Púna, Gwalior, Indore, Baroda, Kolapúr, and several other places. The sovereigns and chieftans at these places had an immense patronage in their hands in the bestowal of military, political and various other appointments under their government, and these were for the most part conferred on the Maráthás. The natural consequence was that most of the respectable and influential members of their community were brought up as soldiers, civil officers or clerks in the government service. With such favorable opportunities of acquiring money and power they never thought of turning their attention to trade and consequently a very insignificant portion only condescended to employ themselves in that occupation. It was only the lowest of the community who were unable to obtain any government situation, those who led the life of Kúnbis and maintained themselves by agricultural industry.

Besides, trade and commerce met with but very little support or encouragement at the hands of the then rulers, and those engaged in these pursuits were frequently exposed to insults and ill treatment from government officers, and to the depradations of organized gangs of robbers, who oftentimes rendered themselves as formidable as the ruling powers, and made the Sáwakárs of the country the victims of their desultory excursions. Under these circumstances the occupation of the Banea gradually fell into contempt, and their condition was never co-

veted by the aspiring youth of the Maráthás who all looked up to government appointments as the only respectable means of earning their livelihood. They thus continued to be Rájás, Sirdárs, Enámdárs Jahágírdárs, Vatandárs and a thousand other *Dars* as long as their rule lasted; and were not only wealthy in their circumstances, but exercised a considerable power in the government of this country.

But when the commercial people of Europe, superior in knowledge and information to the natives of India, came here, and step by step destroyed the influence and the power of the Maráthás, the latter gradually lost the advantage which they had enjoyed of obtaining government appointments of any importance, and at the same time found it a very difficult task to overcome their long fostered prejudice against commercial life. They would rather serve even under the foreign government of the British as clerks or sepoys than follow the life of Traders.

There is no doubt, that under their own rule when they had many opportunities of acquiring riches and power by government service, and when the property of merchants and tradesmen was comparatively insecure, they had some cause to entertain an aversion to the mercantile life. But they did not understand the commercial character of the people that had supplanted them and knew not that the merchants of England were considered by their countrymen equal, if not superior, to government employees. The great, the wealthy and the influential Maráthás still clung to their old life, although in doing so they had no longer any prospects before them, and they continued to pass their days in their wonted idle pomp, and in the court ceremonials of their ancient government. They saw no inducement to come and reside in Bombay, where they would have come into closer contact with the people that had succeeded in establishing their rule over the country; where they would have had an opportunity afforded them of knowing the altered state of things; and where they would have been soon satisfied that none prosper so well under the British government, as merchants and bankers do.

I may here mention a circumstance that has operated as a check to one of the most wealthy and influential portions of the Maráthá community becoming permanent settlers in Bombay, and thereby deriving those important advantages that commonly result from an intimate intercourse with an enlightened people. By the Company's Regulations extant in the Zilláhs, the privileged classes of the Dakhan Sirdars are not only exempted from arrest under any civil process issuing out of any of the

Company's Judicial Courts, but their civil cases cannot be tried by the ordinary Judges. They are investigated by the 'Agent for the Sirdars' alone, and the proceedings adopted in his Court are different from those in the ordinary courts, and are of a very mild character. This is one of the many advantages that the privileged classes enjoy in the Mafasil and which they would not be able to avail themselves of if they were to settle permanently in Bombay. But the natural consequence of granting them these privileges is, that they have always had a great aversion to come to Bombay from fear of losing them, and up to this day, not a single individual of that class has been known to have come and resided in this Island for any length of time.

The Gúzaráthis on the other hand, during the same period, and for a great number of years previous thereto, had no sovereign princes natives of their own country, and they had consequently very few opportunities of acquiring office. They therefore generally engaged themselves in agricultural pursuits or mercantile speculations. Before however the European conquerors took possession of some of the provinces of Hindústhan, property was not so secure as it has been under British rule, and the native princes gave but little encouragement to trade or commerce; consequently the Guzaráthis were not so prosperous as their Maráthá brethren. But on the accession of the Hon'ble Company's Government in this part of India, the Guzaráthis not only carried on a flourishing trade at Cambay, Broach, Súrat and other towns; but the support and encouragement the British government gave to commerce, drew many of them to Bombay, and several other places in the Maráthá country, and they established themselves here as bankers, merchants and dealers of every denomination, and under the fostering care of their new rulers gradually became a wealthy and influential people.

The Maráthás not only deprived themselves, by their aversion to mercantile life, of one of the principal means of improving their condition under the new government, but, by their pompous manners and extravagant habits, acquired during their prosperity under their own government, they soon squandered away the whole of the property left them by their more fortunate ancestors and became impoverished. Generally speaking, the Maráthás are a very improvident people, and economy very seldom finds a place in their private or public expenditure. They spend large sums, on jewels and wearing apparel, in observing their festivals, and in religious ceremonies. By their extravagant habits, Sirdars and Jahágirdars one after another have become involved, and not

a few of them have already been reduced to poverty; but I believe not one has up to this time ever thought of giving up his high notions of a Sirdar's life, and of following the useful and lucrative occupation of a merchant.

The Gúzaráthís again are not only a money-making people, but they are also emphatically a money-saving people. They are entire strangers to the extravagant expenses incurred by the Maráthás, and in almost every department of their public and private life, they observe the most rigid economy, so that however small a Gúzaráthi's income may be, he is sure to save something out of it; and I have known a great many instances in which Bánias, Bhátias, Lawhánas, Khojas, Memons and other Gúzaráthis, have come to Bombay, and to other places in Mahárástra, without any money in their possession, have entered the service of a petty trader on a small salary, and having saved a small sum set up on their own account in the trade of their employer, and by a course of rigid economy, left to their sons a capital sufficient to enable them to trade as bankers and general merchants on a large scale. In short some of them carry out their principles of economy to such an extent, that one would probably be justified in reckoning it among their vices.

They are moreover a much more industrious and persevering people than the generality of the Maráthás. If we compare the habits of industry of even the artificers among these two races, we shall not be long in discovering the superiority of the Gúzaráthis. One visit to any of the Bazars, and a glance at their workshops would be quite sufficient to satisfy us on this point. Whether we take a Gúzaráthi goldsmith, coppersmith, blacksmith, carpenter or tailor, we shall find him at his work, not only during the hours of day-light, but also till a very late hour at night. Small parties of these industrious peopl · are generally to be seen round one or two lamps, engaged in their arduous work, and diverting themselves at the same time by a lively conversation, or by the recitation of some of their favourite national poems.

The Maráthá artificers, on the other hand, are not only slow at their work, but as soon as they find that there is not sufficient day-light to enable them to carry it on, they pack up their things, shut up their shop, and go home to pass a merry, and oftentimes a noisy evening. The result generally is, that the Guzaráthi artizans of almost every denomination gradually save a sum of money sufficient not only to admit of their retiring from business, but in a great many instances to enable their

successors to work on a more extended scale, while, what the Maráthá artificers earn is seldom sufficient to defray their ordinary expenses. They are generally involved in debt, and lead a very miserable life, without the slightest chance of being able to save enough, to render them independent in this place, or to facilitate their proceeding to their native town to pass the remainder of their life among the loving circle of their friends and relations.

From my limited knowledge of the manners and habits of the people of the two countries, I have endeavoured to give a short comparitive sketch of their modes of life, and have shown what I consider to be the chief causes why the Guzaráthis are in more flourishing circumstances than the Maráthás. I now beg to leave the subject for the consideration of my friends assembled here this evening.

THE

EAST INDIA AND COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

THE REFORM OR ABOLITION OF THE LORDS.

There is but one subject now before the public—but one political question which engrosses, not only all its attention, but all its faculties, whether those purely of the reason or of the heart. All minor points are merged in it—all minuter considerations thrown over board for it. This question has now become the moral *pabulum* of the country. That, on which the very vitals of its mind feed! The all-momentous subject of consideration, then, is the Lords—its reform or abolition. All men are agreed as to the inevitability of the former—a powerful majority of the necessity of the latter. The Lords are soon to be effaced as a deep blot on the escutcheon of our liberties!

Hence it is evident, Opinion has been forced on at an immense velocity. Last year—last session the expulsion of the Mitred Oligarchy from the Legislative character was the utmost to which the nation aspired. Now, not the expulsion of any portion of its members only, but the abrogation of that Chamber itself is its absorbing determination. To say that it is the Lords themselves who will have hastened the catastrophe—to say, that it is the Lords themselves who are the authors of their own ruin, is to lavish time in the expression of common-places, which, in the crowd of important inquiries which demand investigation would be a species of voluntary fatuity. All mankind are cognisant of it—the whole world is evidence to the fact how the Lords have accelerated their downfall.

Above all, the English nation are slow in being roused to practical innovation upon the institutions of their Government. It must be a stimulus very exciting and powerful indeed which can arouse them to such a course. In the present circumstances of the nation, however, the stimulus is in the bosom of things—at its centre—at its inmost core. The reign of the House of Lords over the destinies of the country might have abided for some period longer—might have been tolerated—might have been endured; but to think that it was so woven in the net-work of our

Constitution, that so long as that Constitution should endure it should endure ;—to imagine that it was so in accordance with the volitions of the country, that so long as the country should exercise volition it should be upheld ;—to dream that when reason and liberty unfurled their standards, the House of Lords should be the citadel in which the hopes of the nation would seek refuge have would been an abuse—a folly—a crime for which no argument could attempt to account, or any sophism to gild !

The fundamental principles of our political being are now undergoing analytical examination ; and the first step of the process is to find that the House of Lords has existence only in a climax of imposture ! Why has it this existence, is a question which becomes the next natural interrogative. Granted. Why such an importance should have existence is indeed the marvel—the enigma ! How, politically it is to be accounted for, is by the universal systems of despotism which have had rule over the earth ;—how morally, by reference to the corrupt ambitions—the tainted longings which live in the breasts of men themselves. The most artful bait flung out to the people of this country is the chance each of them has of rising to the highest power in the State. " I am the son of a cotton-spinner," says the arch-impostor, " and the rank to which I am elevated, each of you have the chance of being elevated, so long as the institutions which create this false and pernicious rank preserve existence." Thus, those institutions have preserved existence by an appeal to the country's worst vices—by an appeal to the passions—the ambitions—the farthest and most extreme selfishness of each man's individual bosom. All will feel assured of the truth of the observation who suffer themselves to reflect; all will avow it that have the moral nerve to grapple with the arguments of Truth. The mighty importance of a House of Lords, then, has existence because the selfishness of the nation is its champion ;—that is the selfishness of the nation individually—the nation in the mass sees in it its ruin. The question before acted upon of the Lords should be looked at in all its bearings. Let the man who is opposed to its abolition confront his motives of opposition ;—let the man who wishes only for its reform, let him at once tax himself with the most execrable and servile of sins which can possess him. Reform of the Lords' branch of the Legislature means what ? Does any man know ? Is any prepared with an answer to the contemptible question ? Does it mean, that although a Peer's son shall not necessarily be endowed with the privileges of the

Peerage, yet that a second House of Legislature shall still exercise over the country its votes and vetos? Does it mean, that although even the people elect the body of Legislative Peers, yet that such a body is still to come between the popular rights and the people? If Reform of the Lords mean any thing, it is this it means—means that the people of England are to be still ruled by their ancient rod of oppression! The man who, in present times, brings down the question of the Lords to this,—rather who confines it in such a mesh, is a foe to the interests of the people—is a traitor! O'Connell himself, were he to urge it, would be only fit to be stamped as a liberticide. Yes, the question of the House of Lords might have for some time slept—for a few Sessions—nay, for a few Parliaments have slumbered; but now self-disturbed from out its dream—now self-agitated and racked from slumber, like Macbeth it has murdered sleep, and for its peace has nothing but to hurry on destruction. It is not to be supposed that a question of such gigantic scope—a question involving so nearly the whole compass of our social, and moral, and political condition, should have arisen up or been disturbed, as we have said, from the midst of its own slumbers, without a sufficing cause—without a certain din and roar in the world of opinion. Its discussion is a crisis to which, it is true, the public mind was already hastening; and the only difference, it may be said, is, that the crisis has overtaken the public mind; instead, of what otherwise was inevitable, the public mind having overtaken the crisis. As it is, they are in each other's front—public opinion staring the Lords in the face!

If ever there was a moment when a leader of the character and moral stamina of Pym, would find his account on the political platform, that moment is the present. The perfumed, frivolous, demi-official-lip-coxcombs of the House of Commons (such as the Senate House is to day) are no more fit to clench or to wrestle with the grand question of British liberties than they would have served, in a physical sense, to resist the march of Napoleon over the Simplon. Their conduct, on the close of the Session, shewed the exquisite spun-fabric which composed their intellects—shewed the flimsy, and rotten, and worthless brains from which ensued their base surrender of the national rights. These are the men who, doubtless, are for the reform of the House of Lords—not its abolition; these are the men who, in the hope of shining among the galaxy of the Peers, would be so tender in their treatment of the Peers; these are

the traitors who, with neither intellect enough to foresee or compass the means of their own power, nor dignity of sentiment sufficient to inspire them with ardour for that of the people—these are the traitors—these the majority of the men of whom the House of Commons is formed—that for a bauble of a coronet or an earldom, would let the liberties of their country go by the board! Some among that 600 host—we confess with a flush of pride—are worthy of a different apostrophe;—some, who forming a distinct nucleus—a small, but united band, are worthy that around them the patriots of the land should rally. O'Connel, Hume, and Grote are among the illustrious Commoners, whose names are for ever engraved on the banners of England's freedom. O'Connell with all the zeal and stupendous capacity of a Mirabeau; Hume, with the honest purpose and advanced enlightenment of a Sir Francis Seymour; and Grote with the pure patriotism and severe force of intellect almost of JOHN PYM, are the trinmvirate, which, if upon any, we should wish the confidence of the country to repose;—are the triumvirate which, if emulative of an immortality, as certain and more enviable, because illumed with the beams of a purer splendour than the triumvirate of Cæsar, himself will be staunch in their advocacy of the great principles now before the Country, and of the abolition, not reform, of that pageant of pageants—the House of Lords.

THE COUNTRIES BETWEEN PERSIA AND INDIA.

At a moment when the question of Russian aggrandisement is commencing, with a tenfold degree of interest, to occupy the public mind, no work of the nature will be found to possess more undoubted claims to general attention than the pamphlet of Mr. Stirling, which has just issued, on the countries between Persia and India. Mr. Stirling's knowledge of those countries is intimate and minute to a remarkable degree. His abundant information is conveyed in a lucid and eminently interesting manner, and his accounts, altogether, are stamped with that perfect air of truth and fidelity, which is alone sufficient to endue them with the highest intrinsic value. They have come under his consideration in two points of view—politically and geographically, and he discusses the questions arising from them, under these relations, in a manner which establishes his masterly acquaintance with the subject. He enters into, or it may be said, he *sanctions* the prevailing opinion relative to the exposed situation of Persia to the designs of Russia; and shews

the practicability of Great Britain's resistance to them, India being the ground of her first operations. Besides the high road through the middle of Persia, however, there are three other routes, from all of which, Mr. Stirling considers, Russia would have it in her power to select in marching upon our Eastern dominions. The routes in question, he lays down with extreme precision, although even their simplest sub-division would carry us into too lengthened details, to justify the introduction of them through our columns. Mr. Stirling, however, is by no means wholly inclined to adopt the opinion that danger impends to our Eastern Empire from the designs of Russia. On the contrary, at the close of his book, he says, "moral and physical obstacles seem to oppose an invasion from the side of Russia." But he starts,—nevertheless, an opinion which, if not new, has never been sufficiently brought before the consideration of this country, that our rule is endangered by those numerous, unsettled, and turbulent hosts of savages which, scattered over the great central Asiatic tracts (the object of his work to describe,)—await, perhaps, only the appearance of some bold and courageous leader endowed with the spirit of a Sevajee or a Tamerlane, to consolidate their masses, and beckon them on to conquest. "It is such a combination," observes Mr. Stirling, "which India has to fear." This is a contingency which, we fear, seldom enters into the attention of any of our Statesmen; in fact, the ignorance which prevails on all branches of our Eastern policy, is too profound to be easily credited, and as to this, of the danger arising to our Oriental posssessions, from the tribes intermediate between Persia and India, it is one which we think we may safely assert, has never had a thought bestowed upon it. "The Tartars, Turkomans, Usbecks, Khorasmians, and Afghans," observes Mr. Stirling, "have all been formidable tribes, and, when united under powerful chiefs, have frequently subdued Persia and India, where resistance was found useless. The Mongols subject to Genghis Khan, also invaded the confines of Europe, and his grandson, Batou Khan, conquered the Russians and over-ran Poland." The truth is, here are elements for Great Britain to turn to her advantage, or Russia. No one will doubt that the latter has acuteness enough to discover the power she may acquire in an alliance with those tribes, or abilitiy to triumph over difficulties in providing for such an alliance, should she deem it in accordance with her interests. We repeat, as we have asserted times innumerable, that the

thirst for universal dominion which is the grand characteristic of Russia, must be resisted at whatever risk, or whatever amount of positive temporary disadvantage, and while such *materiel* for augmenting her stupendously arisen fabric of rule, in the countries we have brought under consideration, exists, we assert, it is the bounden duty of British Ministers to see, that England and not Russia fashion those elements to her interests, and which, perhaps, in the first instance would best be done by a renewal of her Foreign Enlistment Bill, by which, as Mr. Stirling hints, Englishmen would be enabled to enter the armies of the States of interior Asia.

We conclude, by urging that, this forms one of the most important subjects that at the present period can engage the attention of the politician, and that, for bringing it on the carpet, the public are immeasurably indebted to Mr. Stirling.

THE IRIS, OR IMAGINATIVE SKETCHES, GENERAL AND ORIENTAL.

No. 1.—The Lyrist.

"I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so.
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking reason deems
Such over-weening phantasies unsound
And other voices speak, and other sighs surround."

Byron.

Eugenius was a youth—at eighteen he might scarcely be called more—of that rare and most *un*-every day fibre of mind which is truly and intensely the poetic. His person corresponded with his mental temperament. His eyes were blue; his features of classic regularity; his brow ample seemed perpetually amplifying with the inspirations of genius; his cheek was pale, and over his shoulders fell his hair in bright masses that resembled gold. In figure he was slight, and his movements had about them something of the grace of Antinous. The eye which encountered him was magic-wrought, and the mind instantly sublimated and refined. Few, however, were acquainted with this singularly gifted and resplendent being. He was the nursling of Solitude. Only Solitude could rear a mortal of such unworldly and unparalleled perfection.

His father was ambitious—one who both enjoyed and lived for political distinction. Eugenius, he contemned. Perhaps it might be said there was not a feeling between them in unison. But Eugenius was the idol of his mother. She it was who fostered and cherished his accomplishments to such maturity. And she—his mother, was Italian,—in which word my imagination pictures all of soul and entrancement, and divinity. And, O, how Eugenius worshipped—with what adoration—did he behold his mother! What deep melodies blent in their affection! Was there mingled with it a murmur of the discordances of Earth? Follow Eugenius when she who bore him was laid on the couch of sickness—see his alarm his solicitude—his unwearied and unwearying vigils! "Oh, my mother," would his lips ejaculate, "I cannot live when these halls are rendered desolate by your absence.—I cannot live—my mother, I cannot when deprived of the spell of your tenderness." Poor Eugenius! Alas, to see him on the day his mother died! Poor Eugenius! Was he stricken? Ah, he was crushed—he was wild!

Eugenius had not a bosom to commune with. He took his lyre and flung himself on his mother's grave. The moon was high in the far heavens, and it glanced its cold white rays upon the form and attitude of the Minstrel. The blast swept along, for it was one of those frosty autumnal nights, when, without a cloud on the blue heights, the wind sometimes rushes in such sudden and melancholy wail. He had not changed his position for many hours, but continued to sit on that grass-grown grave, now weeping, then striking his lyre by turns. At length came there one—stealthily and tremulously—one who spoke not, but wept; and told by that eloquent muteness the wondrous sympathy which thither enchained her steps. Reader, mark the strange affinities and strange workings of heart to heart. Eugenius who, since his mother died, had fasted, and wept and hugged himself to his grief unceasingly—had exchanged word not with one, even his father,—Eugenius who was steeped in woe to utter forgetfulness of the world's outer mould—Eugenius trembled, as night after night he felt himself in the presence of the stranger—Eugenius forgot to weep in the palpitating of his heart at her approach—Eugenius plucked a violet, and bedewing it with his tears and with his kisses, placed it at that fair one's feet. And it was with smiles, beaming amidst the crystal drops that fell from her lid also, that Genevivve

received it; and the freshness of the simple flowret seemed not to perish, but to live and to glow even more in its purple pride.

And there sat the Lyrist and his betrothed; hand clasped in hand sat they, not giving vent to the ardent, and luxurious; and unfathomable love in whose witchery their spirits were held, but silently and holily drinking in the intoxication of mutual beauty-like Ocean gazing in the face of Heaven. It was a spectacle for the soft graces and ineffable splendours of the pencil of Raffaelle. Yet, oh, what was the effulgent immaculateness of the fairest of his Madonnas, to the seraphic purity which streamed from the broad, and open, and marble brow of Genevivve? When Love is the god exercising his power within the heart, where are the hues of the painter—where is the language of the poet which can Incarnate the spirit of almighty beauty with which the human countenance is illumed?

If there be such a source, oh, how malevolent must the source of all things be to permit our affections in that stage of most exquisite purity—consequently, bliss—to which they are capable of arriving, to be assailed, crucified, blasted! Is it that omniscience which, as Scripturalists assures us, is powerless to produce good without evil? Insolent sophistry! Yet to resume. Genevivve was torn from the side of Eugenius—and Eugenius was alone at his mother's grave! Poor Eugenius! How perverse is Fate, that one's pity—nay compassion, should be appealed to, by a being so infinitely exalted above his fellows! "My heart bleeds for thee, Eugenius. The last vibration of thy lyre is upon my ear." But, see—Genevivve has escaped from her captivity! see—she comes! Eugenius has already knelt and paid homage to a being who the embodiment of his dream is like a moon-ray wafted from the spheres. They speaks—see Eugenius pause—he stoops and his lips rivet themselves to the dust of that worshipped grave. He is stifling his agonies—a look from Genevivve.—They fly!

Oh, that they may not overtake you!—Ah, that ye may reach the temple of refuge! Poor Eugenius, in a barque upon the wide world of waters with your bride! Cruel tempest, rise not!—monstrous and fiend-billows dash not against that fragile shell! What, no mercy! Is your might gathering? Whirlwind, do ye stride the heavens with your swift wings of wrath? Genevivve clings to Eugenius! The darkness is profound! The boiling of the furious waters, terrible. Oh, the thunder of the

winds, and the wild struggling of the stars, and the chaos and anarchy of this perishing world!—It is passed! Genevivve is the bride of the billows; they snatched her celestial form to their writhing, and hot, and detestable embraces,

Eugenius is at his lyre. His footsteps have retraced his mother's grave. All night, all night he pours upon the blast his one unchanging lamentation. The light of his beauty is gone, save for that fearful light which ever gleams from the front of the maniac! Eugenius weeps and then smiles, and then dances along the earth to the abrupt melodies and unearthly tones of his lyre.

DARLINGTON,—NEW SOUTH WALES.

"To sport among the mermaid-isles that lie
In the deep South, where zephyrs meet and die;
Where Beauty sleeps in languishing repose,
And Love lies bathed in blushes like the rose."

What Chowringhee is to Calcutta, the *rue de la Paix* to Paris, or the west-end to London the beautiful suburb of Darlington is to Sydney, New South Wales. The mansions of the *elite* of the colony are there—and superb mansions do they appear indeed to any, who will take the trouble to meditate the wilderness that occupied their site fifty years past. Good God! a stranger arriving on the shores of Port Jackson now-a-days will imagine he is in some land of enchantment. What! Churches here, a theatre there—luxurious gardens stretching down to the blue Pacific's edge, a college, banking houses, reading rooms; shops that might vie with the glitter and elegance of the Italian Boulevard, and a demesne that in the features of picturesque scenery and finished cultivation out rivals the *Parc Royale* of Brussels itself! Magician's work truly, that New Holland—Botany Bay! should exhibit miracles after this fashion. But to pin one-self to Darlington;—and, in the first place, it is worth any person's while to learn the origin of this exceedingly pretty name. Darlington, then, most gentle reader, is derived from the endearing substantive and proper noun of, or according to the Colonists' philological analysis most atrocious of mortal fiends—DARLING! It was in honor of that Australian Trajan that one of the most exquisite landscape-*morceaux* on New Holland—perhaps, on earth was invested with this romantic and highly euphonous appellation. The *wherefore* of the honor is another question. True, I might answer it;

but jesting is jesting, and a jest, as all the world knows, is often intended in earnest. So the *wherefore* of Darlington being christened Darlington we reserve for future explanation. This clause of the bill carried, we proceed with the main point under debate or what *is*, or what is *not* Darlington. What Darlington is *not*, I could determine in a second;—but what it *is* is the nicety to be discriminated. Darlington, then is a succession of terraces; a mile, perhaps two in length, running parallel, or I might say longitudinally, or I would rather say marginally with the sea. The beauty of its prospect is, therefore, easily to be conceived, and the beauty of itself—of its own aspect as it lays to the eye in the incipiency of its rising splendour—its oriental shelving roofs and lattice-worked verandahs—its uniform architecture and air of general opulence—with an azure firmament above and the azure billows of an ocean at its feet, is striking enough it will be owned to attract the practised, and probably captivate the most fastidous gaze. One thing may be taken for granted, the Colonists themselves are proud of Darlington, as if it were a second Baiœ; they point to one palace and tell you, the abode of Lucullus was a sty to it, and to another, and try to persuade you Cicero's villa, in comparison, was moonshine. The currency lads and lasses pocket this dictum as sterling to be sure; nor do they err: in the words of the Persian we exclaim "May his shadow never be less who inspires the breast of the lowly with happiness." Well, Darlington, is a very sweet retreat, and "'pon honor" made me think more than once of Brighton—Brighton as it stretches far away along the skirts of the sunny Channel, although certainly without Dieppe, or the Pier, or that splendid specimen of architectural romancing the Pavilion. People exhibit themselves in carriages along Darlington just as the *beau monde* do along the Marine and the Gloucester and the Royal Parades; and although Darlington wants its Kemp Town—perhaps the most magnificent array of modern structures, of which, as private residencies, the world may be challenged to produce an example, yet the drive of Darlington terminates with its Lighthouse, of which, I, at least shall not be found to speak disparagingly, my admiration having been excited by it, and its simplicity of design and solidity of execution offering ample guarantee of its just claims to such a sentiment. Perhaps, another reason why I think Darlington is like Brighton, is on account of the Military with which it abounds. Wherever there are those military beaus, I entertain the quaint notion, women look livelier,

aye, and lovelier, as although there were that in a red-coat which communicated a certain vermillion to their cheeks. It may be I am wrong, but, then, as we all know, women do sometimes flirt, and of all mankind the military love flirting to astonishment;—so I may be wrong, but still it looks a little natural that I may be right. But as the proverb goes "*e meglio edrucciolar co' piedi che colla lingua,*" so to save accident of either sort I close the homily.

I have produced a sketch of Darlington outside, what would you give to have a peep at its internal economy?—Emmeline, what would you give for a sight of a Darlington drawing-room! The people of Darlington are the most hospitable under heaven, and the richness and profusion and sumptuousness of their dinners and midnight banquets are as striking as any thing in the way I ever met with at Vienna. Darlington is unutterably more *recherché* in its tastes than India, and really the *haut ton* of New York might blush. I have yet to learn, why persons who have been for years out of England, and others who, for their lives, have never been in England, should yet be spoken of as English? That their language is English, is nothing to the purpose. The Hungarians to the present day speak Latin, at least an odd sort of jumbling articulations resembling Latin, and yet surely no one would think of calling the Hungarians Latins, or imagine them to derive their extraction from Rome. No, I shall never believe the new race, indigenous to our Colonies, English; at all events, if it be, it is only through an inversion of terms, in which sense a Frenchman is English, and in any "black fellow"– to poor Bunyarrabee. An Englishman, from the moment he settles down in a Colony—no matter which, the Canadas, the Cape, the West Indies, or New South Wales—undergoes the most perfect transformation. His ideas, his habits, his manners, are metamorphosed. He loses his *nationality* in what the admirable Mrs. Grimstone would designate his *individuality;* he thinks, feels, and acts differently; he is placed under a total reverse of circumstance, and his character changes proportionately. It is also the case, that with his interests his affections, sentiments, and opinions change in regard to England herself. England is not "home" on the lips of the genuine Colonist. He is in the bosom of his "home" as he speaks. His children are around him, the whole harvest of his domestic affections are garnered on that spot. He turns to England rather with distrust than love; with an unquiet feeling at her superiority, than with any sense of pride at owing her al

legiance. The Colonist, therefore, asks, and, we think, is justified in asking,—On what ground England in so much considers herself the disposer of his destiny? From her own bosom she has chased him not (unless indeed in the case of the convict) for any fault—any crime on his part, but through faults, yes, and crimes on her own; through those irregularities of system which are the necessary concomitants of a policy diametrically opposed to justice. The Colonist, driven from his Native hearth of England, is forced to take refuge on any strand however desolate—on any shore however remote. It is with just indignation, then, he asks, why England should pursue him with the tyranny of her laws? "You have already," exclaims he, "cut me off from the inheritance Nature granted me; why still seek to make me the victim of superior power!" England, however, lays the flattering unction to her soul that her sway over the Colonies is cherished with filial zeal. The insanity of such a belief will be best appreciated by those who know the Colonies best. The time will come when Great Britain will not have a Colony to her name. Where is the slave that is voluntarily a slave? Bravissimo! But I am not coupling the names of Slave and Darlington!

I have taken a long excursion, but not so far, that it should enter my thought to return whence I came no more. Dear, delightful Darlington, my sight is again charmed by you! How bland the zephyr that sports among your bowers. How sweet—how sweetly beautiful the blue—that exquisite blue of your far spreading skies! Speak of Spain and her orange groves, but so has Darlington orange groves, and beneath a clime so much more delicious than the clime of Spain that curiosity asks why the parallel should be permitted to be drawn. Spain, indeed, with the scorching fierceness of her southern heat, and the piercing blasts from the white summits of her silvery Sierra, assimilated to the tepid, luxurious, and voluptuous temperature of Darlington! But, Mrs. F * * * * *, who is at my side, in her own elegant phaeton drawn by two milk-white, Araby ponies, is just calling my attention to the unspeakable beauty and effulugence of an Australian sunset. Oh, for the hues of Claude! Oh, for the tints of every flower from which the eyes of love, like the lips of bees, ever drank nectar to intoxication! But softly! the orb is just trembling on the very verge of the waves—you fancy it is laved by them. On one side a stream of scarlet, on the other purple, and amethyst, and gold—a pavilion for a Sultaness! But what

is it above?—O, let the eye glance above! What is it above, but a paradise of beauty laid open at once! Higher and higher —high as the eye can soar—till it reach "heaven's own altitude"—and then, well may one "gaze!"

> "Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
> "Reels with its fullness."—

Neither Mrs. F * * * * * nor myself, uttered a syllable; we were spell-bound, and silence-bound. But as I escorted her to her home, the splendours of the scene vanished, and as there is no twilight in this region, the shades of night descended immediately. Then the land-breeze sprang up, and, shortly afterwards, the moon, and as my limbs reclined on a sofa, near the long, opened, French windows of Mrs. F.'s saloon—my ears feasted by her exquisite performance on the harp, and my eye watching the ripples of the broad expanse of billow and the growing lustre of the moon-beams, I thought there was no lack of enchantment at Darlington, and on that night, at least, it was worthy of my heart's fondest homage.

COMPARATIVE CLAIMS AND MERITS OF CIVILIANS WITH THE MILITARY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD W. BENTINCK, GOV. GENL. OF INDIA.

"Cedant Arma Togæ."

My Lord,—I belong to a service, which you are reported to have styled, in the early period of your administration, a body of "well paid idlers." Rumour asserts, that you have since expressed a different opinion. I shall be bold enough in this address, to make a few remarks on your policy, as affecting the interest of this body. Candour, therefore, bids me at once to avow myself, a civil servant.

That the service was, is, and always will be, capable of improvement, nobody will deny. Alas! as long as human nature is constituted as at present, what institutions are there, which will not admit of reform! To criticise, however, is one thing, to stigmatize another. In casting this stigma on a body of men, who, with all their faults, have had their eulogists (need I mention a Mill and a Canning!) few, I trust, will concur—nay, your Lordship, I hope, will, at the "eleventh hour," make the easy reparation, of declaring a change of opinion.

I am willing to allow, that the service has been rendered more efficient by your measures. A great degree of activity has been infused into every branch; a spirit of emulation has been excited; and a greater quantity of work has been exacted

from the same number of hands,—in a word, you have at one and the same time, rendered that labour more productive.

And how, it may be asked, has this been effected? By separating in some instances, and uniting in others, the functions of two offices, by partially countenancing the freedom of the press; by making tours of inspection and enquiry; by holding out a bonus for the speedy passing of the lingual examinations; by instituting a system of surveillance, or in other words (your Lordship will excuse the harshness of the term) of official espionage; by modifying the rule of promotion by seniority; by the employment of Natives of the country in judicial offices; and by assigning large tracts of country to the civil administration of military officers.

In enumerating these measures as beneficial in the aggregate, I must not be supposed to be eulogizing each individually. There are drugs, which administered separately are injurious, in conjunction with others, beneficial. To instance a few of my objections. It will admit of argument, whether the union of the offices of magistrate and collector has been attended with a good result. That the appointment of commissioner is useless, is, I believe now universally allowed. The freedom of the press should have been limited to the discussion of local abuses, and no such topics as the justice or validity of our tenure of India should have been admitted. Several instances have occurred, in which promotion has been given without reference to the period of actual employment in official duties, subsequent to passing the ordeal of examination. A spy is a worthless character all the world over; he who is one cannot but despise himself; when the superior was set to watch the conduct, (both public and private) of the inferior, the grand principle of self respect was sadly overlooked. The merit fostering minute (as it has been facetiously styled) may be the instrument of unbounded injustice. There is such a thing as nepotism my Lord, there is such a thing as favoritism. But that which of all the measures, on which I have been commenting, has been, is, and will be the most liable to abuse, is the unlimited power you have assumed to yourself, in assigning appointments strictly civil, to military *employes*. On this point I shall make some remarks at greater length, though before I leave off generalizing, allow me, my Lord, again to express my admiration of the general effect of these innovations. They are truly worthy of your character as a Statesman. That they have not been all enforced with entire purity, is nothing extraordinary. To expect

such singleness of purpose, would be to aspire to European perfection!

And here I protest against its being supposed that I undervalue the merits of my military fellow-servants. I join with them and others in admiring Malcolm, Munro, and the many other gallant officers, who have distinguished themselves in civil employ. It is not of the employment of such men, that I, in common with others of my service, complain, but of the indiscriminate bestowal of civil patronage on military men, without reference to qualification or desert. Political power (I allude to the representation of the British Government at foreign courts) may be advantageously united with military acquirements. In conceding this much, I am, it is to be feared, not doing justice to the conduct of Elphinstone, Jenkins, and other civilians, in military emergencies. Be this as it may, I will not refer to the many appointments of this class, which have been conferred on the army at the expense of the Civil Service, but will content myself with alluding to employments purely civil. Need I mention Assam, Arracan, Coorg, Mysore, Ramghur, Chota, Nagpore, the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, and the 24 Pergunnahs! Here are eight large tracts of country (four of them prior to conquest, forming separate kingdoms! In the civil administration of which scarcely a civilian is employed. It is true, that in these countries a system different to that of the more early acquired provinces is pursued. There is, nevertheless, nothing in this to bar the employment of civilians. If it was thought expedient, to originally introduce a different system in some, and to subsequently modify that originally introduced in others, why in either case were military men alone supposed to be competent agents?

That the civil service would be more efficient, if it were not a monopoly, must be allowed. The employment of Natives in important offices has materially altered this feature of its constitution. If the appointment of military men had been made in the same spirit of disinterestedness, there would not be the same cause for complaint. But conceding this point, it may still, I conceive, admit of argument, whether the peculiar nature of the service, does not give its members a prior claim over all others in the distribution of office. These more particularly allude to the difficulties, which would oppose the entrance into any other line of life, of a body of men, who have been specially educated for, and from their boyhood exclusively employed in a service,

so peculiarly constituted as that, to which they have the honor to belong.

It has been said that the administration of military men has generally been more successful than that of civilians. This at first sight appears plausible enough. They have uniformly been employed in countries, which have been newly acquired, in our possession, have suffered from the unsuitableness of our system of rule. In the former, desolated by the corrupt management of their previous rulers, the effects of a pure administration are, of course, more immediately apparent than in a settled country. In the latter, the fault must be attributed to the system, and not to the agents. And here let me remark, that however much the civil regulations have been abused, an indirect—nay, a direct compliment has been paid them, by their lately having been introduced into countries which were formerly ruled at the caprice of the functionaries. Witness the Delhi territory, the Nerbudda territories, and Assam, have also been placed under the Courts of the Nizamut Adawlut, and the Boards of Revenue; it is to be presumed that the introductions of the regulation laws will soon follow.

I have been induced, my Lord, to dwell more particularly on this point of your policy, as affecting the service of which I am a member, from its being rumoured that the Kingdom of Oude is about to be transferred to the British Government. Should this be the case let me beg you to remember, that there are now about 250 youths, in the civil service, who have at present no higher appointment than that of assistant. The addition of so many, may be, I presume, attributed to the opinion entertained by Lord Amherst, of the superiority of European to Native agency. His Lordship, I imagine, could not have been equally prejudiced with his successor in favor of Military-Civil *employés*, or he would not have thought it necessary to make this addition to the civil list. Alas! for the unfortunate 250, that the truth of the motto assumed for this letter should be no longer acknowledged; alas! that the judicial wig should give place to the turban of the Hindostanee, —the judicial robe to the red coat of the soldier!

Again, acknowledging, my Lord, the many benefits you have conferred on this my adopted country, I subscribe myself your Lordship's Most Obedient Servant

15th March, 1835.—*Mofussul Akhbar.* MAGISTRATUS.

MEMORIAL OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

This document, which we publish intact, displays the sentiments, entertained by the Army of India, towards the gallant and munificent Cæsars of Leadenhall-street in a light not to be mistaken. Now, for our own parts, we beg to say, that treated as the Company's service is by its Honorable employers, and this not more in regard to the Half-Batta measure, than in reference equally to the apathy and intentional neglect even its appeals have ever met with from their hands, we should be inclined rather to break from the bondage it imposes altogether, and acknowledge no other allegiance than to the Monarch himself of the British throne, than, allowing ourselves to be the victim of their perpetual iniquities, petition against wrongs which it is the demoniacal lust of their oppressors' souls to feel pleasure in seeing inflicted. There would be more dignity, we assert, in throwing up a profession reeking with so many violations of right, and disgraced by so many insults, than in lavishing time upon useless recriminations and unrecompensing memorials, which produce no result save that of aggravating the former by fresh obloquy. Indeed, why such a monstrous anomaly should be permitted as a joint-stock association of men, having at their disposal such a stupendous political power as that of an army, can only, of course, be accounted for on a list with those perversities by which our institutions are to infinity, blurred and blemished. But, in accounting for it, it may be asserted, it is an anomaly which the times will not see long exist; and, doubtless, one of the greatest steps of reform demanded in the system is, that the Company's Military Force should be merged in the King's; in other words, that but one Army, throughout the British dominions, should have being—one over which should impend the salutary control of a British Parliament. Well may foreigners stare and the very sepoys themselves smile at such an outrageous defiance of all Constitutional Government, as that of vesting in the hands of private individuals the highest prerogative enjoyed by Majesty—well, may the very sepoy laugh, we have no hesitation in exclaiming, and, in laughing, sneer, when he recognises in his dispensers of military honors, factors who have weighed out a pound of tea, or bartered for a shawl! But it is in haste these observations are wrung from us. It is a subject which will bear—not only will bear, but imperatively calls for renewal, and, at a future moment, we shall fail not to enter upon it, and with such unanswerable arguments in demonstration of the good certain to accrue from an abolition of the present

distinctive differences in the services, and from their consolidation into one, as will remove all doubt and silence all cavil. For the present, we beg the reader's attention to the following, a document which, as we have said, we present in its original form, and from which, therefore, the public is enabled to draw its own conclusions.

To the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

Honorable Sirs,—The long period which has elapsed since the transmission of memorials and urgent appeals to your Honorable Court, on the subject of the supercession of the Lieut.-Colonels of your army by junior Lieut.-Colonels of his Majesty's service, has induced a belief, that the subject has been entirely lost sight of, as no reply has yet been received, or acknowledgment vouchsafed.

It is, therefore, with confidence in your Honorable Court's regard for the honor and interests of your army, that I forward this petition in behalf of myself and of those officers whose signatures are separately attached.

It is unnecessary to take up the time of your Honorable Court by a recapitulation of that which has already been so ably and distinctly detailed in the many memorials already forwarded to your Honorable Court so long ago, as the year 1831-32.

I will, therefore, merely refer to those which have most forcibly pointed out the grievances of the Indian army, and which so vitally affect its honor, character, and preferment :—Colonel Faithfull's memorial—Colonel Bryant's ditto.—Major Campbell's ditto.

Since the dispatch of the above memorials we have had frequent cause to believe that they had been deemed by your Honorable Court, by the Board of Control, and by the authorities at the horse guards, worthy of immediate consideration.

The publicly expressed opinion of the Governor General in Council, in the case of the supercession of Lieut.-Colonels Anbury and Wood, dated July 1829, was so decidedly in favor of the claims of the Indian army, to enjoy the benefits of his Majesty's commission, in common with the officers of his Majesty's service, that the officers of the Indian army have confidently expected by every ship, for the last two years, that some expedient had been resorted to, by which they would be spared the necessity of further appeal, and the indignity and mortification (in a second instance) of seeing their Lieut.-Colonels superseded by officers who have been their juniors in every grade in the service!

The instances already brought to the notice of your Hon. Court need not be repeated here, but so long as the commissions granted by his Majesty to the Company's officers are to bear the perverted construction lately given to them, they can hardly be considered of any value.

They were given, during the administration of Lord Cornwallis in 1796, avowedly as a protection against supercession; but it is evident, that the order issued from the horse guards, dated 5th May, 1829, has rendered abortive the intention of his Majesty's Government.

In 1812, our gracious Sovereign was pleased to declare that "no distinction of rank whatever, should be made between the two services." The document is strongly worded, and is as follows, published in general orders by the Commander-in-Chief under date, 26th February, 1812.

"His Majesty has been, at the same time, pleased to command his Excellency Lieut.-General Hewett, to intimate in terms the most explicit, his Majesty's

pleasure that all officers in the service of the Honorable East India Company bearing his Majesty's commission, or commissions signed by his special authority, delegated to the Commander-in-Chief in India, are, in virtue thereof, to have the same local rank, as if they were in the immediate service of his Majesty, and that no distinction of rank whatever is to be made in that respect between the King's and Company's officers of corresponding ranks, except what must necessarily arise from the dates of their respective commissions."

The fair and impartial conclusion to be drawn from such instruction is, that unless for distinguished service or other personal consideration any local commissions granted to one service would in like manner be given to the other. The "explicit" terms made use of do not admit of doubt;—it is distinctly stated that the officers of the Indian army are to have the same local rank as if they were in the immediate service of his Majesty; but this order has been infringed, as on each occasion of *one* junior Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers obtaining his Colonelcy, *several* Lieut.-Colonels of his Majesty's service have superseded 30 or 40 Lieut.-Colonels in the Company's service by obtaining local Colonel's commissions. The last occasion was the promotion of Colonel Tickell, when Lieut.-Colonels Cameron and Bartley obtained the local rank of Colonel, passing over the heads of the former 33, the latter 36 Lieut.-Colonels of infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

This is not a case involving expense, or indeed any sacrifice, it is, however, one which nearly affects the honor and well-being of all the officers of this army, who feel, that so long as the present system continues, the most cherished feelings of a soldier are wounded,—they are degraded in the eyes of the officers and men under their command, and, unfortunately for the good feeling that should subsist between the two services, in the opinion of those who supersede them.

Those jealousies which were adverted to by your Honorable Court in your general letter, dated 1st January, 1796, and which you state would be removed, (the Right Honorable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State having engaged to recommend to his Majesty to grant King's commissions "*to prevent supercession,*") must again forcibly operate to the injury of the service, and to the utter annihilation of honorable ambition, if supercessions are to be continued. But your petitioner cannot entertain the belief that your Honorable Court, or the other high authorities who have the power to redress our wrongs will turn a deaf ear to the earnest, but respectful, appeals of almost the whole army.

The evil may be remedied in the following manner, viz., by reducing his Majesty's officers already holding local rank to the real rank which they hold in his Majesty's army, or if this should not be deemed expedient, by giving the rank of Colonel to all those Lieut.-Colonels who have been superseded, and to prevent in future any supercession; the rank of Colonel to be withheld from a junior Lieut.-Colonel who may obtain a regiment, until he rises to the top of the list of Lieut.-Colonels, when he will, as a matter of course, receive his commission as Colonel. This latter suggestion, if adopted, makes the list of Lieut.-Colonels strictly one of gradation, but as an officer promoted by brevet for distinguished services might possibly be a Major in his regiment, although the senior Lieut.-Colonel in the army; it is submitted, therefore, that when *his* junior obtains a regiment, *both* should receive the rank of Colonel; otherwise the promotion of the whole army might be stopped in the rank of Lieut.-Colonel for years.

The effort to obtain the respect of our brethren in arms, which must to every soldier be a primary consideration, has often been made by the Indian army; and it is a subject of deep regret and mortification, that, after a period of nearly forty

years, during which an enlightened spirit has been gaining ground, and the never surpassed loyalty and devoted courage of your army has been conspicuous, firmly securing the advantages of this splendid empire to Great Britain,—that in 1834 their claims to a just equality in honor and advancement, should be withheld, their legitimate expectations blighted, and their spirit wounded by junior officers superseding them almost daily. Enthusiasm, however exalted, and patriotism, however fervent and sincere, must be gradually undermined by such depressing apprehensions, while the redress which your Honorable Court has the power of granting, will increase and maintain those invaluable feelings.

The Indian army is a solitary instance of a body of as well disciplined troops as any in the world, amounting to about 200,000, without *one* officer of the rank, *even* of Major General to command them!

In the Bengal are now five Brigadier Generals on the staff; viz.:—

		Appointed Cadets.	*Colonels.*
Brigadier General	Smith	1782	1829
„ „	White	1782	1829
„ „	Stevenson	1783	1829
„ „	Richards	1793	1829
„ „	Duncan	1795	1829

The three senior have been more than fifty years' in the service; the two latter forty years!

Only very lately, during the absence of the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief at Madras, the Bengal army was commanded by a Major General in his Majesty's service, who, with reference to his first commission, has been forty-two years in the service, of which he has been thirteen years a Major General.

There are now on the list of Bengal Colonels seventeen who have been more than fifty years in the service, and nineteen who have been forty years and upwards; none of whom can ever hope to obtain the rank of Major General on the present system.

Many of these officers have been rewarded by his Majesty for distinguished services by nominating them Companions of the order of the Bath, the higher distinctions of which order were held out to them by his Majesty, and conferred on some who had the good fortune to attain the rank of Major Genl. as,—but it will be evident to your Honorable Court, that unless some relief is afforded to officers of such length of service, they cannot, in the course of nature, expect to live long enough to attain the rank of Major General. The honorary distinctions, therefore, of Knight Commander, and Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, formerly held out as rewards, must be deemed virtually withheld from the officers of the Indian army.

MILITARY EFFICIENCY OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.

No. VII.

To the Editor of Alexander's East India Magazine.—Sir,—1. In my letter of the 21st ultimo, I gave you a general idea of the state of our relation with the head of the Poona state in 1814; and, notwithstanding the angry discussions, which had occurred, arising out of the assassination of the Baroda Vakeel, no one entertained a doubt of the perfect fidelity of the Marathee portion of the British force then in the Dekhun,

the whole of which, in the following year, assembled in the vicinity of the Marathee capital, to demand satisfaction for the outrage committed.

2. Before the Paishwa was brought to terms, this display of force was found necessary to obtain his acquiescence in the seizure of the instrument of his vengeance against the Vakeel, and his consent to our occupation of certain forts and territory, for the purpose of securing his execution of some former engagements, which, agreeably to the treaty of Bassein, had not been fulfilled.

3. It was very generally surmised, that this Chief secretly encouraged the ravages of Pindarees, which, about this time, had begun to traverse the whole country in their plundering excursions. Still no doubt was entertained of the perfect attachment of every corps in the Bombay army; but a regiment of European Infantry was, notwithstanding, deemed necessary to strengthen the force at Seroor, and the 2nd battalion 56th regiment, was ordered to proceed to that station.

4. In some measure to save appearances towards the Paishwa, it was now arranged, that a battalion from Daporee, belonging to his Highness, with one of the Native corps, the Kalee Pulton, (the present 5th regiment,) from the Seroor force, then encamped at Kirkee near Poona, should be sent for the seizure of the executioner of the Paishwa's violent act towards the Baroda Vakeel. This minion had collected a party of horse for his defence; but no resistance was made on apprehending him, nor, on such an occasion, was any doubt entertained of the good conduct and attachment of the troops employed.

5. Towards the end of 1815, I had to visit Seroor, which was then the principal military station under this Government. The force there consisted of the 1st battalions of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th regiments, and 2nd battalion 9th regiment, (now the 3rd, 5th, 7th, 11th, and 18th regiments.) The last was in good order, but not at all equal to the state in which I have described it to be in 1805, and 1806. The other battalions were well managed, and all nearly on a par;—nothing to blame, but little to praise. Another example had here presented itself, of rather harsh treatment towards the men of that distinguished corps—the 1st battalion 3rd regiment, by their Adjutant, which was mainly owing to the general *remissness* of its Commanding Officer, who left its discipline, in a great measure, to this young officer, who was unquestion-

ably smart and active, but rather violent and severe. Still, such was the confidence in these men's fidelity to the service, that this was the corps *selected to seize* the Paishwa's instrument—Trimbuckjee, whom his master had raised from a menial office to a situation of importance.

6. I was employed for some months at Seroor: but, on no occasion were the troops ever exercised in brigade, which they ought unquestionably to have been; for, without the familiar exercise, in all field duties, of his army, no Commanding Officer can have confidence in the face of an enemy, or be able to direct his troops with precision and effect; and the accuracy of this remark was afterwards exemplified in the *hesitation*, evinced by this officer to attack the Paishwa's army at Poona, in November, 1817, even after it had been *defeated*, only a few days *before*, by a handful of men, at Kirkee.

7. The same want of confidence and of tact, was shown by the same officer, at Ashtee, where the merit of the victory was given to an inferior in command of a part of the 22nd Dragoons, who is said to have made his dispositions admirably, and swept every thing before him, while two regiments of Madras Cavalry seemed paralyzed or inactive, from the want of orders.

8. This point of the regular exercise, not only of regiments, but of all brigades and forces, is of much moment in establishing and preserving *efficiency* in an army: and the officer, who fails in maintaining such regularity of exercise, both on his own account, and on that of the troops under his command, (which cannot otherwise be considered to have justice done them,) cannot conduct himself or these troops with effect and credit in the face of an enemy; because he has not that self-possession, aptitude, and precision, which *regularity of movement* alone, can enable him to acquire.

9. It is *not*, therefore, the steady and perfect attainments of individual corps alone, which constitute the efficiency of an army, but the expertness and capability of the General Officer in directing the strength of each, with due force and effect to the points of impression, and who, by his quickness, foresight, and able dispositions, can anticipate the threatened points of attack, which the regular exercise of his troops, and a familiarity with military movement alone, can teach and preserve; and these are the only means of circumventing his enemy, and of overthrowing every thing, which may be opposed to him. As the limb of the *Highlander*, and of the *London Chairman*, surpasses in strength and muscularity, by

regular effort and exercise, that of the *dandy*, so will *the officer*, who has taken the pains to acquire facility in evolution, establish his superiority over him, who has been less assiduous and energetic; for these qualities are of the first moment in establishing the reputation, and securing the success of the

Bombay, 4th November, 1833. RED COAT.

PROPRIETORS OF INDIA STOCK AMONG THE BRITISH CLERGY.

The following list of Reverend Proprietors of East India Stock, qualified to vote, is taken from the second edition of the *Register*, compiled from the official returns, by permission of the Company, by an officer of the House, and corrected to the 20th of May, 1835;—it shews, that one Bishop, one Dean, five Doctors, and sixty-three other Priests, in all seventy Clergymen, of the United Church of England and Ireland are proprietors of India stock, and entitled to vote;—that, they possess no less than eighty-three votes; and that persons of their names possess one hundred and seventy three votes. It is impossible to ascertain the number of votes connected with the clergy, by family ties, but it cannot possibly be less than 173,—a number more than sufficient to compel the Court of Directors to cease from salarying the Priests of Juggernaut, and from sending forth the missionaries of Juggernaut to entice the husbandman to quit his plough and set out on a fatal pilgrimage:—

Abdy, Rev. J. C., St. John's Rectory, Southwark	1	2
Bale, Rev. S. S., Withyham, Kent	1	1
Barnett, Rev. W., Old Bracknell, Berks	1	4
Bennett, Rev. Thomas L., Highmoor, Nettlebed, Oxon	1	3
Blair, D. D., Rev. Robert, Rector of Burton St. Andrew's, Norfolk	1	5
Borradaile, Rev. F., Clapham Common	2	3
Bowen, Rev. J. St. Vincent, Ilfracombe, Devon	1	2
Bramby, Rev. T. J., at Mr. Remington's, 76, Old Broad-street	1	1
Brett, Rev. J. G., Ranelagh, Chelsea	1	7
Brymer, Rev. William T. P., Charlton Mackerell, Somersetshire	2	5
Budworth, Rev. P., High Laver, Essex	2	2
Burne, Rev. William Way, Grittleton, Wiltshire	2	2
Burrard, Rev. G., Yarmouth, Isle of Wight	1	1
Carpue, Rev. Joseph, Knightsbridge	1	2
Chandler, Rev. John, Whitley, Surrey	1	1
Cleathing, Rev. John, Thorp Arnold, Leicestershire	1	1
Clive, Rev. William, Welch Pool, Montgomery	1	9
Clive, Rev. G. A., Clinbury, Salop	1	
Curtis, Rev. George William, Leominster	1	3

Cust, Henry C., *The Honorable*, Cockayne, Hatley, Bedfordshire	1	1
Dewe, Rev. S., Buntingford, Herts	1	1
Dixon, Rev. R. S., Upper Harley-street	1	3
Doveton, Rev. J. F., Marksbury, Bath	1	2
Edwards, Rev. R., Keppel-street, Russell-square	1	1
Egerton, Rev. John, Banbury, Cheshire	1	3
Fisher, Rev. *Dr.* Philip, Charterhouse	2	3
Fletcher, Rev. George, Beckenham, Kent	1	3
Gordon, *D. D.*, Rev. George, Sedgbrook, Lincolnshire	1	4
Haggit, Rev. John, Ditton Rectory, near Cambridge	1	1
Hale, Rev. William H., Charterhouse	1	1
Halford, Rev. Thomas, Montagu-square	1	4
Hewett, Rev. Thomas, Chesham, Bucks	1	1
Holmes, Rev. G., Copford, Essex	2	2
Hue, Rev. C., Guildford-street, Russell-square	1	3
Lane, Rev. C., Goldsmith's Hall	1	2
Laprimaudaye, Rev. C. H., Low Leyton	1	4
Long, Rev. Robert C., Dunston Hall, Norfolk	1	1
Mackie, Rev. J. W., Christ Church, Oxford	1	1
Mangles, Rev. Alb., Woodbridge Cottage, near Guildford	1	4
Martin, Rev. Joseph William, Rector of Keston, Kent	1	5
Meath, Nath. A., *Right Rev. Lord Bishop of*	1	1
Melvill, Rev. Edm., Carburton-street, Portland-street	1	1
Morice, Rev. Henry, Vicar of Ashwell, Herts	1	2
Nottige, Rev. John, East Hanningfield, Chelmsford	1	1
Pearson, Hugh N., *The very Reverend*, Dean of Salisbury	1	4
———, Rev. John N., Church Missionary College, Islington	1	2
Pinckney, *LL. D.*, Rev. J. H., East Sheen, Surrey	4	4
Platt, Rev. Alexander, Dorset-square, Regent's-park	1	5
Pollen, Rev. George P. B., Little Bookham, Surrey	1	1
Prodgers, Rev. E., Brixton, Surrey	4	4
Radcliff, Rev. Walter, Warlegh, Devon	1	1
Raikes, Rev. Henry, Burnham, Berks	1	5
Robertson, Rev. Ebenezer, Beverley, Yorkshire	1	6
Royds, Rev. Thomas, Cheltenham	1	1
Rumney Rev. William, Berwick-upon-Tweed	1	1
Rush, Rev. J., Queen's Elms, Chelsea	1	1
Simpkinson, Rev. James, St. Peter-le-Poor, Broad-street	1	1
Skrine, Rev. John Harcourt, Teddington, Middlesex	1	1
Smith, Rev. Summer, Ilminster, Somersetshire	1	1
Spence, Rev. John, Culworth, Northamptonshire	1	2
Stephens, Rev. Richard, Coaver-house, Devon	1	5
Strong, Rev. Thomas Linwood, Limpsfield, Surrey,	1	1
Surtees, Rev. John, Banham, Norfolk	1	1
Tritton, Rev. Robert, Morden, Surrey,	1	2
Vivian, Rev. W. H., Hans-place, Chelsea	1	2
Ward, Rev. *Dr.* J., Coltishall, Norfolk	2	8
Watts, Rev. Robert, Sion College	1	1
Wilkieson, Rev. William, Woodbury, Biggleswade	1	1
Winthrop, Rev. William, Sloane-street	1	1
Wix, Rev. S., St. Bartholomew-lane	1	2

Twenty years ago, the very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury entered warmly into the plans of Claudius Buchanan and old Charles Grant; since then, he has published the life of Martyn and that of Swartz; but, even these pious labours, for the Christianity of India, do not redeem him from the feeling of disgust with which we always advert to the list of the Rev. Proprietors of India Stock. We dare not presume to judge any man—much less these seventy elders; but, we have seen and felt their intimate connection with the idolatries of India; we know it—far better than they themselves possibly can know it; therefore, we warn the Clergy against continuing to be partakers in the sin of compelling the Christian natives of India to drag the cars of idols; against continuing to levy an infamous tax; and against upholding an infamous system of despotism.

THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGES, HINDOO AND MAHOMEDAN.

The abolition of the Medical Classes in the Government Sungskrit College and the Mudressa, with the view of establishing a larger institution on a broader and more efficient scale, has filled the Pundits and Mouluvees, as well as their students, Hindoo and Mahomedan, with alarm. They have mustered all their friends, as we learn from a contemporary, and petitions are now in progress, which are said to have obtained the signature of overwhelming numbers, praying Government to spare the Colleges. Petitions so numerically strong serve to shew the deep interest the Natives of rank and wealth take in these Colleges, and to instruct Government how far they may reasonably insist on approvements, as the condition of continuing to support them from the public purse.

The Mudressa was founded by Warren Hastings, and is one among many other proofs of the truth of Mr. Mill's assertion, "that he had that great art of a ruler which consists in attaching to the Governor those who are governed." The subordinate administration of affairs was in his days, as it continues in a great measure at the present time, in the hands of Moosulmans, who from long habit and possession had acquired a greater official aptitude than the Hindoos. The principles which had governed the judicial Courts of Moorshedabad were adopted into the Courts established by the English Government. The institution of this College was, therefore, a valuable auxiliary to the administration of justice, while it possessed all the charm

of a compliment to a numerous and powerful class of individuals. It not only trained up men in the language in which law was administered, but in a knowledge of the criminal code itself, which the new conquerors retained with few modifications. Its value in this latter point of view will be altogether superseded, when the law commissioners shall have bestowed on the country, a code of criminal jurisprudence which shall render unnecessary any farther reference to Arabic treatises. When the labours of that commission are completed, therefore, one of the objects for which the Mudressa was instituted will cease. Much of its value in imparting a correct knowledge of Persian will likewise terminate, when that language is discontinued in the transaction of public business; a consummation which appears to be in rapid progress. But when the criminal law of the Mahomedans, and the Persian language shall have been banished from the Courts, there will still remain a numerous body of Moosulmans, possessed of wealth and influence, who will require expounders of their own law in all cases of inheritance, succession, and marriage, and Mouluvees for this purpose cannot, perhaps, be trained up more advantageously than in the Mudressa. Nor should we altogether lose sight of the fact that the Mahomedans constitute a large portion of our Native subjects, whose partialities, and even prejudices, it may not be imprudent to indulge, if it can be done without the sacrifice of higher interests. They ought not to be made to feel that they are a marked race, or that the literature they hold dear is proscribed by those who govern India.—Wisdom dictates the policy of extending to them equal countenance and support with that bestowed on other classes of Natives, and of binding their affections to the welfare of a government, towards which they have every reason for feeling the animosity of subdued rivals. There is a wise medium in every judgment, which is seldom violated with impunity, and any transgression of which is sure in time to bring down on the object of unwise affection the re-action of disgust. This truth appears to have been overlooked in the case of Arabic law, and the Persian language. Having passed through one extreme, we have now to avoid the other. We must see that a foolish partiality be not succeeded by a blind hatred. We must guard against implanting in the bosoms of the Moosulmans, the galling reflection that the literary interests which they prize are denied their legitimate share of consideration by the members of Government.

The great objection to the Mudressa has been, that the encouragement of Persian and Arabic literature has for many years entirely engrossed the patronage and the funds of Government; that the exclusive support of those two languages, which might have been abundantly proper in the days of Haroonnul Raschid and Bagdad, was out of place in India in the nineteenth century; that an excessive admiration of Moosulman literature has kept the Government from the performance of those higher duties, which they owed to the people at large. We complain that Persian has been continued as the language of business from an indolent acquiescence in things as they were, to the equal detriment of the British Government, and of the great body of the people. But there can be no reason for exasperating the feelings of a large proportion of the Natives, by altogether withdrawing public countenance from an institution which they have been accustomed to regard with sentiments of fondness. A moderate share of encouragement to the Mudressa and the Arabic language, a nicely balanced scale of patronage, suited to the magnitude of theobjects, and the importance of the public interests involved in them, (and in a political view, the private feelings of the multitude are among public interests,) the impartiality of Government will not deny. It was the use of the Mahomedan criminal law, and of the Persian language, that gave birth and value to the Mudressa; when these cease, this Moosulman College will descend to its legitimate level; and, even the Mahomedans themselves will feel their enthusiasm cool for studies, which are no longer associated with the glowing prospects of pecuniary advantage.

The Government Sungskrit College, and the encouragement of Sungskrit literature, rest on other grounds. Arabic and Persian are exotic plants; Sungskrit, coeval with the origin of the nation, is the ancient and venerable native tree of India, which has withstood for ages all the tempests of war and revolution, which has struck its roots deep into the soil, and spread its ramifications through every province. Embodying as it does, whatever is deemed interesting and valuable in the laws, history, philosophy, and religion of one-sixth of the family of man from the remotest antiquity, the cultivation of it cannot be a matter of indifference to those who govern India. It would be a token of Gothic barbarism, to deny all literary patronage to a language which possesses such strong claims on the attention of those who are interested in the ancient history of mankind. This is one, and by no means a feeble ground of

support. The language is also held in the highest veneration by eighty millions of our Native subjects, and although the encouragement of it, by means of a public College, can never be supposed to secure the allegiance of the people, it may yet form one of the minor links in the great chain, which binds the governed to their rulers. But the peculiar importance of the Sungskrit arises from this circumstance, that it is indissolubly incorporated with the languages of the various nations now united under the British sway; so that if it could possibly happen that Sungskrit should suddenly disappear from India, all the languages derived from it would be involved in an inextricable maze of confusion. For their orthographical rules, for their syntax and construction, for refinement of expression, for every thing in short, which renders language valuable as an exact medium of communicating the thoughts and ideas, the languages of India from the vale of Cashmere to Cape Comorin depend exclusively on their great original; and the written compositions of these languages are chaste or barbarous, exactly in proportion as they preserve the lineaments of their parentage. A writer in the *Hurkaru* stated that all the Native papers were edited or revised by Sungskrit scholars; and he was perfectly correct. No editor, who is not himself a pundit, will venture to publish a single number without the aid of one. The Durpun, upon which the Natives are accustomed to look with complacency, owes whatever purity of style, or happiness of expression, it may possess, to the revision of the pundit; and the editor claims no merit beyond that of being able clearly to convey his own meaning, and to appreciate the suggestions of his learned Native associate. To ascertain how closely Sungskrit is incorporated with Bengalee, we have examined the first six verses of the Sermon on the Mount, in Dr. Carey's Bengalee translation of the New Testament, which, by the general suffrage of all disinterested individuals, both Native and European, is acknowledged to be the best. He spent forty years of his life in successive revisions of it; and never admitted a difficult Sungskrit word where he could find a more easy indigenous Bengalee expression of equal force;—and we find that every noun and adjective in the six verses is Sungskrit, and that the verbs, though so common as to be reckoned almost pure Bengalee, are still claimed by the pundits as of Sungskrit origin. The cultivation of Sungskrit is therefore indispensable to the correct composition of Bengalee, and in fact of every other Indian language; and without the

cultivation and improvement of these languages, we can never adequately provide for the education of the people. A certain share of the public patronage appears, therefore, desirable for an institution in which Sungskrit is cultivated. The great cause of complaint, in regard to this language as well as to Arabic, is that it has been encouraged to the neglect of more important interests; that national objects have been sacrificed in the rage for cultivating it; and that the funds applied to the patronage of it have been disproportioned to its importance. We have now to guard against the return of the tide, lest in its impetuosity should sweep away that which it may be desirable to preserve and to correct.

A wiser plan of study would turn the Government Sungskrit College to more use. Let the students be required to cultivate English with more assiduity; to translate into Bengalee the valuable works, which now exist only in Sungskrit, and are of ordinary reach; all that is valuable in them, will go to the account of general progress; while all the dross will lose that popular veneration, which is attached to it only because it is unknown. Let them improve the Bengalee language by furnishing us with the best models of composition. And this institution, unduly exalted in the days of Dr. Wilson, unjustly depreciated since, will form one among other means of national improvement.

Our readers will not, we trust, mistake our views in these remarks. The great object, which it appears to be the duty of Government now to pursue, is the education of the higher and middling classes through Bengalee. In a large and liberal plan of education, however, Arabic and Sungskrit will come in for a share of subordinate attention. On the one hand, we cannot see the utility of allowing them to usurp the supreme place; on the other, we do not see the justice of discarding them entirely from our plans, not because they possess no value, but because our predecessors have happened to overvalue them.—*The Friend of India.*

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND.

Sir Harris Nicolas says, that, the writers on the constitution have not been able, either, to define the limits of the authority of the Council, or to bring the duties which it performed, within any general principle. Until the royal prerogative became restrained by the gradual increase of power

on the part of the other two estates of the realm, and the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law and Equity was clearly marked out, there was scarcely a department of the State which was not in a greater or less degree subject to its immediate control. No rank was too exalted or too humble to be exempt from its vigilance; nor was any matter considered too insignificant for its interference. Its decision was the ultimate remedy for every grievance for which the Common Law Courts could not provide; and its proceedings exhibit an extraordinary combination of the executive and legislative functions of the Government. As might be expected, from its great and irresponsible power, the Commons watched its proceedings with considerable jealousy, and on several occasions, from the reign of Edward III., to that of Henry VI., they made vigorous efforts to prevent the Council from interfering with matters which belonged to the Courts of Law, and from illegally infringing upon the property and liberties of the people.

The members of the Continual Council were appointed for one year only; at the expiration of which they were again usually chosen, unless any charges of malversation were produced against them, or their frequent requests to be allowed to retire were complied with. They were paid fixed salaries for their services, according to their rank, and were fined, in proportion to their salaries, for every day they failed to attend, unless they could satisfactorily account for their absence.

The history of the King's Council can only be traced in its proceedings; and until those proceedings are collected and printed, any thing which could be written, would be unworthy of attention, because it must be formed of speculations founded upon most imperfect premises.

Our readers need not be reminded of the existence of "The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies," for an existing counter part of the Privy Council of England in the days of despotism and of barbarism.

It would be difficult to name any class of the muniments of this country which in authenticity, variety, or general importance, afford such valuable illustrations of every branch of the history and constitution of England, and of her relations with foreign States, as the proceedings and acts of the King's Council.

Sir Harris Nicolas has edited the "Proceedings and Ordi-

nances of the Privy Council of England," and his work has been printed by command of his Majesty King William IV., in pursuance of an address of the House of Commons of Great Britain, and under the direction of the Commissioners of the Public Records of the kingdom. His work is confined to the records of the acts and proceedings of the Council which are preserved in the British Museum; these commence with the year 1386, and terminate with 1461: they consist principally of the seven following classes;—notes of matters to be submitted—minutes of business transacted — correspondence between the King and the Council—instructions issued to Ambassadors and other persons—letters which have been brought before the Council—petitions, answers, and orders—and, the book of the Council. The manuscripts are of four descriptions, viz., originals, original draughts, contemporary transcripts, and modern transcripts. All the documents are written in French, Latin or English. The greater part of those which are printed in the first volume, were collected by Sir Robert Cotton, and are preserved in the Cottonian manuscripts; but from what repositories they were taken has not been discovered. They must originally have been deposited among the public archives; and, from their present appearance, it is probable that they were dispersed in consequence of one of the many political convulsions to which this country has been exposed. The manuscripts are now pasted into volumes; and, though the order was intended to be chronological, the person who was entrusted with the taskhas often committed egregious mistakes in classing the undated documents. Many of the documents are obliterated in various places, whilst others are merely rough minutes, written hastily and imperfectly, so that it was occasionally necessary to guess at letters or words. This publication affords invaluable illustrations to the history of this kingdom and of other countries, in presenting new facts, in corroborating what was before imperfectly known, and in correcting long-received errors. There is not a subject connected with the internal or external policy or condition of this country, her revenues, commerce, military establishments, laws, arts, or manufactures; or the descent of property; or the character and conduct of her monarchs, statesmen, and warriors, that does not receive illustration from the interesting documents which are now, for the first time, given to the world.

It is a remarkable fact, that although the manuscripts now printed form part of the Cottonian and Harleian collections in

the British Museum, and, consequently, have long been accessible to the public, no historian has hitherto consulted them. To foreign writers this circumstance will scarcely appear credible, and it can only be explained by the extreme difficulty which attends the effort to apply documents in the condition in which these exist, to the purposes of history. Even when series of records are arranged and printed, it requires considerable critical acumen and sagacity to select and embody the principal facts; whilst the labour necessary to reconcile some statements with the information derived from other sources, can only be understood by those whose pursuits oblige them to make the attempt. What then can be done by the general historian of a country with masses of manuscripts written in different languages, the words contracted, the writing scarcely capable of being decyphered, and the documents, in many places, rendered illegible, by damp or other injury? For all practical purposes, they are nearly useless; and he pursues his labours under the disheartening impression, that though the most authentic sources of original information are within his reach, they are wholly unavailable to him. The little which he can transcribe, he scarcely dares to use because the date is not always ascertained; and he knows that it is very unsafe to adopt what may be found in a fragment.

Until manuscripts are printed, it is nearly impracticable for an author, be his industry what it may, to explore the richest mines of historical knowledge, and it becomes wholly impossible for him to separate the ore from the dross which they contain. This must be done by other hands; and, when he commences his arduous task, all his materials ought to be ready for his use, and placed before him in the most convenient form, or he will find his efforts to produce a complete history of any period, or of any event in the annals of a nation, almost fruitless. Even if all the public repositories be thrown open, and permission be given him to use the manuscripts which they contain, he would be appalled by the prospect before him. Thousands of rolls, and piles of miscellaneous documents, without arrangement or catalogues, together with immense volumes of letters, without an index or a clue to their contents, would present themselves to his view, tantalizing him with the sight of treasures, of which it would be hopeless to attempt to possess himself; for, to read, much less to copy and reflect upon, what is indispensable for his purpose, would require a much longer life than is allotted to humanity, together with the uninterrupted

enjoyment of corporeal and intellectual powers. He is, consequently, compelled, by their very magnitude to turn away from the inexhaustible stores which he is unable to gather in; and he either abandons his object in despair, or is contented to tread the beaten and nearly worn-out paths of his predecessors. To this circumstance the imperfection of the present histories of England may be attributed; and, although each succeeding historian, as Mr. Sharon Turner, one of the latest and most industrious of them, has remarked, has "added some truth, removed some mistake, and opened some new views," it is equally certain that the most genuine, most abundant, and most important materials have never yet been applied to the history of England.

The Government has long been sensible of this fact, and, besides other works containing materials for future historians, the public are indebted for the "Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council of England" to its liberality. No one who is intimately acquainted with the value of such illustrations of our annals, will hesitate to admit that their publication is extremely desirable; and it is right to state, as evidence of the absolute necessity of the aid of Government for printing historical manuscripts, that, notwithstanding Sir Harris Nicolas obtained the permission of the trustees of the British Museum to print the "Proceedings of the Privy Council," in April, 1831, and that his attention was, for a long time before, constantly directed to the publication of these invaluable documents, he found it wholly impracticable to induce a private publisher to print the work upon any terms; and, he ventures to add, from his own experience, that there is not a publisher in London who would, at this moment, undertake to print an historical manuscript, be its intrinsic value what it might, even if he had nothing to pay for copyright, or for editorial labour.

In addition to the proofs which have been stated of the necessity of printing the most valuable inedited historical manuscripts, and, as further evidence that access to them in their present chaotic condition, however useful, is not sufficient for all literary purposes, it is important to advert to the immense difference between possessing materials, of which a work is to be composed, in the author's own library, and being obliged to consult them in a public office. Every author must at once be struck with the force of the following remark, by a celebrated writer of the present day (Godwin), and there are few who have not experienced its justice. "No studious man can collate authorities, and draw his inferences satisfactorily, except in his

own chamber. No man can adequately judge what it is that may be necessary to his purpose, till after repeated essays and comparisons. Add to which, he who studies at home chooses his seasons of study, while he who resorts to a public library, has them measured out to him by others."

Few illustrations of the state of society are contained in the proceedings, besides the indications of manners and customs which, in a greater or less degree, pervade all the minutes of the council: but, whatever throws light upon the general and domestic history of a country, necessary elucidates the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people. But, as the historian merely selects from masses of materials what he considers will form the most striking features in his picture, groups and colours them to the best of his skill, and introduces details according to his industry or fancy, his readers are entirely dependent upon his impartiality, ability, and judgment, for the accuracy and extent of the knowledge which they may derive from his pages. They can scarcely fail to be tinctured with his prejudices; they unavoidably adopt his errors; and, by viewing history through the eyes of another, they can never be certain of the justness of their own conceptions. To some historians, one description of facts may appear of great importance; whilst, by others, they would be considered unworthy of attention. The effect of this different estimate of the same materials would be at once shewn by comparing the pages of any four English historians with each other; for, it would be found, that, one writer often treats largely of events, which are passed over in comparative or total silence by another; whilst very opposite deductions are not unfrequently drawn from the same evidence, in consequence of its admitting of various inferences, or from its requiring an intimate acquaintance with the language, manners, and customs of the age to which it belongs, to be properly appreciated and understood. Hence arises the value of such historical collections as the "Proceedings of the Council," where every circumstance is noticed at the moment when it occurred; where events may be traced through all the stages of their progress: and where they are presented to the reader, at the distance of four centuries, as they appeared to those who were intimately connected with them, and by whom they were often guided and determined; where, in a word, the patient and zealous investigator of the annals not only of England, but of France, Germany, Spain, Holland, and other nations, will find

some of the most valuable and authentic sources of historical information.

The Archives of England are being unlocked and published at the expense of the empire; but, the surveys, reports, records, manuscripts, and even printed books of India, are being locked up and destroyed at still greater expense.

THE ARMY OF INDIA.

Fully convinced that the real interests of the British Indian Army and those of the British public are identical, we always hail with delight the publication of any document which tends to exhibit the real state of the army: we long to see the mortality of the European branch openly exhibited; for until that preliminary step is taken, it is vain to expect the appalling mortality to be prevented.

In the year, 1832, G. Grote, Esq., presented to the trustees of the British Museum a printed quarto book of 138 pages, entitled, "Report on the Military Expenditure of the Honorable East India Company; addressed to Major General the Honorable Sir John Malcolm, G.C. B.K. L.S., Governor; by Lieut. Colonel Edward Frederick. London. Printed by Richard Taylor, Red-lion-court, Fleet-street. 1831. Not for sale!!! The editor has prefixed an advertisement, in which he says, "It is feared that many verbal errors and inaccuracies will be found in this Report. The friend to whom the manuscript was forwarded from India to be printed, is entirely unacquainted with those details to which the Report relates: nor did he think himself justified in seeking assistance elsewhere, as the document is intended only for distribution among a select few."

In 1832, the House of Commons enquired into the military affairs of the Company by means of a select sub-committee, which consisted of Lord George Lennox, Sir John Byng, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Ronald Fergusson, Sir George Nugent, Colonel Maberley, Messrs. Fazakerley, Wigram, Gisborne, Mackillop, and Fox. Sir John Malcolm gave in extracts from Colonel Frederick's Report; but was the entire Report ever fairly brought under the notice of the Parliament or of the Crown? We suspect not; for it appears to be exactly such a document as the House of Commons would have printed. We hope to draw largely from it, according as we may find opportunity; in the mean time we hope that the Crown will look into it and enquire about it: if it has been partially suppressed,

that fact ought to create suspicion. Surely some of the select few will do as Mr. Grote has done, and present a copy to some other public library, and thus enable the army it so nearly concerns, to get a sight of it.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick, &c., &c., &c.—Sir, I have given the most attentive perusal to the numerous papers you have shewn to me; and from these, and your personal communication, when at Malcolm Peyt, I deem it my duty to state the high satisfaction I have derived from the full proof you have afforded me, that your time, during your residence at Calcutta, was actively, zealously, and usefully employed; and that, connected with your actual and anticipated duties as Commissioner (which I observe, from your letter to Government, were performed in a manner satisfactory to the Governor General,) you have accumulated a body of facts, upon every subject of military finance of the three Presidencies, which must prove of great utility to this Government, by enabling it to promote an object which the Honorable the Court of Directors have long had in view, of assimilating the establishments and departments of the different Presidencies, where local circumstances do not render that impracticable.

Subsequent to your departure for Bengal, I have been incessantly occupied in efforts to reduce the expenses of this Presidency. No branch of expenditure has attracted more of my notice than the military, and my personal visit to the different stations has aided Government in its establishments to revise and reduce every department with the strictest attention to economy, and little injury as possible to efficiency. It will become my duty to make an early report to the supreme Government and to the Honorable the Court of Directors upon this subject, in order that these high authorities may have the whole, that has been done, under one view; by which, they will be better able to form a judgment of its merits, than from detached details of my proceedings; for these (however different the objects) are all regulated by the same leading principles, which are—to diminish offices by combining duties, and through the reduction and limitation of establishments by the diminution of charge of unnecessary forms and documents, by instituting direct responsibility, and making checks more upon demand than supply; thus vesting that power with those who must, from their experience and personal knowledge, be able to exercise it, and whose reputation is associated with the strictest performance of this most important of all duties in the economy of a government.

You will observe, from a circular from the acting Secretary, under date the 21st December, 1829, and other papers connected with the subject, that a complete reform of the constitution of the different offices under this Presidency is in progress. To this I look, beyond all other measures, for the diffusing of education, the promotion of useful knowledge, the multiplication of efficient persons for the subordinate duties of different departments, and eventually the promotion of economy as well as of integrity in the subordinate branches of the public service.

I have made these observations that you may be aware of the objects I have had, and continue to have, in view, while you are fulfilling the task I wish to assign you, of examining and making a short abstract, under distinct heads, of all the economical reforms in the military department, made by this Government, under orders from England or Bengal, or at my suggestion, from the 1st of November, 1827, up to the date of your report. I must also desire that you will, from the information you possess, contrast the constitution and the whole of the economy and efficiency of our military establishments and departments with those of Bengal and Madras, giving such opinions as your experience and knowledge dictates upon each. This report I must desire as early as you can prepare it, and in as concise a form as it can be rendered; and to enable you to frame it, the chief Secretary will be directed to give you access to all records, and to call for any account or statement you require from the different public departments.—I have the honor to be, &c., John Malcolm. *Without date.*

Bombay, 1st October, 1830. Report. To Major-General the Honorable Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B. K. L. S., Governor; —Honorable Sir, I have the honour to acknowledge your commands under date ——, and in obedience to them have employed myself in the contemplation and arrangement of the several subjects which you have deemed it requisite I should report upon, from such sources of information as I may be in possession of.

In attempting to discuss such serious and extensive questions, I trust I shall be satisfactorily meeting your wishes, by stating my own conception of the objects which you propose should engage my attention. The following points, I presume, may be admitted as forming the leading principles of the enquiry :— *First*, The examination of the reforms which you have introduced at this Presidency in every branch of the military system involving expenditure ;—*Second*, How those reforms appear to

be progressively working;—*Third*, Their comparative bearing to the same departments at the other Presidencies;—And *Fourth*, The financial results, as to the economy and efficiency, in expenditure.

If the preceding ideas present a correct view of the objects contemplated by your instructions, I shall enter upon the discussion at once, with the hope that the mode in which I carry it on, will evince if I have lost sight of that salutary rule. I hope my anxiety to be understood, will not fail me as a sufficient palliation for any trespass of the kind.

The report is divided into two parts, and is accompanied by an appendix. The first part extends to page 35, the second part to page 80, and the appendix to page 138. The first part treats of the commissariat, camp-equipage, carriage of the sick, and cavalry; the second, of the engineers, sappers, board, ordnance, practice ammunition, agencies, pay, contracts, accounts, office, medical, irregulars, bazaars, &c.; and the appendix contains many very valuable accounts and other figured statements.

DETAILED STATEMENT OF WRITERS APPOINTED IN EACH YEAR.

Statement of the number of Writers annually appointed by the Court of Directors to the service of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies from the year 1772 until 1835, a period of 62 years; with the total and annual average; distinguishing each Presidency, &c. *Note.*—The St. Helena establishment is not included in this statement.

The slightest inspection of this table shews how very easy it is for the Company to deceive the public with their averages of patronage taken from their own picked term of years; for instance, in the four years between 1827 and 1830, they sent out 257 writers, but in the next four years, when the public eye was upon them they reduced this valuable branch of their patronage down to 87 writers, or to one-third of what it had been, when Parliament began to enquire into the affair. In 1773, 1784, 1792, 1808, and in 1810, the self-same system of deceit is apparent.

But the profligacy of the imperial Parliament and of the people of the United Kingdom, does not lag far behind that of the monopoly, by which they vainly hope to extract wealth from India—for, now, by law—yes, by a solemn legislative enactment, of the first Reformed Parliament, Writers may be selected from all castes, colours, and creeds! What a mighty boon!—Surely all creeds, colours, and castes will duly esteem it.

A. D.	Bengal	Madras	Bombay	Bencoolen	Penang	China	Total
1773					none	3	9
74					-	-	8
75					-	3	53
76					-	-	51
77					-	-	59
78					-	-	60
79					-	1	40
1780					-	1	58
81					-	-	13
82					-	1	52
83					-	-	27
84					-	2	5
85					-	1	3
86					-	-	5
87					-	1	3
88					-	1	12
89					-	1	61
1790		Unknown.			-	4	38
91					-	-	37
92					-	2	21
93	27	7	7	4	-	3	48
94	30	15	6	4	-	4	59
95	21	12	14	6	-	-	53
96	18	22	15	9	-	1	65
97	29	21	3	3	-	-	56
98	16	6	2	1	-	2	27
99	21	7	3	-	-	1	32
1800	17	14	-	1	-	-	32
1	19	5	1	-	-	1	26
2	27	4	-	-	-	1	32
3	12	4	-	-	-	2	18
4	23	6	5	-	10	1	45
5	18	23	11	-	-	2	54
6	9	9	10	-	-	1	29
7	29	13	4	-	-	-	46
8	4	12	3	1	-	-	20
9	24	8	7	1	1	1	42
1810	16	8	2	-	1	-	27
11	19	7	9	1	-	1	37
12	23	15	5	1	-	3	47
13	25	6	4	1	2	-	38
14	10	15	8	-	-	-	33
15	23	13	11	2	-	1	50
16	18	17	-	1	1	-	37
17	12	9	9	2	-	-	32
18	21	4	7	1	1	2	36
19	15	4	13	-	1	1	34
1820	16	8	16	-	3	1	44
21	12	5	21	1	1	1	41
22	14	4	6	-	-	-	24
23	20	9	6	-	-	-	36
24	16	11	10	-	1	4	42
25	42	10	7	-	3	-	62
26	39	11	12	-	1	1	64
27	50	10	14	-	2	1	77
28	41	13	7	-	-	2	63
29	28	20	12	-	-	1	61
1830	26	17	13	-	-	-	56
31	12	21	6	-	-	-	39
32	9	4	2	-	-	-	15
33	6	6	5	-	-	-	17
34	10	2	4	-	-	-	16
Total	867	437	300	40	28	60	2347

Hence, it appears, that, in the twenty years, commencing 1773, and ending 1792, the appointments were to India 594, and to China 21; in all 615; and in the 42 years, commencing 1790 and ending 1834, they were, to India, 1672, and to China, 39; in all 1711.

The India writerships have averaged £5,000 each and the China writerships £10,000 each during the whole term; therefore the mere patronage of appointing young gentlemen to writerships in India has been worth £11,435,000; and to writerships in China £600,000; altogether more than £12,000,000! The present value of an India writership is £10,000, and the annual number of such appointments may be estimated at sixty; viz., two for each share, and four for secret service; such as for the K——g, Fitz, the Duke, and for Sir John Peter Grant's mahout. Thus a corrupt corporation is allowed to counteract the will of the nation, by enjoying one item worth £600,000 per annum.

Rome herself never sat more proudly, unmoved, on her seven hills as the Queen of Nations, than this new chartered bloated harlot sits amidst the wreck and ruin of the corrupt boroughs and corporations of the United Kingdom.—India may well ask, —How long shall this abomination be tolerated?

JAMES MILL, ESQ.

The published works, avowed by Mr. Mill, are as follows:—In 1796, An Examination of E. F. Jones's System of Book-keeping, in 8vo.—Essay on the impolicy of a Bounty on the Exportation of Corn, in 8vo.—1805, A Translation of Villar's Essay on the Reformation of Luther; with notes, in 8vo.—1807, Commerce Defended; an answer to the argument by which Mr. Spence, Mr. Cobbett, and others have attempted to prove that Commerce is not the source of national wealth, in 8vo.—1818, The History of British India, in 3 vols., 4to.—1821, Elements of Political Economy, 8vo.—and in 1829, Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, 2 vols. 8vo. Besides these avowed works, Mr. Mill is known to publish many unavowed pieces; he appears to be the author of "A Fragment on Sir James Mackintosh."

Mr. Mill prefaces his "Elements of Economy" by saying,—"There are few things of which I have occasion to advertize the reader before he enters upon the perusal of the following work. My object has been to compose a school-book of po-

litical economy; to detach the essential principles of the science from all extraneous topics; to state the propositions clearly and in their logical order, and to subjoin its demonstration to each. I am myself persuaded, that nothing more is necessary for understanding every part of the book, than to read it with attention—such a degree of attention as persons, of either sex, of ordinary understanding are capable of bestowing. They who are commencing the study ought to proceed slowly, and to familiarize themselves with the new combinations of ideas as they are successively presented to them. If they proceed to a subsequent proposition before they are sufficiently imbued with the first, they will of course experience a difficulty, only because they have not present to their memory the truth which is calculated to remove it. If they who begin the study of mathematics were to content themselves with merely reading and assenting to the demonstrations, they would soon arrive at doctrines which they would be unable to comprehend, solely because they had not, by frequent repetition, established in their minds those previous propositions, the prompt application of which was required. In a work of this description, I have thought it advisable not to quote any authorities, because I am anxious that the learner should fix his mind upon the doctrine and its evidence, with any extraneous consideration. I cannot fear an imputation of plagiarism, because I profess to have made no discovery; and and those men who have contributed to the progress of the science need no testimony of mine to establish their fame."

He limits his view of the science—to ascertain the laws according to which the production and consumption are regulated, of those commodities which the intervention of human labour is necessary to procure; and he divides his enquiry into the principles of production, distribution, interchange, and consumption.

Mr. Mill introduces his analysis of the mind to the public by saying;—"Philosophical enquiries into the human mind have, for their main and ultimate object, the exposition of its more complex phenomena. It is necessary, however, that the simple should be premised; because they are the elements of which the complex are formed; and because a distinct knowledge of the elements is indispensable to an accurate conception of that which is compounded of them. The feelings which we have through the external senses are the most simple; at least the

most familiar of the mental phenomena. Hence the propriety of commencing with this class of our feelings."

Mr. Mill concludes his analysis by saying—"The phenomena which characterize man as a thinking being, have been brought forward—have been carefully resolved into their component elements, and traced to certain general and undisputed laws. I should call this the THEORY of the human mind, if I could hope that the word would be understood in its original and literal meaning, that is, viewing or observing, and correctly recording the matters observed. This is the task, the execution of which has been endeavoured throughout the preceding pages. But unhappily, the word Theory has been perverted to denote an operation very different from this, an operation by which viewing—observing—is superseded; an operation which essentially consists in supposing, and setting down matters supposed as matters observed. Theory, in fact, has been confounded with hypothesis; and it is, probably, vain to think of restoring it to its proper signification. If, however, the theoretical or expository part of the doctrine of the human mind were perfected; another great branch, the practical (which, to be rationally founded, must be founded on the theoretical) would still remain. This subject, it appears, might be conveniently treated in three books; *first*, The book of logic, containing the practical rules for conducting the mind in its search after truth; *second*, The book of ethics, or the book of rules, for regulating the actions of human beings, so as to deduce from them the greatest amount of good, both to the actor himself, and to his fellow creatures at large; and *third*, The book of education, or the book of rules, for training the individual to the greatest excellence of his nature; that is, to the highest possible state of efficiency (ability and will included) as cause of good to himself and to his species."

E. L. Bulwer has attempted to describe the literary character of James Mill; he says, "Mr. Mill has, in a work of remarkable acuteness, but written in so compressed and Spartan a form, that to abridge it would be almost to anatomize a skeleton—followed out certain theories of Hartley into a new analysis of the human mind. His work requires a minute and painful study—it partakes of the severe logic of his more famous treatises on Government and Education; it is the *only* purely metaphysical book attracting any notice, which to my knowledge has been published in England for the last fifteen years." He adds "some additional remarks upon this eminent

writer, in an appendix, to "England and the English." However, a more fair list of the character of James Mill as a public officer, presents itself in the minutes of the evidence which he gave before committees of the House of Commons on the affairs of India; where his philosophical notions were brought into practice. On the 15th of August, 1832, he drew up a paper, which he headed, "Observations on the Land Revenue of India;" this paper is short, and it condenses some of his own peculiar views on a most important point in his administration of the legislation, justice, and finance of Hindostan; therefore we insert it entire, and leave the people of India to form their own judgment of it. It is as follows:—

"The land revenue of India rests upon the principle universally recognised and acted upon, that the Governmeat is entitled to a portion of the produce of all the land in the country, and that the cultivator is entitled to the rest. The Government and the cultivators are joint tenants of the land; and this seems to be the most accurate mode of describing the state of land-property in India. What is the share of the Government, and what the share of the cultivator, has never been fixed. Practice, when for any length of time it had been nearly uniform, established something like a rate, which was apt to be looked to as a rule, But Government remained always the judge of its own wants; and there seems reason to conclude, that there was taken, almost always, from the cultivator, on account of Government, either expressly as the Government demand, or by the additional exactions of its servants, as much as the cultivator could possibly pay. It is easy to see the utmost limit of what could be taken from the cultivators, without arresting the progress of the country, and insuring the perpetuity of universal poverty.—That limit is the rent, according to the accurate meaning of the word, namely, the surplus, after the capital and labour bestowed upon the produce has been re-placed and paid;—it is obviously a matter of indifference to the cultivator whether this rent is paid by him to a person called a land-owner, or to the treasury of the State, and his means of carrying on the improvement of his possession, are the same in both cases. There is reason to believe, that the payments demanded of the ryots in India, almost always exceeded the limit; because the ryots and the country were always poor, the Governments despotic, and the laws feeble or impotent. The great questions respecting the land revenue, which, as successor of the Native Governments, the British Government has now to resolve, seem to be

these:—*first*, Whether a more eligible mode of obtaining a revenue for the State than the rent of land is to be found?—*Secondly*, Since evil consequences of the greatest magnitude result from taking more from the cultivator than the rent, what is the best mode of fixing and securing that limit? The *first* question may be considered as little subject to doubt. Without entering into the general advantages of supplying the wants of the State from the rent of land, wherever that rent has not been made private property, it is sufficient to observe, with regard to India, that there is no other adequate source. Another conclusive observation is, that the rent of the land is now the property of the State; that if the Government were to give it up, and to supply the defalcation by taxes, it must bestow the rent in gift upon certain individuals, and make up for the want of it by taxing others; it would be a plan to enrich a portion of the people by impoverishing the rest. The *second* question deserves the most mature consideration.—If it be allowed, that more than the rent, according to the definition of it as above, cannot be taken from the ryot or cultivator without the fatal consequences described as above; and that, according to the practice and law of India, the full rent is the due of Government, it follows that whatever the Government allows to the zemindar, moruddum or intermediate party, by whatever name denoted, must be so much taken out of the Government share; the Government can give him no part of that which is due to the cultivator for his labour and capital, without personal oppression, and the greatest public detriment; that, therefore, whenever a zemindar or middleman, of any description is set up in affluence, it is done either by giving him a portion of the public revenue, or by allowing him to commit pillage upon a portion of his fellow subjects. When a zemindar, and the same is the case with the head of a village, engages to pay a certain annual sum to Government, which he is to make up by sums collected from the several cultivators within the district for which his engagement is made, the more he can collect from the cultivators beyond the sum which he has to pay to Government, the more he has for himself. It is his interest, therefore, to carry his exactions to the greatest possible extent, and whenever the demand upon the ryot is not defined, and security taken against its being exceeded, every thing is pretty sure to be taken from him, which does not deprive him of the means of barely continuing his cultivation. In this state of things, the improvement of the country is interdicted.—This is what

creates a necessity on the part of Government to define the demand upon the ryot. It is a function which it is evident cannot be safely entrusted to the zemindar, or head man of the village, because they have an interest in doing it wrong.—But, a definition of the demand upon each ryot, in other words, a settlement by the officers of Government, fixing what each ryot is to pay, and for what land, is a ryotwar settlement; without which, it does not appear that there are any means of protecting the cultivators, as a body, from over-exaction, and the state from that beggary and impotence, which want of the means of accumulation in the hands of the productive classes inevitably produce. If the demand upon the ryot were defined, and security against surcharge provided, a mocuddum or potail might be employed to collect from the village, or a zemindar from a large district; and leases might be granted to them of any duration which the encouragemnnt of agriculture might seem to require; it being meanwhile clearly to be understood, that whatver emolument is granted to these intermediate parties is taken out of the Government share of the produce, not that of the ryot, is, in reality, so much of the public revenue assigned to each. The operations to be performed are thus simple in the conception, but are obviously very difficult in the execution, not only on account of the amount of the work to be executed, but the difficulty of ascertaining the value of the land, and the small number of well qualified instruments at command. But though it be a very difficult thing to ascertain what each ryot should pay as rent, to a high degree of accuracy, no evil of serious magnitude would be incurred by some want of accuracy, if care were taken to make the error always fall on the right side; that is, to make the charge on the ryot when there is any doubt, sometimes less than a full assessment rather than any thing more. In the first case, all the evil is some deduction, less or more, from the revenue of the state, which remains in the hands of the principal productive class. In the other case, there is, to the extent of the over-exaction, oppression of that class, felt individually, and prevention of improvement by depriving the class of cultivators of the requisite funds. In one case, those operations so essential to the administration of the land revenue in India, cannot be immediately applied. In Bengal, the Government has formed with the zemindars a contract, which, as it has been interpreted, precludes the Government from interfering to define the payment of the ryots, and protect them

from surcharge or ejectment. The natural consequences of such a state of things have been already pointed out, and are so pernicious, that the means of counteracting them cannot be too carefully considered. The expedient which has been recommended by the Court of Directors, that of purchasing the lands of the zemindars, on account of Government, when they come to sale, and then settling in the mode which may seem most advisable, but always with a strict definition of what the ryots have to pay, appears to be liable to no serious objection."

The philosophic mind of James Mill has produced this practical result. However, the unphilosophic minds of the half-civilized, half-barbarized ryots of Hindostan view the claims of the Proprietors of India Stock to all the rent of all the lands of Hindostan, in a very different light. They know that an age ago, contending factions and invading armies destroyed the growing crops, burnt their villages, and butchered the people; and, that, now, the conqueror, having obtained quiet possession, is limited, by self-interest, to—all the rent of the land,—as much of the profits of other branches of industry as he can obtain by means of the unchecked power of taxation,—and as much of the capital of the country as he can borrow, without security!

ON BRITISH SUPPORT OF MAHOMEDANISM AND IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

"What agreement has the temple of God with idols?"—St. Paul.

One of the greatest obstacles to the civilization and evangelization of India, is the connection of the British Government with its popular superstitions. In Feb. 1833, an important Regulation was despatched to India by the Hon. Court of Directors; the following are some of its provisions:—"That the interference of British Functionaries in the interior management of Native Temples—in the customs, habits, and religious proceedings of their Priests and Attendants—in the arrangement of their ceremonies, rites, and festivals—and generally in the condition of their interior economy—shall cease. That the Pilgrim Tax shall be every where abolished. That Fines and Offerings shall no longer be considered as sources of revenue by the British Government, and they shall consequently no longer be collected or received by the ser-

vants of the East India Company. That in all measures relating, to their temples—their worship—their festivals—their religious practices—their ceremonial observances—our Native subjects be left entirely to themselves." The importance of this measure can scarcely be fully appreciated; and most valuable will be the results of its general adoption in the four Indian Presidencies.

But Britain not only makes a gain of Idolatry in India,—she supports both Hindooism and Mahomedanism. The evidence of this anomalous state of things is most abundant and irrefragable.

The temples of *Juggernaut, Gya, Allahabad,* and *Tripetty,* are very popular. The annual allowance to Juggernaut's Temple is 56,000 rupees, beside various contingent expenses; but the net proceeds in *seventeen years,* (from 1812 to 1829,) were £99,205. Of Gya, a Missionary, in 1828, writes,—"Instead of the Tax having diminished the number of Pilgrims, it has greatly increased the multitude, rendered the Brahminical order respectable, and placed Idolary on a firmer basis than it was before!" "The whole of the revenues of the Temple," says a British Functionary at Tripetty, "from whatever source derived, are under the management of, and appropriated by, the British Government."

The late Lord Teignmouth, in a valuable pamphlet published in 1808, stated, "In all the capital cities, principal towns, and districts, Mahomedan officers, known by the title of *Cadis* are stationed for the purpose of performing the religious duties and ceremonies prescribed by the Mahomedan law, and various other functions, at the public expense." "I cannot see," said C. Buller, Esq. M. P., in his Letter to the Honorable Court of Directors, relative to Juggernaut, in 1813, "what possible objection there is to the continuance of an established Tax, particularly when it is taken into consideration, *what large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our Government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the Religious Institutions, both of the Hindoos and the Mahomedans!*" In the province of Tinnevelly, a fertile district of the Carnatic, the Collector of the Company took possession of the land with which the Pagodas were endowed, and now compensation is granted to uphold their worship. "It appears from the MS. of an official survey made by Mr. T———, that in this district there are 2,783 Sheva Vishnu and other Temples; forty-two of which are celebrated for their peculiar

sanctity. Besides these, there are 9,799 petty Kovils of male and female deities, and some other inferior edifices, making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these establishments, *upon the public account, is about* £30,000! The nature of this Government connexion with Idolatry should be ascertained and exposed. The future destinies of India are in the hands of British Christians."—*Blackburn's Missionary Sermon*, May 1835, p. 67. The following fact speaks volumes.—The Rev. C. T. Rhenius wrote in Dec. 1831: "The ——, has, by order of Government, given 40,000 rupees to perform a certain ceremony in the Temple at Tinnevelly. The pedestal of the Idol has got some injury from the oil, which continually flows down from it at the Poojahs, so that insects harbour and perish, which is a great indignity to the *swame*. For the repair, the *swame* must be requested to remove from his place during the operation. On both occasions a great many *muntrums* must be said, and 100,000 Brahmuns must be daily fed for forty days! To gratify this folly, a Christian Government expends 40,000 rupees!!" Of the writer's late station, Cuttack, in Orissa, a colleague writes: "I was affected by information from the man who superintends the Temple, that he receives five rupees per month from the British Government, and this, with the offerings brought to the Idols is his living. Nor is this the worst:—Government subsidizes *seventy-nine Idol Priests in Cuttack besides himself.*"

The following letter from the Right Hon. Lord W. C. Bentinck, late Governor General of India, contains the most recent information upon the subject of this circular. This Nobleman deserves the gratitude of Britain and India, and indeed of the whole civilized world, for his magnanimous and philanthropic conduct in abolishing the Suttee: happy pledge, that ere long, all the cruelties and follies of Indian superstitions will be—"buried 'midst the wreck of things that were."

"Bruselles, Aug. 18, 1835.

"Sir,—I am very much obliged by the kind expressions contained in your letter of July 17th, which I should have answered sooner, if the weak state of my health and the excessive interruption in London, which I was little able to bear, had not compelled me to defer all business, and answers to all letters, until a day of more tranquillity and repose. This I have found

here for the first time, on my way to one of the German mineral springs.

"In reply to your enquiry, 'whether the object you have had so long in view—*the abolition of the Pilgrim Tax—had been realised before I left India?*"—*I must answer, that it had not.* The subject was immediately taken up, upon the receipt of the Court's orders; but the reports of the different public officers, which were necessary, to enable us to determine to what degree the interference of the Government could be safely withdrawn from the different festivals had not, been received. When such immense crowds are collected, the interference and supervision of the Government, for the purpose of police, and to prevent the loss of life and other irregularities, will always be requisite. *Partially, however, the abolition had taken place, and it cannot be long before it is entirely accomplished.*

"I cannot say that I attach the same consequence to this measure that you do. *As long as we maintain,* most properly in my opinion, *the different establishments belonging to the Mahomedan and Hindoo Religions,* we need not much scruple about the Tax in question. But this is a subject of controversy, in which you are more likely to be right than myself; but to me, it appears like straining at the 'gnat and swallowing the camel!' The best mode of converting the Natives of India to Christianity, is, after education, treating their religious views and prejudices with the greatest tenderness and respect.

"I remain, Sir,
"Your faithful Servant,
"W. BENTINCK."

The progress made in the abolition of the Pilgrim Tax as stated in this communication, is encouraging, but the astounding fact should be known from east to west, that Britain "*maintains the different establishments belonging to the Mahomedan and Hindoo Religions!*" The importance of the discontinuance of this state of things in India, demands the most serious attention of all who are interested in its welfare.

J. PEGGS.

Bourn, Lincolnshire, Sept. 14, 1835.

ON GOING HOME.

The Hooghly is now covered with the stately ships of England, it is the season for *going home!* They whom fortune has blessed, whose term of exile is expired, are anticipating the joy of once more greeting the faces of early friends and the green hills and valleys on which the morning of existence shed its cheerful light, they are preparing for an eventful but happy change. They are entering upon a fresh chapter of the book of life. Oh! with what yearning hearts do we turn to those yet unread pages to which the finger of hope direct us! I hear around me many voices that speak of home and happiness I shall soon cease to hear them—perhaps for ever! They will pass like the wind into happier regions, and breathe in other ears the same old familiar music. The fate of these emancipated exiles awakens no ungenerous feeling in my heart and yet it aches with sorrow when I listen to their home anticipations. They are intoxicated with delight, while I sicken with despair. They are like boys at school when their long-looked-for holydays have arrived. But we who still linger in this distant land resemble those unhappy children who remain behind in the same dreary and distant place, when their more fortunate companions have departed.

But amidst all the pleasurable excitements that stir the heart of the exile when about to revisit his native land, they are moments of occasional thoughtfulness and sadness and apprehension, which give a less enviable character to his fate than that of the home returning school-boy. The spirit of the latter is bright and buoyant. His hopes are unclouded, his pleasure is unalloyed. The former, on the other hand, has seen too much of human life to trust entirely to its enchantments. He is afraid of his own happiness. He can scarcely believe it real or well founded. It is too like a dream. There is something strange and ominous in the unaccustomed elation of his heart, and he varies or mingles his emotions like a child that laughs, and cries in the same breath. The mixed feelings are sometimes succeeded by an unqualified mistrust and forlorn forebodings. He reverts to the innumerable disappointments that have already darkened his path and arrives at a reluctant conviction that it is weak and unreasonable to imagine that the course of life can alter. As in the natural world the constant interchange of sunshine and of shadow forbids us to anticipate the long duration of pleasant weather, so his past experience of human life leads him to regard all prospects of true and lasting

happiness as idle dreams. He has reached too many of those once distant scenes, so gorgeously clad in colours of the air, to trust again to the soft allusions which fade at our approach. He has learnt that the many tinted bow of heaven is nothing but the junction of light and vapour, and that the scenes that charm us afar off

> To those who journey near,
> Barren, brown and rough appear!

In this mistrustful mood of mind a thousand melancholy images rise up before him. Instead of the bright countenances of the living he sees the shrouded faces of the dead! The forms that cheered his childhood and smiled upon his later dreams are enveloped in the shadows of the grave. His early home is empty—the hearth of his infancy is cold! The sweet flower-garden in which he once toiled with eager pleasure beneath the summer sun, is now a dreary wilderness. Or if the halls and lands of his fathers are not lonely and neglected, they are, perhaps, in the possession of the stranger, and his own birthplace is like a scene in a foreign land. He recals the beautiful Arabic exclamation,—I came to the place of my youth and cried for my friends, where are they?—and echo answered "*where are they?*" Even nature herself seems changed. The once familiar hills and valleys have a strange look, like the face of an altered friend. He has heard but too often of such miserable mutations and disappointments, and he trembles as he reflects that his own fancy may prove prophetic. Besides all these gloomy fears and meditations there are other drawbacks from that felicity which the home seeking exile might enjoy, if he were more sanguine and less reflective. He has, perhaps, formed many friendships with his fellow-countrymen in India, and it is impossible to break social ties, however slight, without some degree of sadness and regret. In the case of long tried and faithful friendships, the parting hour—especially when the separation so probably an eternal one—is a dreadful trial. In the latter case it is like the farewell we take of the dying. Our last affectionate look at a face is accompanied with a feeling that it is impossible to describe. The lowest depths of the human heart are stirred, and that convulsive movement with which we tear ourselves away for ever from the dear associates of many years, seems to wrench some palpable and necessary support and leave us bare and lacerated. Even the very spots that we have long wished to quit, are hallowed when the time of parting is arrived. Like old acquaintances who had once but little of our

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love, or, perhaps, even something of our hatred, they present at such a moment a softer aspect, and we almost wonder that we should ever have regarded them with coldness or hostility. They have become a portion of our associations, and these, of whatever nature they may be, can never pass through the mists of memory without receiving that tender and dream-like hue which makes the past so precious. The coldest and coarsest mind is touched and elevated on these occasions. The finest points of our common nature are then developed; and never is the human countenance so informed with beauty, with intellect, and with sensibility, as in parting for ever from old friends and familiar scenes. At such a time every one is a poet, and looks upon human life and external nature, with a deep and solemn feeling. They who are most apt in ordinary seasons to take a literal and vulgar view of all things, then assume a higher tone, and see something to prove, to admire, and to cherish, beyond the range of their daily thoughts and avocations.

But let us pass over the trial of separation, and trace the after progress of the friends who leave us. The hurry and excitement of embarkation, and the novelty of their position, are circumstances well calculated to shorten the pain of parting and give a fresh impulse to the mind. When they are once fairly launched on the wide blue ocean, the relief from all common cares and duties—the holiday feeling—the exultation of spirit occasioned by a change of air and scene—all dispose them to give a ready welcome to cheerful thoughts and to banish every unpleasing recollection. Then grave men become as frolicksome as children, and take a deep interest in those trifles and amusements which during their long weary exile, and amidst far higher cares were either forgotten or despised. They seem as if they had taken a new lease of life. The fountain of early pleasure is unlocked.—Their first fresh feelings return upon their hearts and they become as frank and social, and as sanguine and as willing to be pleased, as in the generous ardour of their boyhood. Each new occurrence in their progress—a change of wind or weather—the capture of a fish or bird—the discovery of a ship like a speck of cloud on the far horizon, a dance or a dinner with the strangers when the two little oaken worlds in the vast space of waters, arrive in contact—the touching at some small uninhabited island, as solitary and romantic as the residence of Robinson Crusoe—and finally, the first pale glimmering of the snow white cliffs of

Albion, make their hearts bound within them, and they feel as they often thought, that they should never feel again!

As they approach the shore hallowed by so many early associations, and of which they have thought and dreamt for so many years, with what tumultuous eagerness they crowd into the first boat that reaches the vessel's side. At last they leap upon their native earth; and they who mix reflection with their transport, look back with grateful wonder at their escape by land and sea, and rejoice in the consummation of their long cherished hopes.

The writer of this article has already alluded on a previous occasion to the feeling with which he himself revisited the shores of England some years ago. He will venture to repeat a former paragraph upon this subject.

"When I trod once more upon my dear native land, after an absence of many weary years, and a long dull voyage, I was overpowered with a delight which it would be impossible to describe. It was in the spring of the year. The blue vault of heaven, over which were scattered a few silver clouds——the clear atmosphere—the balmy vernal breeze—the quiet and picturesque cattle, browsing on luxuriant verdure, or standing knee-deep in a crystal lake—the blue hills sprinkled with snow-white sheep, and sometimes partially shadowed by a wandering cloud—the meadows glowing with golden butter cups, and bedropped with daisies—the trim hedges of crisp and sparkling holly—the sound of near but unseen rivulets, and the songs of foliage-hidden birds—the white cottages almost buried amidst trees, like happy human nests, the ivy covered church, with its old grey spire "pointing up to heaven," and its gilded vane gleaming in the light—the sturdy peasants with their instruments of healthy toil—the white-capped matrons bleaching their garments in the sun, and throwing them like snow patches on green slopes or glossy garden shrubs—the sun browned village girls, resting idly on their round elbows at small open casements, their faces in sweet keeping with the trellised flowers — all formed a combination of enchantments that would mock the happiest imitative efforts of human art! But though the bare enumeration of these details of an English picture, will perhaps awaken many dear recollections in the reader's mind, I have omitted by far the most interesting feature of the whole scene—the rosy children loitering about the cottage gates or tumbling gaily on the warm grass! He who could look upon these sweet little buds of human nature, thus con-

nected with the kindred varieties of physical existence, also just bursting into birth, without an emotion of profound tenderness and joy, would be unworthy of his place on this beauteous earth.

But even these sights and sounds, exquisite as they are, will not be regarded as the chief delights of return to England. No language could paint the feelings with which those Indian parents who have sent children home at an early age, hurry from the sea-port town at which they land, to embrace again their living treasures! The first excess of joy at such a meeting may border upon pain, but when the deep and wilder emotion begins to moderate, there is no earthly felicity with which it could be compared. It is almost a compensation for the pangs of parting, and the miseries of exile.—*Cal. Lit. Gazette.*

MR. RICKETTS AND THE SERVANTS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Refutation of the Charges preferred by the East India Company against Mordaunt Ricketts, Esq. London:—R. Alexander.

Mr. Ricketts has published a pamphlet stating the particulars of his case—specifying the charges alleged against him by the East India Company, and containing, indubitably, the most absolute refutation of those charges that a mind of the most sensitive honor could desire. Mr. Ricketts has left no point untouched—no argument unanswered; be brings forward all—confronts all—and if ever imputation has been proved the result of malevolence—if ever allegation has been demonstrated to be foul and most unwarrantable slander, it is proved in this case—it is demonstrated to the full by Mr. Ricketts's pamphlet. Now, the duty of the public—of the press, is to challenge the Company, nay, is to *insist* the Company to reply to it. That is, reply to it by revoking their iniquitous and absurd and tyrannical sentence of expulsion from their service with which they have visited Mr. Ricketts;—reply to it, that is, as the Persian would say, by "eating their own dirt," and by giving the lie to their own infamous accusations. This is what we, in the name of justice, and as forming a portion of the public, call upon the Company to do. Do they remain insensible to the call, the guilt be upon their own heads. In the meantime, Mr. Ricketts's vindication is triumphant. But we should err in regarding this case, a mere subject for personal comment. It involves considerations far higher. It illustrates the system of the Company; it

shews the—we cannot say the lights—but the shades of which it is composed. Who is Mr. Ricketts?—and what are the charges preferred against him? Mr. Ricketts is no longer a member of the Company's Service. It was in June, 1829, he tendered his resignation of that Service. The Company have recognised his resignation—recognised it by acts on their own part which could not bear—rather on which they would not even themselves attempt any refutation. The proofs of Mr. Ricketts's resignation is contained in the fact that he is a regularly installed Annuitant on the Bengal Service Annuity Fund. He has received his annuities as such. The Company are cognizant of this fact, for it is by their own order on their own treasurer that Mr. Ricketts's annuities have been paid. Mr. Ricketts, then, no longer a servant of the Company, is asserted by them to be *dismissed* their service!! Of all the features of the case, certainly this is not the least remarkable. To *dismiss* —to exercise a sentence of opprobrious dismissal over one whose resignation during five—rather six years previously, was a matter of formal acknowledgment! Was a similar circumstance ever heard of? We ask coolly, dispassionately, is there a parallel to such an assumption of arbitrary power? Here, then, is an instance of the system of the Company—we repeat, here is an example of the tyranny to which that nefarious, and odious, and abominable system is capable of giving rise. Mr. Ricketts *dismissed* from a service with which he is in no way longer connected—the stigma of which being the Company exercising authority over an individual who is no more within their jurisdiction than the King of England! Something, surely, too much of *privilege* may be said to exist in this, or if *not* too much—to what limits shall despotism be permitted to extend itself? On the decision of this question, not Mr. Ricketts only, but the whole service of India, and it may be, not the whole service of India, but every subject in his Majesty's dominions is interested. It is, in fact, a point which every "Retired Servant" of the Company should warmly contend against; for while such a principle is attempted to be enforced, which among that body is safe, or who the next member, that on the moment may not fall a victim to it!

Not only has Mr. Ricketts been sentenced to *dismissal* from a service, with which he had long ceased to hold any affinity, but he is so on grounds which his pamphlet unanswerably demonstrates to be unfounded—to be not only negatively but positively false. But neither is this all;—not only is the

sentence of dismissal grounded on a prior one, which is false,—but one, the charges of which were supported through an *illegal* process! This monstrous truth there is no contesting. Mr. Ricketts is enabled to adduce incontestible evidence of the assertion's validity. He publishes in his pamphlet the resolution, in accordance with which the proceeding against him should have been conducted, and places in juxta-position the mode by which, on the contrary, those proceedings were actually conducted—and, therefore, by all the powers of language, demonstrating the daring mal-practice of which the Company are guilty—even to the violation of their own laws! Their laws are, undoubtedly, unsound, pernicious, and tyrannical enough, but what! when they dare to set aside even those laws for the arbitrary dictum of an atrocious malevolence! Yet, do we repeat, this is the Company! and we pause to ask, can the fact be too often brought before the public mind? We have asked, who Mr. Ricketts is? and we have answered by stating who he is *not;* in fact, by proving, that it was not in the power of the Company to exert over him the faintest authority. Of the charges alleged against him, likewise, we are prepared, as we have hinted, to shew, that, granting even their truth, yet that the form in which they were instituted was *illegal*, and in direct contravention of the very laws of the Company themselves! There remains, however, another portion of the field to travel over and which we shall endeavour to effect in a rapid manner. This portion is, the *nature* of the charges in themselves. Now what is their *nature*? Do they suppose the least enlarged principle of action?—Do they savour in the least of a regard to *public* justice? Let any one investigate the *spirit* of those charges, and if it shall not be admitted they contain *prima facie* evidence of an anxiety for interests exclusively personal—of solicitudes the most petty—and feelings only the most private and narrow that can well be conceived, then we correct the vehemence they have excited in us—then we will avow that we are prejudiced, and the charges the reverse of the character we have ascribed to them. Mr. Ricketts had been elevated to the distinguished but arduous station he last filled, that of Resident at the Court of the King of Oude, in consequence solely of the high testimonials he held of his official conduct. Seven and twenty years had Mr. Ricketts been in the service of the Company! Of the benefits he had rendered to it, and especially in the difficult and toilsome situation we have adverted to, the letters of Lord Amherst at the end of this

pamphlet are in sufficient attestation. Such, then, let the servants of the Company henceforth learn, is the reward for abilities however conspicuous, zeal in their cause however warm, and integrity however spotless! The *tender* care of that sordid association for their officials, is like their vaunted *paternal* care for their subjects! But who, henceforth, will be deluded by such a tinkling of cymbals?—Who, hereafter, will regard the Company but as the fawning, crouching, treacherous, devouring tiger.

The vast importance of the case, to the servants of the East India Company both in and out of the service, induces us to subjoin a brief outline of the charges, with a few comments, referring the reader to the pamphlet itself, which, to every honest and unprejudiced mind, will be found to contain a "Refutation," that we unhesitatingly pronounce to be in every respect, most complete and most convincing.

The *first* charge is, of "procuring from Government the grant of a pension in favor of his moonshee, Gholam Hoossain, on an allegation of poverty which he knew to have been false."—Mr. Ricketts proves the utter falsehood of this by giving a copy of his original application to Government, which simply announces the moonshee's intention of resigning, "on the ground of age and increasing bodily infirmities,"—and, in consideration of the length of his services "submits, that the liberality of the British Government would not be mis-bestowed if the pension of 60 rupees for life, were granted to him," and accompanying this application, is forwarded a translation of the moonhsee's petition, in which, after enumerating the particulars of *his property*—in land—buildings—bazaar—gardens—banks, and other hereditary possessions, all situated in the Oude territory, he concludes by praying, "that an order be issued to the Resident, for the protection and security of my life, property, and honor, (therefore, with some confidence, founded on the length of my services, for I spent *my life* in the service of the Honorable Company, as head moonshee to the Resident at Nagpore and Lucknow, and in the employ of public officers in the Bengal districts.")

Can any thing be more manifest, from the documents referred to, than that Mr. Ricketts merely submitted a recommendation to the Government, as any other functionary would have done, to reward a public servant who had been zealous and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and whose claims to a pension, according to common usage, were moreover

strengthened and established, without reference to his circumstances, by the fact that he had, as stated in his memorial, "spent *his life* in the service of the Company"—and how any "false allegations of his poverty" could have been made when protection was being asked for *his property*, we confess our want of penetration to discover.

The *second* charge is, "his sanctioning a positive fraud by countersigning bills of the Darogah of the Residency Buildings for work which had never been executed."

To this Mr. Ricketts replies — that the Darogah was an officer appointed by the King of Oude to superintend and pay the Establishment, which, at the expense of his Majesty, was maintained on account of the Residency, and whose bills according to the custom of his predecessors, Mr. Ricketts countersigned as a *matter of form*.—Like every other officer he was responsible for the integrity and honesty of his transactions to the King, and it would be too much to expect that Mr. Ricketts engaged, as he must have been, in the arduous duties of his situation as Resident, could direct his attention to the minutiæ and detail of Building accounts, much less that he could undertake the responsibility of their accuracy, when already that responsibility attached to an officer appointed by the King himself. All that Mr. Ricketts could do, was done, and that was to enter the transaction in the records of his office (although it had never appeared before) for the information of Government.

The *third* charge is, "his countenancing either an unjust gain on the part of certain subscribers to the 5 per cent. loan opened in 1828, or a corrupt appropriation of the public money on the part of his treasurer by granting loan acknowledgments dated long before the actual payment of the amount subscribed for."

It will be recollected that the period at which this loan was opened, was one of unprecedented financial distress, not only to the Government, occasioned by the protracted Burmese war, and the operations against Bhurtpore, but to all the commercial and trading interests throughout India. Money at this time could be safely employed at an interest of from 20 to 25 per cent., and with the numerous demands for it, no ordinary skill and management were required to induce Capitalists to invest in a loan, the profits of which, were so far below what they could otherwise obtain. Mr. Ricketts, who was applied to by the Government, to raise all the money he could at Lucknow, being fully aware of the difficulties besetting his endea-

vours where the profits were so disproportioned, wisely determined, before time was given for the concoction of new plans and schemes for the re-investment of the returning outlays of the Bankers and monied men at Oude, to obtain promises and pledges on behalf of the Government loan; and in order to insure security for their due performance, he consented to allow them interest "from the date of their contract," knowing full well, that a refusal of this would have lost the money, while the Government could not by possibility suffer, as no acknowledgments had been granted before the actual receipt of the money, and no delay was experienced in answering to the calls made upon his treasury.

The *fourth* charge is "the connivance or almost equally culpable negligence which enabled the treasurer and others to carry on the extensive system of corruption developed in the course of the enquiry into the charges exhibited against Mr. Ricketts."

"The extensive system of corruption" alluded to in this charge, we have nothing but conjecture to assist us in finding out, for no where is it explained or particularised, and in respect to it Mr. Ricketts very properly says "it would have been fairer towards me if the Court had exposed part of that system which they state to have been developed *by particularising one or two overt acts.*"

The *fifth* and last charge is "the presumptive evidence of his own corruption arising out of the several suspicious and unexplained facts adverted to in the preceding part of this despatch"—the first is—"the mysterious transaction relative to the 12 lacs of rupees, of which Mr. Ricketts so earnestly, and at last successfully obtained the remission, in the late Minister Mooatum-mood-ood-Dowlah's accounts with the King. A transaction which Mr. R. had it in his power to explain, both the King and the Minister having referred to his knowledge of it, but of which he evaded all explanation."

The transaction here alluded to, seemed to arise out of a disputed account between the King of Oude and his Minister in matters of State expenditure, of which, whatever may have been Mr. Ricketts's knowledge, he was bound, if that knowledge was confidentially acquired, to have some regard for the safety and security of the individuals who had reposed in him, for had he made the required disclosures to the extent of his knowledge what would have been the consequence—surely no other than that of completely closing up those means and sources of information, which, in an intriguing Native Court, it

was so essential the Resident should possess. But it appears that the King never referred to him at all, nor did the Minister, as to any *private* and *personal* knowledge, but as being able, from "Official Records," and from conversations with the King, to give a testimony confirmatory of the explanation which the Minister had already furnished,—so that, after all, the information sought for, and the explanation desired, was contained in records to which the Government could have access at any time.

With regard to Mr. Ricketts's interference for the protection of the Minister's property, upon which is obviously founded the Court's insinuation, that it was done under the influence of some sinister consideration, Mr. Ricketts gives the copy of a treaty, dated the 17th August, 1825, executed by the Governor General in Council, in virtue of which it became his duty to extend the protection of the British Government to the Minister's property against the attempts of the King, who made no secret of his avowals of dislike and enmity towards the man.

The second of the unexplained facts is "his having trafficked to a very large amount in the sale of gold mohurs, a fact positively asserted by Goojur Mul, who avowed himself to be the purchaser of a portion, and who specified purchases made by other bankers, a testimony which we do not deem invalidated by his subsequent retractation."

Goojur Mul is the individual who, when Colonel Lockett succeeded to the Residency, became entrusted with the treasure and records of the office, and aware as he was of the inquisitorial proceedings in progress against Mr. Ricketts, he considered that the surest way to promote his own interest, and to establish himself in favor with the Resident, was to give such evidence as he knew was desired, *while Colonel Lockett was in possession of the Residency*, but, *immediately upon that gentleman's retirement*, he retracted the whole. Can any inference be more conclusive than that this charge was totally without foundation, inasmuch, as no influence, official or private, on the part of Mr. Ricketts, who was absent, could have been exercised to produce this retractation;—besides which, the act of "trafficking in gold mohurs" not being an infraction of any Regulation of the Service, was free from culpability and criminality.

The third of the unexplained facts is "Mr. Ricketts's refusal to stand the proposed test of enquiry relative to his simultaneous remittance of rupees 401,000, by four Bills of Exchange on as many Houses of Agency at Calcutta."

This is truly a disgraceful proceeding, unworthy of any but the most despotic and tyrannical of Governments, and Mr. Ricketts was perfectly justified in resisting it. What would be thought in this country, if such a call were made upon one of our Ambassadors in the Foreign Courts, who are Representatives of the British Government, as Mr Ricketts was of the Indian Government, to produce their accounts,—to state the sources whence each remittance was provided,—to shew the portion legitimately acquired from salary and allowances,—and to account for the surplus, whether derived from profitable employment in the foreign loans, or from frequent resorts to some foreign Crockford's, or Tattersall's! Where is the man with any pretension to feeling, who would not have protested against so monstrous a demand, founded as it was upon no specific or defined charge of corruption or bribery.

The fourth charge of the "suspicious facts," is the ascertained fact of his having remitted to the Presidency, sums of money exceeding in the aggregate the whole of his authorized allowances, during the seven years of his residence at Lucknow."

The Court, in this charge, have not attempted to remove its vagueness by specifying the probable amount of Mr. Ricketts's remittances in excess of his allowances. To constitute a charge, it matters nought to them, whether the amount was large or small, so long as it was in excess, but to those who are acquainted with the great financial distress prevailing during the expensive operations against the Burman Empire and Bhurtpore, and the increased demand for money on all sides, it can excite no surprise if, by judicious management in seven years, the sum employed, with the accumulations of compound interest, had been more than doubled, To our certain knowledge money was, at the period in question, producing 25 and 30 per cent. per annum, in Calcutta; and individuals, both in the service of the Company and out of it, were freely availing themselves of this happy opportunity of improving their capitals—Mr. Ricketts may, in like manner, have done so. Independent of this, it cannot be supposed that, during a term of seven years, the other ordinary means were closed to him of obtaining monies from paternal inheritance—from being a legatee under the wills of relations—from marriage—from sales of private property; and from a variety of other sources, about which no government possessed a right to demand any explanation.

It must at the same time be borne in mind that, from Mr. Ricketts's situation, he was enabled to become the channel for effecting remittances, in his own name, for his friends and acquaintances who were unwilling to trust to the hoondies, or bills of the Native bankers to a large amount, and is it, therefore, a fair or just inference to found a criminal charge upon the bare fact of "his having remitted sums of money exceeding in the aggregate the whole of his authorized allowances?"

The *fifth* and last charge of the "suspicious and unexplained facts" is, "his withdrawing from the Residency, on his departure, the moonshee, the treasurer, and the whole establishment of writers, assistants, and others, allowing the treasurer also to take with him all the rough and current records of the treasury, apparently with the design, and certainly with the effect of precluding, or materially obstructing the means of investigating the many abuses and corruptions alleged to have been practised."

The falsehood and malignity of the Court's proceedings upon this charge, Mr. Ricketts clearly points out, by stating, "that up to the latest accounts from India, the *whole* of the writers, assistants, and others, who formed the establishment in his time, were at their respective posts and usual employments, except, (as is invariably the custom in Native treasuries) the immediate members of the treasurer's family. The only two individuals who retired, were, the moonshee, as stated before, on petition, after (according to his own declaration) having spent *his life* in the service of the Company, and Indernarrain the treasurer, on petition also, after a faithful service of 48 years; the latter fixing his residence at Benares, one of the nearest English stations to Lucknow, where he was accessible at all times! and as to the abstraction by the treasurer, of the rough and current records,—which, of course, can be no other than the "Official Records," Mr. Ricketts states, that he holds the receipt of his successor, Colonel Lockett, for them.—And is it for a moment to be supposed, that an individual who, as the Natives term it, "had been eating the salt of the Company" for 48 years, with testimonials in his possession, for zeal and fidelity, from several gentlemen high in the service of Government, should, unmindful of every obligation, compromise his claims for 48 years' services, by lending himself to so unworthy a purpose as surreptitiously to remove office records, and, having done so, that he would fix his future residence at a British station, exposed to the possibility of having his person, his

property, and the *records*, all seized under an order from the Government!

These are the charges then, by which the Court of Directors attempt to establish Mr. Ricketts's criminality, and to found their "sentence of dismissal." A sentence in violation of all the recognized principles of right and justice, pronounced and published in India, without previous intimation that any proceedings affecting his character, had been in progress; and without even acquainting him with the accusatory matter, the name of his accuser, and the evidence by which it was supported; and, moreover, after having made full acknowledgment of the acceptance of his resignation by the payment for four years, of his retired annuity!!

To add to the enormity of the Court's proceedings, when Mr. Ricketts, with a view to his justification, required to be furnished with the charges which formed the ground of their proceedings, with the evidence on which they rested, and with any other documents relating to the investigation, which might have been communicated to them—to his first request he received a refusal, and—to his second, that they should "make no further communication to him on the subject."

In the annals of the Company's rule over India, instances abound of cruel, unjust, and persecuting conduct towards the poor Natives both in and out of their service, and it is but in accordance with their infamous system, that the same pertinacious denial of justice, the same disregard of every principle of moral right, the same defiance of the rules established for the protection of innocence, should, as in this case, have been extended to their European servants—and we now close our observations, by leaving it to them to determine whether the arbitrary course of proceeding, upon which so dangerous a precedent is sought to be established, will be tacitly acknowledged and sanctioned by them.

GENERAL DARLING.

An attempt has been made to obliterate the odium which affixes to the name of the recent Governor of New South Wales by a sentence of general acquittal on his administration being pronounced by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The object doubtlessly may be clearly seen through, which is neither more nor less than that General Darling may have the option of accepting the first Governorship which a vacancy on

the Colonial list presents. This, without the chance of contradiction, will indubitably prove the result of the sentence thus passed, although who the unfortunate set of Colonists may be, who are selected out for such an enviable destiny remains as yet to be seen. The most curious feature, however, of the transaction, is the conduct of Lord John Russell. What motive had this Member of his Majesty's Cabinet for urging that the Court Martial affair of Captain Robison should be absented from the enquiry? Will any one assert that it was foreign to the subject of General Darling's government? Will any one assert that it was not *almost* the principal event calling for enquiry of that government? To exclude a circumstance which gives chiefly its whole hue of atrocity to the name of General Darling, was a strange mode of arriving at the conclusion of the General's innocence. To try a man for evil conduct, and yet keep aside the act which more than any other establishes the fact of his delinquency, is reversing the nature of things indeed! Perhaps, Lord John Russell can explain the motive of his procedure on this occasion; perhaps he *can*, and, at the same time, perhaps he *cannot*—tell why he was so ready to fight the General's battle! He may rest assured, not a little suspicion rests upon him, in consequence of the course he has so gratuitously pursued. The memory, however, of this nobleman is already coupled with sufficient to enable people to solve the present enigma. Lord John Russell's political career is an ample attestation of the caprices by which a man may be governed to serve his own ends. One thing, General Darling will have not gained much by such a partisan. Lord John Russell is known for what he is worth; and although elevated to power for the present, yet he may clearly take it for granted, that, in being so, he is the tool of those whom his self-conceit pictures to him as *his* tools, and whom he mistakes for the ready instruments of his personal ambition. His interference in the present intance, was nothing less than impudent intrusiveness, and if any thing more was wanted in testimony of the servility and meanness of the majority of the House of Commons, the fact of his being enabled to carry his Resolution in this regard is redundantly in point. That a sentence exculpatory of General Darling should by any sort of process have been wrung from any men's lips contains certainly sufficient to surprise. But who are the dolts to be cajoled by it? Who is the fool who will the more believe in General Darling's innocence? Besides, the proceedings of the Committee closed in such indecent haste, or manifest intimida-

tion, that the evidence of Thompson could not be heard. But to dwell on this circumstance is to mistake the character of the subject at large—is to suppose that any one incident beyond could transpire to substantiate more fully the infamy of the General's Government. No, this we do not believe. It is not a sentence of a Select Committee of the House of Commons that can set aside the verdict of 70,000 British Colonists. It is not a trumped-up Committee of the Members of such a House of Commons as we now possess which can exonerate such a man as General Darling. The charges against his government are not comprised in one act,—but are stretched over its whole surface. From the moment he landed on, to the moment of his departure from the shores of Port Jackson, the Colonists had reason to execrate him as the author of evils they had never known before. His meanness was the only parallel of his love of oppression, and his love of oppression—of his meanness. No one can point to a single act of his rule not stamped with the one or the other of these vices. His oppressions, his selfishness, his intolerances of every kind were as infinite as the effects of his Governorship have been calamitous. Let those be called upon to declare what the *innocence* of General Darling to the offences laid to his charge is, who have reason best to be acquainted with it—let those who were in the Colony, present at and participating in the results of the several acts of his government, be appealed to, to declare their convictions on the subject. General Darling denies all cognizance of the ill-treatment to which the soldiers, Thompson and Sudds, were subjected. We simply ask,—Will General Darling confront an individual who was present in the Colony at the time of the transaction with the denial still upon his lips? Will he have the daring—the hardihood to do so? But enough of this odious subject. We shall only add, that the effect upon New South Wales of such a sentence as the pretended acquittal of General Darling, proceeding from the highest tribunal in the realm, will be to make her feel yet deeper the contempt and scorn to which, as a remote province of the Empire, she is so utterly exposed. The Colonists of Great Britain in every part of the world, may gather from it what justice they have to expect from Home concocted Commissions to enquire into their grievances. Gen. Darling pronounced innocent!—General Darling's administration of the Government of New South Wales declared unimpeachable! Why, it is only that the villains of Botany Bay may laugh, and its honest men run mad.

ADMINISTRATION OF LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

Lord William Bentinck having quitted these shores, in all human probability never to return, his acts, as a public man, and the principle by which he has been guided during his administration, have now become legitimate subjects for public discussion. That his Lordship, during his career as Governor-General of India, has achieved much good, and has been the means of conferring many and lasting benefits on the people, over whom he was selected to rule, is a fact that must be conceded by every liberal and unprejudiced mind, not even excepting those who, from the system of unsparing economy and retrenchment, which has long been the order of the day have learnt to look upon his every act with all the bitternesss of suspicion, engendered by the disappointment of their own hopes and prospects. It is an established maxim that the attention of Government should be directed less to such measures as may appear beneficial to the interests of individuals, than to those which may be most conducive to the public good; and his Lordship may, probably, have been sincere in his belief that in sacrificing the one, he was most effectually advancing the weal of the other. Generally speaking, the rule is a good one. But to all rules there are exceptions, and under this latter head may be classed, in our opinion, his Lordship's policy regarding the civil and military branches of the State. To say that our empire in the East, at the present day, is maintained by military force alone, were absurd; our's is the empire of public opinion—of opinion founded on the conviction of the superior efficacy of our laws and government in protecting the subject and securing to the humblest individual a participation in those benefits, which as a man and a member of society, he feels to be his right. But at the same time it were well to pause ere precipitately adopting any measures which, however salutary they may at first sight appear, might have the effect of disgusting an army constituted like ours, and weakening that attachment and devotion which must ever be the best safeguard of the Government it serves, that under his Lordship's Government the feelings of the soldiery have become widely different from what they formerly were is too manifest to escape the most superficial observer. Universal distrust has gradually been superseding that blind and unquestioning loyalty which formerly characterized the Company's sepoy. He has long ceased to feel that pride in his profession, which is the best pledge for his loyalty and good conduct. The change has been the growth of but a

few years; many, however, would not suffice to redeem what has so been inauspiciously begun. One great cause of the difference may be traced to the condition to which they see their own immediate officers being gradually reduced, and the consequent diminution of confidence they necessarily repose in them, arguing, as they do Native-like, that it is in vain to look to those for protection, who have proved themselves so eminently unable to protect themselves against the invasion of their own rights and privileges. We here allude to the celebrated Half Batta Order, than which no measure could have been suggested of less benefit to those who advised it, or of worse omen to the unfortunate sufferers from its effects. This is, perhaps, the most unpopular of all his Lordship's acts, and deservedly so, manifesting, as it did, a callous indifference to the claims of justice, more befitting the reckless agent of a mercenary despot, than the high-minding representative of a liberal and enlightened Government. Lofty sounding epithets are these, and well will it be if those to whom they are applied be but conscious that in such application we have not exceeded the strict limits of justice. There is one other feature in his Lordship's administration, which although less sweeping in its effects, inasmuch as its influence is limited to fewer individuals, is, however, far more obnoxious and revolting than the former, when squared with the broad rule of honour and integrity. We allude to the system of espionage, the fruits of the "merit fostering minute," which has been, as it were, an Idol of his Lordship's creation, and which he doubtlessly expected would be hailed with joy and enthusiasm by all the virtuous and deserving aspirants after Civil or Military honors and emoluments. If his Lordship really believed that such a system could be either productive of general good, or of universal satisfaction, it argues but little for his acquaintance with the principles of sound policy or for his knowledge of human nature in general, bad as the latter is by philosopher pronounced to be. The character of the informer, of the secret calumniator, who, like the snake in the grass, in content to sting its victim, himself unseen, secure in the protection of a superior power, is one from which all the best feelings of our nature most readily revolt, from the conviction that from such a character there is no security, inasmuch as all ties will be invariably sacrificed before the grovelling shrine of self-interest or personal advancement. It is deeply therefore to be lamented that recent circumstances should have afforded a just presumption that such persons have not been

without their weight in his Lordship's counsels, and that he should have so far forgotten himself as to act on information thus covertly obtained, alike regardless of what was due to justice and his own good name. This we look upon as the worst feature of his Lordship's Government, and which admits of the least palliation; inasmuch as the exigencies of the State can seldom demand, and never wholly justify its adoption. Can there be found in any part of the world a more honorable body of men than the Bengal Civilians, or of men who would shrink more from the commission of any corrupt or unworthy action? and yet it is against them that the poisoned arrow of slander has been allowed more especially to operate. To curtailment of allowances, to increase of mental and bodily toil they have submitted with cheerfulness, and for what? to be liable on the whisper of a secret foe, to be removed from their appointments without the opportunity being afforded them of vindicating their conduct from what may have been "in toto" a misrepresentation planned and executed from the most unworthy motives. We do not say, that in the late removals such *was* the case, but, where proofs are withheld, we have been taught, and must be allowed to consider every man as innocent until such are advanced to the contrary. We trust, however, that the lion's mouth will henceforth be closed, that the career of ostracism will cease, as these are not the days when such a system can be permanently allowed to exercise its dangerous influence with impunity, and that his Lordship's successor, whoever he may be, will view his predecessor's conduct in this respect rather as a shoal to be avoided, than as a beacon for his guidance. We are fully disposed to concede to his Lordship the meed of praise for those acts wherein he appears to have earned it. Not the least of these has been his toleration of the press, by which we are now enabled thus freely to express our sentiments on his administration; although in this, by a strange inconsistency in leaving uncemented the key-stone of the arch, he lost as fair an opportunity as man ever had of filling a conspicuous niche in the annals of our Eastern Empire. The abolishment of suttee is less to be attributed to his Lordship than to the spirit of the times, although in this too he merits our applause, for exercising a becoming decision in opposition to the croaking forebodings of those who would fain have persuaded him that the measure was fraught with danger and impolicy. The opening of the trade of the Indus, the establishment of Steam Navigation, the advancement of education and consequent diffusion of

knowlege, are things that, despite the blots we have recorded, must ever point out his Lordship as a man who, having done much, could probably have done more, had time and means been afforded him. What we have said of his errors, we have not said in bitterness of spirit, but from the conviction that to display the pernicious effects likely to result from such is the surest and most effectual barrier against their repetition.—*Meerut Observer.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The British and Foreign Review; or European Quarterly Journal, No. I. July, 1835.

Every attempt to extend the literature of a country, ought naturally to be hailed with the liveliest sentiments of interest and admiration, and it is scarcely to give scope to the utmost limits of our favorable opinion on this occasion to say that "The British and Foreign Review" captivates us with a new and peuliar charm. The feature which more especially strikes our admiration is, the liberality of its politics; we are delighted with the champion who earnestly and honestly espouses the cause of outraged Poland; and we feel the blood tingling in our veins with pleasure at its accurate exposure of the designs and noble resistance of the schemes of the monster—Russia. The article on France is particularly worthy of attention, from its ample statistical information on a country which, next to Great Britain, is undoubtedly the most distinguished in the world; and we like the papers on subjects of domestic interest—on Corporate and Ecclesiastical Reform for instance, not so much perhaps for the qualities they exhibit in themselves, as for the principles on which assuredly they are the guarantee. The disquisition on the "State of English Literature" is calculated to excite general notice, and to reward notice which is bestowed upon it. The author is evidently not a man to be frightened from his opinions by the panoply and pageantry of popularity, and his remarks on the Lion of our to-day's literature, Mr. Bulwer are among the soundest he has broached. In pronouncing a general opinion on this new competitor in the field, we may frankly avow our prepossessions in its favor, and our convictions of the success certain to attend it. We applaud its ability, admire its sentiments, and concur in most of its doctrines; and in winding up our brief commentary upon its merits, have only to observe, that so long as Freedom shall continue its watch-word—the liberties of Europe as of the

World its banner, it will go forth combating but to conquer, and with the Eagles of Victory heralding its march.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan by EMMA ROBERTS. London. Allen and Co. (*Second Notice*)

We redeem our pledge of returning to these captivating volumes. Miss Roberts reminds us of Wordsworth's violet, so meek, so modest, and so appealing! to a verity, in short, who has so little of the guile of art—so much of the virginity and unsophistication of nature. About the writings of Miss Roberts there is nothing ambiguous—unintelligible—opaque; every thing is transparent—crystal drops that may be seen through. The following extract is in proof of the exceeding simplicity for which we consider her style remarkable:—

"The *mĕter* (sweeper), a very essential person, is a low-caste Hindoo, above all prejudice, who sweeps the floors, clears away dirt, and will take care of a dog or other unclean animal. These, with the *ayah* (lady's-maid), the *mĕtrance* (her assistant), and the *dirzee*, compose the servants employed in in-door offices,—to whom, however, the *bheestie*, or water-carrier, may be added, who supplies the bathing-rooms with water. The *chuphrassies* are running-footmen, employed to attend a carriage or a palanquin, to go upon messages, carry letters, bottles, books, or other light articles which they can take in their hands. They are usually, if Hindoo, high-caste men, brahmins being frequently candidates for this office, and in the upper provinces of Hindoostan are seldom seen without swords by their sides. The messengers of Bengal, called *hurkarus*, are a very inferior description of persons, performing the same duties: they sit in the ante-rooms and are always ready to answer to the "*qui hi?*" (who waits?)"

This is excessively interesting. Oh! what would we not give for a tithe of the *patience* exemplified by the highly gifted and most amiable Miss Roberts! That our readers may indulge their tastes for variety, we also embellish our columns by a description of the romantic, perhaps sentimental *fete* of the *Bhearer*. Of this *fete* the fairer portion of our readers, at least, doubtlessly have heard; those who have not, will be at no loss on perusing the pages before us; there are few things too minute for Miss Roberts to pass over! but trifles light as air are graceful from her pen.

"An annual *fête* takes place at night, under the auspices of the nawab, which is scarcely to be paralleled in beauty. It is instituted in honor of the escape of an ancient sovereign of Bengal from drowning, who as the tradition relates, being upset in a boat at night, would have perished, his attendants being unable to distinguish the spot where he struggled in the water, had it not been for a sudden illumination caused by a troop of beauteous maidens, who had simultaneously launched a great number of little boats into the river, of coco-nut garlanded with flowers, and gleaming with a lamp, whose flickering flame each viewed with anxious hopes of happy augury. The faithful followers of the king, aided by this sea-

sonable diffusion of light, perceived their master just as he was nearly sinking, exhausted by vain efforts to reach the shore, and guiding a boat to his assistance, arrived in time to snatch him from a watery grave. It is said that it is in commemoration of this fortunate escape that the annual festival of the *Bhearer* is celebrated; some, however, attribute its origin to a different circumstance: whatever may have been the motive of its institution, they are fortunate who have had an opportunity of witnessing a scene which transports the spectator to fairy land.

The account Miss Roberts furnishes of "The Thugs of the Dooab," is worthy of attention from those who delight to honor the Company!

Instruct; Employ; don't hang them. By JOHN PITT KENNEDY. London.

It should be among the first understood axioms of political economy, that an agricultural community is inferior in wealth to a manufacturing; that there is added to the latter the profits on cost of the former; that as the manufacturing stage argues advancement of the social order, it is naturally the concomitant, as it is the source of increased riches. In illustration of this doctrine it is only necessary we should turn to Ireland. That barbarously governed part of the British empire exhibits the following startling disproportion between its agricultural and manufacturing population. According to the, in many respects, excellent little work before us, while the total number of families employed in agriculture is 884,339, the total number employed in manufacture is only 19,779! and while the number of individuals, dependent on agriculture, is nearly the whole population of the country, or 7,597,428, those dependent on manufacture can be computed at no more than 169,973; or, as Mr. Kennedy observes only as one to forty-five! This immense disproportion, although of course not without example in other countries, is one clue to the state of poverty into which that most unhappy section of the kingdom is plunged. But although a clue, yet it must, by no means be mistaken for the cause—the cause is unfair legislation, having origin in the jealousy, and the narrow-mindedness, and the love of despotism of English Statesmen. Poverty, however, is not the exclusive effect of a society divided into such unequal classes. If an agricultural population have fewer advantages on its side of wealth than a manufacturing, it has also the drawback of being less tutored and intelligent. With ignorance, too, it is observable, comes vice, and with vice crime;—and, says Mr. Kennedy, "We know that the crimes and opposition to the laws, for which Ireland is celebrated, are almost exclusively traceable to our Agrarian population."

But we now avail ourselves of the opportunity to observe more particularly the nature of Mr. Kennedy's work. His first exhortation that the poor of Ireland should he employed and then instructed, in preference either to being exiled or hanged, is an entreaty with which, without doubt, every bosom susceptible of the slightest warmth of emotion will respond with heartfelt sympathy. Mr. Kennedy's endeavour also, to unite at least on this object, the common energies of Radical, Whig, and Tory, is amply commendable; but although in *motive* laudatory, is it well in *act*? By "well" we mean is it really free from the charge of downright grotesque and ludicrous folly? for to suppose a Tory combining in the cause of Ireland's welfare is to suppose impossibility possible, or a greater miracle than that of the braying of Balaam's Ass. Ireland, let every patriot of Ireland be assured, is the great strong hold to which every English, aye, and Irish Tory looks for the maintenance of his despotic power. The Tory will not lend his arm to correct the evils which afflict Ireland, because those evils are precisely what he himself has occasioned, and which he is interested in preserving. The cultivation of the waste lands of that country, or the division of estates into small allotments are excellent measures in themselves, but nothing radically considered. The Irish poor, as Mr. Kennedy argues, should indeed be fed—be employed—be instructed; but we err, not in saying by means wide of any he proposes, or to which even he alludes. If Ireland be denied a Legislature of her own, at least let her share in the Legislature of England; at least, let her be governed by the same laws, or—we correct ourselves—by laws equal in justice to those of England. The Tory combine for the good of Ireland! Why, what has just been the conduct of the whole gang of Tories in reference to her Church Bill? Mr. Kennedy is governed by a contemptible weakness when among the infinitessimal multiplication of dedications for which his work is not a little extraordinary, he sports up the name of the Duke of Wellington. It must convey with it an extraordinary effect, certainly, to the minds of those who have been taught to appreciate the policy of that Irish traitor in its true light. Mr. Kennedy, however, it must be confessed, has favored the world with a book which is valuable for its facts, and superficial rather than wrong in its arguments.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

DR. NEWMAN'S 'APOLOGIA.'

THE controversy between Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley has raised questions of infinitely greater importance than any which relate to the combatants themselves. Of the details of the controversy we do not mean to speak. Each disputant is fully able to take care of himself, and nothing is more difficult than to give a compressed account of a dispute in such a way as to do justice to both sides, or indeed to either. The main questions at issue are of a different character. They are deeply interesting to the community at large. And upon those questions, all transitory and personal matters being waived, we feel deeply that Mr. Kingsley was right, though he expressed himself incautiously and clumsily; and that Dr. Newman was wrong, though he managed his cause with great skill. Mr. Kingsley's original accusation was as follows:—'Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of this wicked world,' &c. It would be more bold than wise to undertake the defence of these loose and general statements as they stand. Truth, in the sense of veracity, has always been recognized as a virtue by all moralists; and though there has been a considerable difference of opinion as to the cases in which deviations from truth are justifiable, there is nothing to show that either in theory or in practice Dr. Newman has maintained any doctrine on this subject which honest men may not, and indeed have not, held. If, and in so far as, Mr. Kingsley meant to 'call him a liar,' as Dr. Newman says he did, we think he was wrong. Neither Dr. Newman's life nor his writings sustain such a charge.

There is, however, another question between the parties. Besides vindicating his individual moral character, Dr. Newman attempts to meet another and a wider charge. In his general answer to Mr. Kingsley, he says that many Protestants start with the suspicion 'that our creed is actually set up in inevitable superstition and hypocrisy.' He, on the contrary, affirms that this is not so; that the system of Romanism 'is in no sense dishonest;' and that its 'upholders and teachers, as such, have a claim to be acquitted in their own persons of that odious imputation.' Of course no one makes these imputations in the terms in which Dr. Newman states it. No doubt many Roman Catholics, especially those who have been born and brought up in it, hold their creed without superstition or hypocrisy; but Dr. Newman's account of the principles by which he has been guided, and his statement of the conclusions at which he has arrived, appear to us to prove to demonstration, that he at least—and he is surely a favourable specimen of Protestants who have become Romanists—has been brought to accept superstition by sophistry. He may be an honest man, but his system is

dishonest. This distinction is plain enough. The difference between mind and mind is so great that it is hardly possible to say what may or may not be honestly believed by particular people. It is no doubt possible that evidence which most men would reject with contempt, and that arguments which to most men would seem childish, may honestly appear conclusive to others. When, therefore, it is asserted that a system is dishonest, or that a man is intellectually dishonest, all that is meant is, that the system is sophistical; that the man's mind has in fact taken a tortuous course; that the arguments to which it gives way are such as might have been accepted by a mind in search, not of the truth, but of proofs for a foregone conclusion; and that the evidence with which he has been satisfied is not such as would generally be required by reasonable men to support the propositions at which it is pointed. This of course may be morally wrong; but no one can say that it is so in a particular case. No one can pretend to dive into the mind of another person, and pass sentence upon the way in which he has managed his own intellect. Human critics can look only to results.

It must also be observed that it is difficult to connect the notion of dishonesty in any form with Dr. Newman. His *Apologia* is a winning, and in some ways, a touching book. It is full of courage and straightforwardness; every word that the author says of himself and his opinions bears upon it the stamp of truth. The vigour and spirit with which, in his old age, he stands up for his good name; the price which he sets upon the good opinion of the world at large; his anxiety to be freed from the most odious of all imputations on the character of a straightforward Englishman; the simple dignity with which he tells the story of his life—all these things go straight to the hearts of his readers. Almost all of us, he seems to think, are to be damned to all eternity; but with amiable inconsistency he wishes for our good opinion. He would like us to think kindly of him in hell fire. *Morituros salutat.* We have no intention to say a word inconsistent with the respect due to an old and distinguished man, who appeals so manfully to the good feeling of his countrymen; but high as Dr. Newman's personal character is, we cannot read his book without feeling that his theology is dangerous sophistry, calculated to serve no other purpose than that of drugging the minds of men who care more for peace of mind than for truth, and whose *ultima ratio* is found not in their reason, but in their fears or their fancies. It is the duty of every one who thinks thus, to take opportunities of proving it.

With these observations we proceed to consider Dr. Newman's history of his own mind, and the general defence of his opinions with which that history concludes.

After a short account of his childhood, he says:—'When I was fifteen a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influence of a definite creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.' About this time he became 'conscious of an inward conversion,' which had a deep influence over him. He also received at the same time the Calvinistic distinction between the elect and the world, which was subsequently transmuted into the kindred Catholic doctrine 'of the warfare between the city of God and the powers of darkness.' From this time also he gave 'a full inward assent to the doctrine of eternal punishment,' and conceived that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life. At Oxford he learnt a number of other doctrines. 'Mr. James,' he says, 'taught me the doctrine of Apostolical succession in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church meadows.' He learnt baptismal regeneration from a book of Archbishop Sumner, and came, to some extent, under the influence of Blanco White and Dr. Whately. He also read *Butler's Analogy*, by which he was confirmed in a notion—which he had been inclined to as a boy—as to the un-

reality of material phenomena, and from which he learnt the doctrine that Probability is the guide of life—'doctrines,' he says, 'which have led to a charge against me both of fancifulness and of scepticism.' The general result of his reading and social relations was that, in 1827, he 'was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral, and was drifting in the direction of liberalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827, by two great blows—illness and bereavement.' It would have been curious to know precisely what changes illness and bereavement made in his opinions, and what was their logical justification; but on this point we are left in the dark. In 1827 and 1828 he became intimate with Mr. Keble and Hurrell Froude. From Mr. Keble he got in a more emphatic form than before the doctrine of probabilities, of which we shall have more to say hereafter; and by associating with Hurrell Froude he appears to have learnt, or at any rate to have fortified and expanded, his extreme indignation against all liberalism, religious and political. Wherever he got these views he certainly held them; for speaking of the Revolution of 1830, he says, 'I believed that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and much more sovereigns who had the divine right of inheritance.' As to England, 'The Whigs had come into power; Lord Grey had told the bishops to set their house in order, and some of the prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized?' Dr. Newman was at this time engaged in writing a book about the Arians, and he brooded over the contrast which appeared to him to exist between the position of the Church of England and that of the ante-nicene Church. He went abroad with Hurrell Froude, and his state of mind during his journey was characteristic. 'I found pleasure in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. . . . I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. . . It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolour. On my return, though forced to stop a day at Paris, I kept in doors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city was what I saw from the diligence.' He returned to Oxford in 1833, full of the notion of setting up a Church party. He was full of zeal. 'I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, &c. . . . I despised every rival system of doctrine and its arguments.' He became, in a theoretical way, fanatical in his opinions. He said of heresiarchs, 'The heresiarch should meet with no mercy; he assumes the office of the tempter, and so far forth as his error goes must be dealt with by the competent authority as if he were embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity. It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself.' He adds, however, 'It is only fair to myself to say that neither at this nor at any other time of my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears; and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto da fé* would have been the death of me. At this point in his history, Dr. Newman gives an explicit account of the principles on which he proceeded. They were three in number.

1st. 'First was the principle of dogma. My battle was with liberalism; by liberalism, I mean the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments. This was the first point on which I was certain. . . . . From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion.'

2ndly. 'I was confident in the truth of a certain definite religious teaching based upon this foundation of dogma; viz., that there was a visible church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace.' The institution of bishops held a prominent place

in this body. 'I loved to act in the sight of my bishop as if I was, as it were, in the sight of God. . . . I was strict in observing my clerical engagements, not only because they *were* engagements, but because I considered myself simply as the servant and instrument of my bishop. . . . My own bishop was my pope. . . . My duty to him was my point of honour.'

3rdly. The third point was that the Pope was antichrist. As to this, Dr. Newman says his reason was convinced against his feelings; but his reason being convinced, he threw himself into the theory with good will, and rated the Church of Rome soundly on all occasions till near the time when he joined it.

These were the fundamental principles of the *Tracts for the Times*. The object of their writers appears to have been to put the Church of England into what they conceived to be its true position. This implied, to use Dr. Newman's words in another of his books,* 'that the Church should have absolute power over her faith, worship, and teaching.' It was intended to be the moral and religious sovereign of the country, and was to teach to all men, with divine authority, a certain set of dogmas which it had received by direct tradition from the time of the apostles, and which Dr. Newman and his friends were to extricate from the dust and rubbish with which they had been encumbered by ages of neglect, usurpation, and heresy.

The account of this undertaking is the least interesting part of Dr. Newman's *Apologia*. It tells minutely the history of his attempts to adjust his own view of what the Church of England ought to be, with the facts which actually surrounded it. For three years all went on prosperously enough; but after handling various detached points of doctrine, always with the result that there was little real difference between the teaching of England and that of Rome, and that the errors of Rome consisted in certain modern innovations, he at last came to consider the Thirty-nine Articles, and in the famous Tract 90 set forth an ingenious theory about them, the gist of which was, that they were much less definite than they were generally supposed to be. 'There was no doubt at all of the elasticity of the Articles. . . . I wanted to ascertain what was the limit of that elasticity in the direction of Roman dogma.' The excitement which this attempt created is sufficiently well known; but though it was perhaps the noisiest event in Dr. Newman's career, it was far from being the most important. It is, indeed, obvious enough that the public did not understand him, and that, whatever might be the value of his details, his principle was right. The Articles unquestionably are, and were meant to be 'elastic,' as he calls them; but the true inference from this fact was, that the Church of England permits liberty of opinion even to the clergy on many important points, not as Dr. Newman supposed, that it has other sources of doctrine by which a vacuum may be always avoided.

The chief importance of Tract 90 seems to have been, that it opened its author's eyes to the fact that the public at large were thoroughly opposed to him and his views, and that, in trying to renovate the Church of England upon his own principles, he was going against the nature of things. A number of incidents and writings opened his eyes by degrees to the fact that this *via media* which he had been trying to construct was a delusion. He thought that he found the prototype of Protestantism in the Donatists and Eutychians. He was shocked beyond measure at the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric, of which he says, with some truth and a good deal of humour, 'I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me.' At last, what between the Eutychians and the Jerusalem Bishopric, he came, after a number of oscillations, to the conclusion that his place was in the Church of Rome. The objections to Rome, which had

* *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, p. 162.

formed one of three fundamental principles of the *Tracts for the Times*, were overcome by the help of the well-known doctrine of Development. As soon as he became a Roman Catholic, he found himself, so to speak, at home; and there ends the history of his religious opinions.

It may fairly be observed in general in this history, that though Dr. Newman got to Rome honestly enough as far as anything like fraud was concerned, yet the considerations which finally decided him were of a sentimental rather than of a rational kind. Whatever may have been the occasion, no doubt the cause of his change was his profound aversion to liberalism, and the difficulty which he found in resisting it on his old principles. The argumentative value of a supposed historical parallel between the Donatists and Eutychians, and the Protestants, or of the establishment of a fancy office like that of the Bishop of Jerusalem, was just nothing at all.

The irrational weight which he attached to such illustrations, for at most they are no more, is however curious. It is exactly like some other isolated circumstances that have necessarily been omitted in this condensed sketch, and which are nevertheless extremely characteristic of the temper of mind of its subject. It is pervaded by a strange vein of something like extravagance, which finds in the most ordinary incidents food for the author's love of the marvellous. For instance, when Dr. Newman was a middle-aged man, he found his first Latin verse-book, and on the first page was 'a device which almost took away my breath with astonishment.' This was a figure of a cross, surrounded with something like a string of beads, which he had drawn under his own name. He accounts for this by supposing that it may have been taken from some tale or religious picture.

During his journey on the Continent, in 1831 or 1832, he had a bad illness in Sicily, of which he nearly died. His servant asked for his last directions: he gave them, but said, 'I shall not die, I shall not die; for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' He adds, 'I have never been able to make out at all what I meant.' He might as well be surprised at not being able to interpret his dreams. Before setting out on his journey, being still very weak, he burst into tears. His servant asked what was the matter. 'I could only answer, "I have a work to do in England."' Is there anything surprising in a man's being hysterical whilst weak from fever? His doctrine about angels shows the working of the same temper that notices these things. He 'considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of those elementary principles of the physical universe which, when offered in their developments to our senses, suggest to us the notion of cause and effect, and of what are called the laws of nature.' He believed not only in good spirits and bad, but in a middle race of demons, who 'gave a sort of inspiration or intelligence to races, nations, and classes of men.' In a half-serious half-humorous letter, he reckons John Bull in the number who, poor fellow! 'is a spirit neither of heaven or hell.' In August, 1839, he read a review by Cardinal Wiseman on the Donatists. He did not think much of it at first; but a friend pointed out a quotation from St. Augustine, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum,' which he interpreted to mean 'the deliberate judgment in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces is an infallible presumption, and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede.' It does not seem to have occurred to him that the *whole* Church can hardly acquiesce in a doctrine against which *a part* protests; but he would shrink from saying plainly that the majority are always right. There was a time when the majority were Arians. He then goes on: 'For a mere sentence, the words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I had never felt from any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the "Turn again, Whittington," of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they

were like the "Tolle lege—Tolle lege" of the child, which arrested St. Augustine himself. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" By those great words of the ancient father the theory of the *via media* was absolutely pulverized.' After a while he became calm, and determined to ascertain the logical value of the terrible quotation; but 'meanwhile, so far as this was certain, I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall.'

Perhaps, however, the most wonderful instance of the vivacity, and at the same time of the flightiness, of Dr. Newman's imagination, is to be found in a story which he tells with admiration of Liguori. This eminent man began life as an advocate. On one occasion he mistook the tenor of a document which was decisive of a cause in which he was engaged. His mistake being pointed out, he at once admitted his error; but such was his fear of being accused of unfair dealing, that he rushed out of court, exclaiming—'World, I know you now! Courts of law never shall you see me again!' after which he went into a monastery. Surely this was the conduct not of a man of integrity and judgment, but of a vain fool, who cared more for what people thought of him than for what he really was. 'This,' says Dr. Newman, 'is the man who is so flippantly pronounced to be a patron of lying.' Whether he was or not, the man who would make such a fool of himself, is just the sort of man who would be likely to lie for want of due sturdiness. It is impossible not to recognize in these stories the passion for the marvellous rising to the surface, and ready to burst out in a stream, if surrounding circumstances were propitious. Being, as he is, a cultivated and educated Englishman of the nineteenth century, Dr. Newman abstains from expressly attaching undue weight to these things, though he evidently hankers after them, or why tell them to the world at all? But suppose he had been St. Henry of Littlemore in the twelfth century, are not these just the sort of trifles which a zealous biographer would have magnified, without conscious dishonesty, into portents and miracles?

Such was the man, and such is his history, up to the time of his becoming a Roman Catholic. How far does it bear upon the charge of intellectual dishonesty? We do not think that there was anything dishonest in Dr. Newman's relations to the Church of England. The imputation under which he says he long laboured in popular estimation of having sailed under false colours, is certainly not true. It is clear enough that he was all along under a perfectly *bonâ fide* mistake as to the nature and capabilities of the Church of England, and that it was only by a long and troublesome series of investigations that he discovered that his own principles were those of the Church of Rome. The intellectual dishonesty with which he is justly chargeable lies deeper. It lies in the way in which he adopted and acted on the fundamental principles by which his whole life has been governed, and which have at last led him to the opinions which he now professes. Read his autobiography from end to end, and what is its leading principle? Hatred to liberals and liberalism. And on what is this based? On an instinctive antipathy, imbibed apparently at fifteen years of age; waived for a short time; and under the influence of illness resumed and persisted in without inquiry, without hesitation, with no better warrant than the impulse of a fierce mental passion, for nearly fifty years. What Dr. Newman means by the 'principle of dogma,' which was the foundation of the movement of 1833, and which he had held from 1816, it is not very easy to say with precision; but the nearest approach to an explanation of it contained in this volume, is in these words (p. 120):—'From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Su-

preme Being.' This seems to mean that religion is a set of thoughts, feelings, sentiments, and habits of mind excited by external objects, the description of which external objects constitutes dogma. Thus God himself is the external fact. The proposition that there is a spirit, without body, parts, or passions, whom we call God, is the dogma. Our mental relations towards God, and the sentiments with which we regard him, as excited by the contemplation of this dogma, are our religion. Thus dogma is essential to religion.

If this is Dr. Newman's theory it is simple enough, though it neglects the possibility that the feelings in question might exist, and that their operation might be beneficial to mankind, even if there were no object by which they were excited. A man's love for his family might remain, and might restrain him from bad courses, even though his family were all dead and gone in his absence. Religion need not be a mockery, nor a dream, even if it had no object. It might be an ultimate fact in human nature of which no account could be given, but from which benefits might arise.

This, however, is by the way. The real objection to what Dr. Newman calls the dogmatic principle lies in the inferences which he seems to have drawn from it, and in the course of conduct which he adopted in connexion with those inferences. Grant that dogma is in the sense above explained essential to religion, and how does it follow that there must always be a set of perfectly true dogmas accessible to every religious person? Religion might be produced by dogmas inadequate and incorrect to a very great extent. A child might feel true filial love to a man who was not his father at all, and he might feel it although he had a wrong impression, or an absence of any impression, as to the specific nature of the relationship between parent and child. Indeed a parent's own knowledge of the nature of his relation to his children is obviously inadequate and defective, though correct as far as it goes. In this case the filial sentiment would correspond to religion. The proposition, A B is your father, would be the dogma, and the man himself would be the fact. As he grew up the child's feelings towards A B might remain unchanged, though the dogma itself would have quite a new meaning to him, and though his belief in its truth might be shaken or altogether destroyed, or weakened by any degree of doubt.

Thus the proposition that dogma is essential to religion, and the proposition that true dogmas are essential to religion, are entirely distinct. Good and beneficial religious feelings may be created by an inadequate, or untrue, description of God; and there is nothing absurd or inconsistent in the liberal theory that it is a duty to be religious, and that it is also a duty to purify religion by scrutinizing and correcting the dogmas which excite it. Throughout the whole of his career Dr. Newman appears to have neglected this obvious distinction, and to have assumed and acted on the assumption that because religion is good and dogma essential to it, those who do not believe in the complete and absolute truth of some one set of existing dogmas, and that in such a way as to renounce the right of ever doubting or examining their truth, even if new evidence on the subject should come to light, are the enemies of all religion, and ought in logical consistency to be atheists. This is most unjust. A liberal, as such, does not in the least degree disparage the importance of dogma. He holds, on the other hand, that to have completely true dogmas would be an inestimable blessing; that to have partially true dogmas is better than to have none; and that to extract the truth and reject the falsehood from the dogmas prevalent in a given time and place, is a duty of the highest importance. The propositions which would be necessary to justify Dr. Newman's fierce indignation against liberalism—an indignation so fierce and irrational that he would not look at the tricolour or walk about the streets of Paris—would be somewhat as follows:—*My* dogmas

are essential to religion. The liberals deny that *my* dogmas are absolutely true. Therefore the liberals are the enemies of religion. That intemperate zeal usurping dominion over an ingenious mind and a sensitive pathetic disposition should bring a man to such a conclusion is conceivable enough. That Dr. Newman should have reached this conclusion after an impartial consideration of the whole subject appears to us incredible.

Let us consider a little what this dogmatic principle, fully carried out, implies. The 'principle of dogma,' as Dr. Newman understands, and has since the age of fifteen years understood and maintained it, appears to be the foundation of his creed, and not the superstructure. A belief that somewhere or other there is and must be a collection of absolutely true dogmas precedes, as we understand him, the belief in specific dogmas. He believes in the Trinity, the Incarnation, &c., because it appears clear to him that some such doctrines there must be, not on account of the evidence appropriate to each of them; for if he believed them on the evidence appropriate to each, he would, of course, have to examine that evidence, and might from time to time modify his conclusions. This conviction he attained at the age of fifteen. Might not any other boy in any other part of the world attain the same conviction, and would not this lead either to the conclusion that all religious dogmas, Mahometan, Buddhist, heathenish, &c., are true, or else that none of them are true? The dogmatic principle as he seems to understand it must either prove the truth of all the dogmas of all creeds, or be insufficient to prove the truth of any dogmas whatever. The plain fact is, that the 'principle of dogma' is nothing else than an obscure way of describing the process of begging the question.

Whether or not, however, Dr. Newman argued correctly on this fundamental fallacy is a question of secondary interest. The real test of his intellectual honesty is to be found, not in the method which he adopted, but in the conclusions to which it brought him. Whatever may have been his intermediate oscillations and changes, his position is now finally taken. He has reached a standing point at last, upon which he resolutely takes his stand, and challenges attack. Let us, then, examine his case, and see whether it is based on solid grounds, or is an accumulation of sophistries, the acceptance of which would be pernicious to all the highest interests of mankind, and would in particular present an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of truth. If, as we believe, the latter is the case, the question whether he or Mr. Kingsley has the best of the particular controversy becomes altogether insignificant.

In order to understand the matter fully, we must look in the first place at Dr. Newman's method of inquiry, or rather at his canon of proof in religious matters. It consists of what he calls the doctrine of probability. He originally learnt it, he says, from Butler, who teaches that probability is the guide of life. He was confirmed in it by Mr. Keble. He gives an outline of it in these words:—'My argument is in outline as follows: that the absolute certitude which we were able to possess, whether as to the truths of natural theology, or as to the fact of a revelation, was the result of an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities, and that both according to the constitution of the human mind and the will of its maker; that certitude was a habit of mind, and that certainty was a quality of propositions; that probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty might create a mental certitude; and that the certitude thus created might equal in measure and strength the certitude that is created by the strictest scientific demonstration.' This is true enough if the probabilities are independent. For instance, let the question be whether Z was in a given place at a given time. A says he saw him then and there; B, independently of A, says he saw him going in that direction shortly before the time; C says he saw him coming from it shortly afterwards; and D says that he found footmarks

at the place soon after the time, which had not been there before, and which corresponded accurately with Z's shoes. Here are four facts, each raising an independent probability, and therefore all uniting to strengthen the conclusion. This is a case of accumulation of probabilities. No doubt, under particular circumstances, the result might be a certitude (to use Dr. Newman's language) as great as that with which we believe in the multiplication table. I am at least as sure that on or about a certain day, at a certain place, I went through the marriage ceremony with the person with whom I have ever since lived as my wife, as I am that twice two are four. This is because a thousand independent and converging probabilities do in fact convince me of the truth of those assertions. I cannot say more for the multiplication table itself. Where the probabilities are dependent, the case is altogether different. Suppose the question is whether the eldest child of a newly married couple will inherit the estate of the husband. First, it is more probable than not that there will be children of the marriage. Next, if a child is born, it is probable that it will be a son, for more boys are born than girls. Thirdly, if a son is born, it will probably (let us assume) survive its father. This may look like an accumulation of probabilities, but in reality it is the reverse. The total probability diminishes at each step, and it diminishes so fast, that though each event may be probable in itself, the final result may be altogether improbable. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that it is an even chance in each case, that is to say, that it is an even chance whether there are children of the marriage, whether the first child born is a boy, and whether the boy survives his father. The chance that the eldest child will not inherit the estate is three to one.

Dr. Newman seems to commit the error of confusing together these different things. He says, 'In 1843-4, I believed in a God on a ground of probability; I believed in Christianity on a probability; and I believed in Catholicism on a probability; and all three were about the same kind of probability, a cumulative, a transcendent probability; but still a probability.' It is not quite clear whether this means that each proposition taken separately rested on an accumulation of probabilities, or that the three together made up such a probability. The latter appears in this instance to be Dr. Newman's meaning from the general scope of this argument; but surely it hardly requires argument to show that these probabilities are dependent, and not cumulative — that they resemble the second illustration, and not the first. If there is no God, the argument for Christianity is worthless. And it is logically impossible for a man to be more sure that Christianity is true than that there is a God; that belief, and that alone, can make the Christian miracles credible. If there was no Christ sent from God, the argument for Roman Catholicism is worthless. To argue against Atheism on the authority of Christ, or to argue in favour of Romanism on the same authority as against a Deist, is a process fit for reasoners of a very different order from those with whom Dr. Newman has usually been classed. If it be doubtful whether there is any God at all (and though Dr. Newman will not admit that it is, we shall see immediately that the result of his argument is that it is doubtful in the highest degree), it must be still more doubtful whether Christ was his messenger; and if this again is as doubtful as the existence of a God, the natural doubtfulness of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to be the Church which Christ established must be weakened still further. Dr. Newman can have his probabilities whichever way he pleases; and in either he gets a result fatal to his theories. If the probability of the existence of a God, of the truth of Christianity, and of the truth of Romanism, are dependent on each other, then it must be less probable that Romanism is true than that Theism or the fact of the divine mission of Christ is true.

If, on the other hand, the probabilities are independent, what becomes of the argument that every consistent man who is not a Romanist, must be an Atheist? If, independently of the probability of Romanism, there is a separate probability in favour both of Theism and of Christianity, Theism or Christianity may be believed on the ground of those probabilities, and that without resorting to Rome.

You may believe that Z was in the place at the time in question, because you believe A, who says he saw him there, and B, who says he saw him coming away; and at the same time you may think that C, who says he saw him going, was mistaken, and that D, who compared the footmarks, is telling a lie. But if the whole depended on A—if, for instance, he alone knew Z, and knew that the shoes were Z's shoes, then if A were proved to be a liar, the evidence of B and C, who saw an unknown person in such and such places, and the evidence of D, who fitted certain shoes to certain marks, would be worthless.

This misapprehension of the nature of probability vitiates the whole of Dr. Newman's theory. Butler is quite right in teaching that, for some practical purposes, a probability may be much the same as a certainty. A man may be wise in acting even upon a slight probability, as in fact we all do when we insure our houses against fire. He may be morally bound to act upon the supposition that there is a God, although he thinks it doubtful; but if he is to be an honest man, he is also bound to bear in mind the fact that it is a probability on which he is acting, and to keep himself open to conviction in case further evidence should be discovered.

Dr. Newman never does this. With him probability is not the guide of life but the tyrant of thought. 'On the whole,' he seems to say, 'I think there is a God. Therefore I will argue as if there were no doubt at all that the particular conception of God which I at this moment possess is absolutely true. That conception of God makes Christianity probable. Therefore I will assume not only that God sent Christ into the world, but that Christ delivered a definite set of dogmas to certain specific people who were formed into a perpetual society for the sake of preserving them. I can and will recognize no other form of revelation than this. God must have chosen this form of revelation, or else there is no God at all.' Having got so far, it next becomes necessary to find this society and these dogmas in the present day. 'I freely admit,' he says in effect, 'that there is no society or theology which has all the "notes" which such a society or theology ought to have. There are facts, such as the existence of the Greek Church, which it is very hard to reconcile with the Roman claim to supremacy. There are Roman practices—if, indeed, they may not be called doctrines; for every practice implies a doctrine which justifies its use—such as the worship of the Virgin Mary, which neither Christ nor the early Christians thought of; but then I comfort myself with the reflection that there are similar objections to the existence of God and the mission of Christ. And as I have made up my mind to those doctrines, notwithstanding these objections, I will do so in this case also.' It would be at once more simple and more true to say, 'I believe in this system because it suits my tastes and feelings; because I happen to like it; and because I consider truth unattainable, and the search for it laborious and troublesome.'

To support this conclusion, it is necessary to go more at large into Dr. Newman's statement of his views, and to show how, whilst he supposes himself to take probability as the guide of his life, he really attaches an arbitrary value to his own feelings and wishes, choosing the probabilities which he likes and turning his back on those which he dislikes. Thus his general view of religion is not the result of an honest balancing of probabilities, but is a castle in the air, built in defiance of probabilities to suit the taste of the architect.

To begin at the beginning, he says, 'I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that I am quite sure) without believing in Him who lives as a personal all-seeing, all-judging being in my own conscience.' The foundation of Dr. Newman's belief is thus belief in himself, in his own existence, and of that he is quite sure. Why Dr. Newman does not doubt his own existence in the sense in which he affirms it is not clear. He means of course to assert the existence of his soul as a personal unit distinct from his body. There is no reason why he should be quite sure of this. The existence of the soul cannot be called a self-evident first truth. This, however, is by the way: though he ought by right to be still more sceptical, there is scepticism enough and to spare in Dr. Newman. He proceeds:—

'Starting with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape, I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confounding as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is to me one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society; but these do not warm me or enlighten me.' He then goes on to speak of the world at large and human affairs as a wild confusion. He tells us of 'the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards first causes,' &c. 'All this,' he says, 'is a vision to dazzle and appal.'

The appalling vision suggests the reflection that '*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. This is a fact as true as the fact of its existence.' Then, 'supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things,' would it not be natural to suppose that he would raise up some miraculous 'face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of purpose and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries?'

Reason, he seems to think, is as corrupt as other parts of our nature. 'I have no intention at all to deny that truth is the real object of our reason, and that, if it does not attain to truth, either the premiss or the process is in fault; but I am not speaking of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man. I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution; but I am considering it actually and historically; and in this point of view, I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run; and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing from those portions of

the world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career.'

Much as its author struggles against it, the plain inference from all this melancholy eloquence is, that reason proves the truth of Atheism as against all persons who believe in God on the ground of arguments drawn from facts exterior to themselves. His anxious attempts to avoid this inference do not really save him. He says such arguments may be true, but they do not 'warm or enlighten me.' Arguments are meant not to warm or enlighten, but to convince; and these delicate metaphors can mean nothing else than 'I think these arguments are not sound; though as others think they are, I will not directly deny their soundness.' So, again, what is 'reason acting concretely and in fallen man' except bad argument? To talk of fallen or corrupt reason in any other sense than reason making mistakes, is like talking of a corrupt multiplication table, in some other sense than an incorrect multiplication table. Bossuet says with perfect truth that the use of the reason is to reason, that it may be seduced into reasoning wrongly by passion, and that when it is so seduced, it is corrupt and fallen. Now nothing, except the reason itself, can show that a particular argument is false, or that in accepting it the reason of a particular man fell or became corrupt; and thus Dr. Newman is bound either to admit that Atheism is reasonable, or, which is the same thing, that it is true; or else to show by uncorrupt or correct reasoning why it is not to be believed. However he may wish to do so, he cannot maintain that the process which leads to Atheism is correct, but that the conclusion does not follow. Nothing is more characteristic of his peculiar sophistry than the way in which he insinuates this by throwing the necessary dash of pathetic obscurity into his argument at the right moment, by saying that an argument does not 'warm or enlighten' him, when he ought to say roundly whether he believes in it or not, and by using a set of phrases about right reason and reason acting concretely in fallen man, when he really means, and can mean, nothing but good arguments and bad arguments.

He pursues his argument. If it were God's will to set this state of things right, 'there is nothing to surprise the mind if he should think fit to introduce a power into the world invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters .... A power possessed of infallibility in religious teaching is happily adapted to be a working instrument in the course of human affairs for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive intellect.' The Roman Catholic Church claims to be such a power and its teaching is consistent with its pretensions. 'The initial doctrine of the infallible teacher must be an emphatic protest against the existing state of mankind;' and the Church teaches 'that it is better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse.'

The idleness of a single schoolboy in respect of not learning a single lesson, or a single outbreak of temper on the part of a fretful child, is an indefinitely greater calamity than the earthquake of Lisbon, *plus* the plague of London and the Black Death. It seems to follow that if Dr. Newman had to choose between giving a warning which would save thousands of lives, as by going a mile to a telegraph-office to warn the people of Sheffield of the bursting of the dam, and preventing a venial sin by sitting at home, while the warning might have been given, and preventing a naughty boy from playing truant, he ought to choose the latter—to prevent the sin and permit the catastrophe.

The Church also claims to 'rescue human nature from its misery .... by lifting it up to a higher level than its own,' and that by means of 'a certain inward spiritual grace imparted directly from above.' Hence 'the distinctions between nature and

grace, and between outward and inward religion, become further articles in the preamble of her divine commission.'

The infallibility claimed for the purpose of 'pertinaciously inflicting' and 'vigorously reiterating' these truths on mankind, claims 'to have for itself a sure guidance into the very meaning of every portion of the divine message in detail which was committed by Our Lord to his apostles. It claims to know its own limits and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what not. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious so far as this—to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion, and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are consistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether infallibly or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the apostolic *depositum* of faith in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them or condemn and forbid them accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters or controversies of doctrine which, on its own *ipse dixit*, it pronounces to be dangerous or inexpedient or inopportune. It claims that whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with . . . outward marks of reverence, submission, and loyalty.'

So far from being opposed to reason, Dr. Newman considers that this power brings reason into play. It is its eternal counterpoise, and brings out its powers. 'The energy of the human intellect "does from opposition grow;" it thrives and is joyous, with a tough elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely-fashioned weapons.' 'It is the vast Catholic body itself, and it alone, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful never-dying duel,' — that awful never-dying duel, which produced in the course of about eight centuries the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Dr. Newman admits fairly enough that the collateral incidental claims of the Church are still more startling. 'The Catholic Church claims not only to judge infallibly on religious questions, but to animadvert on opinions on secular matters which bear upon religion, on matters of philosophy, of science, of literature, of history, and it demands our submission to her claim. It claims to censure books, to silence authors, and to forbid discussions.' In the exercise of this power the Church may be right or wrong. 'It must of course be obeyed without a word, and perhaps in process of time it will tacitly recede from its own injunctions.' The security to mankind against the abuse of this power is in the goodness of those who wield it. It has not, in fact, been the enemy of intellect. It has, on the contrary, been rather its servant than its master. The Church has usually waited till it saw which way the battle was going, and has then brought down the full weight of infallibility on the conquered. Victrix causa ecclesiæ placuit.

This argument is so wonderful that it requires some acquaintance with Dr. Newman's mind to believe, as we do, that he used it in perfect good faith. He says, 'It is individuals and not the Holy See which has [? who have] taken the initiative, and given the lead to Catholic minds in theological inquiry. Indeed, it is one of the reproaches urged against the Church of Rome that it has originated nothing, and has only served as a sort of *remora* or break in the development of doctrine. *And it is an objection which I embrace as a truth*, for such I conceive to be the main purpose of its extraordinary gift. . . . . The great luminary of the western world is, we know, St. Augustine; he, no infallible teacher, has formed the intellect of Europe. . . . . The case is the same as regards the Ecumenical Councils; authority in its most imposing exhibition. Grave bishops, laden with the traditions and rivalries of particular nations or places, have been guided in their decisions by the commanding genius of individuals, sometimes young and of inferior rank. Not

that uninspired intellect overruled the superhuman gift which was committed to the Council, which would be a self-contradictory assertion, but that in that process of inquiry and deliberation which ended in an infallible enunciation, individual reason was paramount.' He then proceeds to give a description of the scholastic activity of the Middle Ages. Disputes were raised in the schools, thence they passed to the universities, and at last 'Authority is called upon to pronounce a decision which has been already arrived at by reason.' Besides, as the Church is strong it is merciful. It very seldom decides, and when it does, it is extremely tender to its opponents. 'By reason of the very power of the Popes, they have commonly been slow and moderate in their use of it.' Lastly, he tells us what infallibility has done. 'What have been its great works? All of them in the distinct province of theology—to put down Arianism, Eutychianism, Pelagianism, Manichæism, Lutheranism, Jansenism. That is the broad result of its action in the past.'

Dr. Newman, for his own part, entirely believes in the Church, and has full satisfaction in his belief. He views the difficulties which apply to its doctrines, not as 'difficulties' in the sense of bars which prevent belief till they are removed, but as difficulties in the proper sense—like the difficulty of understanding the differential calculus. Thus he says, 'Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate.' Taking transubstantiation as a specimen, he says, 'It is difficult, impossible, to imagine, I grant; but how is it difficult to believe? . . . For myself I cannot indeed prove it, I cannot tell how it is; but I say why should it not be? What is to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all.'

Such, as we understand it, is Dr. Newman's creed. Let us now consider whether it is an honest creed—the creed of an inquirer, who cares more for truth than for any other object in the world; or a mere piece of advocacy delivered by an ingenious man in favour of a system which he has adopted because it has enlisted his feelings and his fears against both his interest and his reason. It is fair to Dr. Newman to admit, and indeed to insist upon, the fact that his mental obliquity is neither fraudulent nor sordid. It is of that kind which goes with the fondness of a lover. He appears to us in the light of a man who, having been infatuated by a woman neither young, lovely, nor virtuous, marries her at the expense of destroying all his prospects in life, and of throwing up all his connexions, and who then exhausts every resource of his mind in proving that she combines, in ideal perfection, eternal youth, perfect beauty, and every moral and mental grace which could adorn such a person. Such conduct produces mixed feelings. It can neither be approved nor despised. But surely it is neither unjust nor uncharitable to say of such a man that he does not care for truth as truth; that he builds castles in the air and not on the ground; and that the general tendency of his writings and speculations is unfavourable to honesty in its widest sense. This fault is a very common one. The same accusation might be brought on very similar grounds, against such men as Pascal and Joseph le Maistre;* and, indeed, perfect honesty in the conduct of the mind is a rare virtue.

To exemplify this in detail, let us begin with Dr. Newman's cardinal article—his belief in God. If his views upon this great subject appear to be fundamentally sophistical, it will be no wonder if every other part of his creed is tainted with the same fault. In his later writings he has dwelt much upon this subject, not only in the *Apologia*, but more

* It would be a curious inquiry, which we may possibly attempt on some future occasion, whether Bishop Butler has not in some instances acted the part of an advocate under the disguise of a judge?

particularly in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of his discourses addressed to mixed congregations. The last part of the *Apologia* contains a condensed summary of his views.

His general scheme of doctrine upon this subject is to drive men to an alternative between Popery and Atheism. As he says, in one of his sermons, 'Cease to believe in Catholicism and you become Protestant, Unitarian, Deist, Pantheist, Sceptic, in a dreadful but infallible succession.' This is his controversial object. Viewing the matter from the explanatory and historical side, he says that he is a Catholic because he believes in God, and he believes in God because he is inwardly conscious of the existence of 'Him who lives as a personal all-seeing, all-judging being in his own conscience.' He adds that he should be an atheist, a pantheist, or a polytheist, but for this divine voice. He tells us that 'no truth, however sacred, can stand against the reason in the long run.' Though, 'correctly exercised,' it tends to a belief in God, and a future state of rewards and punishments; yet, 'as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man, its tendency is towards simple unbelief in matters of religion.' He speaks for himself alone, but he is 'neither warmed nor enlightened' by the arguments (this must mean that he does not agree with the arguments) in favour of the existence of God drawn from 'the general facts of human society.' In the sermons he amplifies and dwells upon the considerations to which he shortly refers in the *Apologia*. He labours two points. First, that God's existence is certain; and, secondly, that it involves mysteries crushing to the reason. As to the first he says, 'Every one spontaneously embraces the doctrine of the existence of God as a first principle and a necessary assumption. It is not so much proved to him as borne in upon his mind irresistibly as a truth which it does not occur to him, nor is it possible for him to doubt; so various and so abounding is the witness for it contained in the experience and the conscience of every one.' He then dwells upon the 'mysteries and difficulties' of the doctrine, 'which must be acquiesced in by every one who believes it.' These mysteries or difficulties are, 'first, that Almighty God had no beginning, and that this is necessary from the nature of the case. . . . To say that a being had no beginning seems a contradiction in terms; it is a mystery as great or greater than any in the Catholic faith.' Next he says, 'Think of this again, which though not so baffling to the reason, still is most bewildering to the imagination, that if the Almighty had no beginning he must have lived a whole eternity by himself.' Besides this, 'since the world exists, and did not ever exist,' there was a time when the Almighty changed the state of things which had lasted from all eternity for another. Next he says, 'Let us suppose the innovation decreed in the eternal purpose of the Most High, and that creation is to be; of what, my brethren, shall it consist?' Reason, he thinks, would suggest that the world made by such a being would be far more glorious than it is. He then proceeds to describe its actual state, in a passage which it is difficult to condense so as to do justice to the author, and which it is impossible to read without feeling that the love of exercising his gift of piling up mountains of dreary eloquence has seduced its author into speaking most harshly and, as it seems to us, faithlessly of man and his Maker. We see an universe, material for the most part and corruptible, fashioned indeed by laws of infinite skill, and betokening an all-wise hand, but lifeless and senseless; huge globes 'hurled into space and moving mechanically.' Next we see 'myriads of trees and plants, the grass of the field, beautiful to the eye, but perishable and worthless in the sight of heaven.' Then comes the brute creation, which Dr. Newman views with a sort of Manichæan horror. 'Millions of irrational creatures surround us, and it would seem as though the Creator had left part of his work in its original chaos, so monstrous are these beings

which move, and feel, and act without reflection and without principle. . . . The brute beasts pass to and fro in their wildness and their desolation, the enemies of all they meet, yet without the capacity of self-love. They live on each other's flesh by an original necessity of their being; their eyes, their teeth, their claws, their muscles, their walk, their structure within, all speak of violence and blood.' Last comes man. The preacher says of him, 'Consider man as he is found in the world; and owning, as you must own, that the many do not act by rule or principle, and that few are any honour to their Maker; acknowledging that enmities, feuds, cruelties, oppressions, injuries, and excesses are almost the constituents of human life,' &c., 'can you venture to assert that the Church's yoke is heavy?' Upon the whole he concludes, 'If I must submit my reason to mysteries it is not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less. The main difficulty is to believe at all; the main difficulty to an inquirer is to hold firmly that there is a living God.'

The inference which all this suggests, and there is much more of the same kind, is that if Dr. Newman was thoroughly honest he would be an atheist. According to him the balance of the argument is one way and the conclusion the other. 'The general facts of human society' point towards atheism. The belief in God involves what he views as a contradiction in terms, and other difficulties, moral and intellectual, equally formidable. It either ascribes perfect goodness to one who created a world of intelligent beings to be damned and tortured to all eternity, or perfect wisdom to one who, having created such a world, and having become incarnate to save it, altogether failed to do so. It leads Dr. Newman himself to the following horrible outcry—one of the most frightful parodies of prayer that ever came from human lips. After describing with hideous minuteness the damnation of an average man, and appearing to presage the damnation of all but an insignificant fraction of the adult part of the race, he says, 'Oh mighty God, oh God of love, it is too much! It broke the heart of Thy sweet Son Jesus to see the misery of men spread out before his eyes. . . . Oh most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt thou not end this ever growing load of sin and woe? When wilt thou chase away the devil into his own hell and close the pit's mouth, that the redeemed may rejoice with thee; quitting the thought of those that perish in their wilfulness?' As the great mass of mankind, Roman Catholics included—('It is one opinion,' says Dr. Newman, 'entertained among divines and holy men, that the number of Catholics that are to be saved will on the whole be small,' and other language which he uses appears to favour that opinion)—are all to be eternally 'shut up with the devil in his own hell,' it would seem that selfish thoughtlessness must contribute largely to the happiness of the redeemed; but this is by the way. The important thing is that Dr. Newman is prepared to believe all this for no one reason except that he has a conviction in his own mind as to the nature and attributes of God, to which all relevant facts 'give the lie.' Surely he, as an educated man, must know that there is no subject in the world on which men have differed so much, or appealed with so much confidence to contradictory first principles asserted to be self-evident truths, as the nature and attributes of God. 'God,' he would no doubt say, 'is just and good; and this I know by the inner voice of which I speak.' Others would say the same; but when they came to compare their notions of the divine justice and goodness with his, they would be found to use the same words to describe characters not only different, but utterly discordant. The infinitely good God of Dr. Newman, has, to use his own language, 'surrounded himself with the cries of fallen souls, and has created and opened the great pit.' According to Mr. Francis Newman, the doctrine of eternal punishments thus understood is a blasphemous contradiction of the doctrine that

God is good, and renders it unmeaning. Can it be doubted in the face of such facts as these, that upon this vital point the evidence supplied by the convictions of any one mind is altogether insufficient, and requires to be checked by full consideration of all the evidence which the world at large supplies? It is well worthy of observation that in his sermon, where his object is to heighten to the very utmost both the certainty and—if such an expression may be used, and Dr. Newman's own language suggests it—the absurdity of the opinion that there is a God, he affirms that every one believes, and that no one can help believing it. Whatever he may have written under the influence of his love of pathetic eloquence, he must remember on reflection that this is not true. There are in China three hundred millions of people who do not believe in God at all. Monotheism in the heathen world was the creed of a very few. The great mass of professing Christians of all creeds in the present day have hardly thought at all upon the subject, and believe in one God, principally because it is the current established opinion of their time and country. Many of them take such a view of the character of Christ that it may be fairly said that they believe rather in two Gods than in one. Of those whose belief upon the subject is original, and the result of thought or self-examination, how many take the same view of the divine character and attributes as Dr. Newman? And, in the face of these facts, what is his own private conviction upon the subject honestly worth? How can he say that he really, calmly, and honestly considers that it ought to outweigh the accumulated evidence, which, as he says, exists on the other side? The impression unfavourable to Dr. Newman's honesty, which prevails amongst those who have read his books, arises from their belief that if he really took probability as the guide of his life, he ought to think that the existence of God was, at most, probable enough to influence his own conduct, but not enough to justify him in supporting a claim on behalf of the Pope to moral and religious sovereignty over the whole world. Such a belief might distress him, but if it is the legitimate inference from his principles, he ought to bear the distress.

It is plain enough to any one who reads the sermons to which we have referred, not only that Dr. Newman does put the whole subject of the existence of God on a false footing, but that he gains a controversial object by doing so. His wish is to show that there are mysteries connected with it as great as the mystery of transubstantiation, or any other tenet of the Romish Church. We have shown how, in order to do this, he begins by making an obviously false assertion about the foundation on which the belief in God does in fact rest; how he represents, as a first principle 'spontaneously embraced,' a doctrine which has made its way slowly and partially, and which is not even now acknowledged by a majority of the human race. Let us now inquire how far he succeeds in this attempt to connect this great doctrine with what he calls mysteries, and what others would call absurdities, for the purpose of showing that it is independent of and even hostile to the reason. For this purpose it would be necessary to show that every one who believes in God affirms, or ought to affirm, either a contradiction like that which ascribes infinite benevolence to a being who knowingly creates a world under such circumstances that nearly all of its inhabitants are sure to be damned to all eternity, or else a proposition which, if it does not contradict the senses, is altogether unmeaning, like the proposition that the substance of the bread of the sacrament is changed into the body of Christ. In no one instance can he show anything like this. All that he really shows is that our knowledge, or reasonable conjectures about the divine nature, leave many questions unanswered. He never shows that they force us to admit the truth of absurdities.

He refers to four such mysteries: one metaphysical, two imaginative, and one moral. The metaphysical

difficulty is, that 'Almighty God had no beginning, and this is necessary from the nature of the case;' and he adds that it is 'a mystery as great or greater than any in the Catholic faith to say that a being had no beginning.' It is perfectly true that we are utterly unable to answer the question how being first began, or whether the word 'began,' as applied to anything which is not the immediate object of our own sensations, has any meaning; but what then? The fact that our knowledge is limited does not prove that we are obliged to believe an absurdity or contradiction, which is what Dr. Newman seems to understand by a mystery. The 'general facts of human nature' lead me to believe that an intelligent, and on the whole, a benevolent, conscious Being formed and superintends this world. Dr. Newman says, 'Do you say that this Being existed for ever without a beginning?' I say I know nothing at all about it. I have not the means of forming even the faintest guess on the subject. Then says Dr. Newman, 'What pretence can you possibly have for denying that this piece of bread is God Almighty? A mystery more or less, what does it matter?' The fact that I know nothing at all about the beginning of God, that I do not even know whether the words have any sort of signification, does not prevent me from knowing perfectly well that this is bread in the only sense which I attach to the word, and nothing else but bread. Our knowledge, of course, is limited; but to deny that it is real, as far as it goes, is to assert absolute scepticism on all subjects. Perhaps in another state of being I may come to know more than I now do about the nature of God; but in the meantime, and as at present advised, I assert that this is bread and nothing else; and to give up that belief because there are many things of which I am ignorant, is like doubting the multiplication table because I am ignorant of the differential calculus.

The next two mysteries are that God 'lived a whole eternity by himself,' and that he innovated on a state of things which had lasted for an eternity. How does Dr. Newman know that? God may have created worlds upon worlds from all eternity; and this world may be a mere link in some vast chain. There may be, and probably are, millions of worlds all around us, impalpable and invisible to our coarse senses. Have the microscope and telescope no lessons? Here again Dr. Newman tries to confound ignorance with mystery; but his attempt is futile. I know very little, but what I do know suggests to my mind the notion of a God. '*If* there be such a being, *since* there is such a being,' I know very little about him; but that is no reason why I should obscure what I do know, or may reasonably conjecture on probable grounds, by debating questions of pure curiosity with which I have no concern and on which I have no evidence. 'A thousand difficulties,' says Dr. Newman, 'do not make one doubt.' A Protestant may say, 'The existence of millions of unanswerable questions does not oblige me to believe a single absurdity. How did man come upon the earth? Is matter infinitely divisible or not? I have not the least notion; but for all that I can assert many things about both man and matter with confidence; and by continually adding to my store of knowledge I hope to diminish my ignorance. If I adopted Dr. Newman's principles, I should feel that I was embracing absolute scepticism upon all subjects, in the hope of coming to think at last that one absurdity was as good as another. All his mysteries fall to pieces before a man who says, "I do not know."'

The last mystery is of a different kind. It relates to the existence of evil. Here, no doubt, Dr. Newman has hit upon something real. 'How can you believe,' he says, 'in a good God when the world is what you see?' No doubt the state of the world does and must embarrass every believer in a good God. It is the common difficulty of all creeds. It tells equally against them all, and gives no advantage to any one. It may be dealt with in various ways.

An honest inquirer may either say, Evil is an exception for which I cannot account altogether, though I can make probable guesses as to the nature of some forms of it; but the general plan of the world, both physical and moral, is beneficent. For practical purposes I assume that there is a beneficent God, but I do not forget that there are facts which look in the other direction, and they diminish my confidence in my conclusion as far as they go. It is like a case of conflicting evidence. A decision is practically necessary. Such a decision can be based on part only of the whole case. I will act on the balance of the testimony, but I will do so with a profound sense of my own extreme ignorance, and with extreme willingness to accept further information. This is more or less consciously the modern Protestant view.

Another perfectly honest course is to say, I can make nothing of it. I can form no opinion at all upon the subject, and I will dismiss it from my mind. This is atheism.

A third honest view is that which was taken by Hume. He seems to have believed in a God of a mixed character, corresponding to that mixed world from which his existence was to be inferred. The objection to this view is, that it is of no practical use. The existence or non-existence of such a being would have no bearing on our conduct.

A fourth way of dealing with the subject is that which is taken by Dr. Newman and by other writers of great note, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, from Pascal down to the author of the *Eclipse of Faith* (a long and steep descent). The object of those who hold this, invariably is to exalt some form of authority at the expense of reason; and the artifice which they use consists in inferring from difficulties in the evidence, a radical defect in the instrument which weighs the evidence and recognizes the existence of the difficulties. The argument, thrown into the plainest shape, would run somewhat thus: No proposition about God can rightly be called unreasonable, for the evidence as to God's existence and attributes is obscure, and to some extent conflicting.

To state such an argument is to refute it. I may be perfectly able to see that a proposition is unmeaning, though I may be unable to see what is the inference from a fact. Dr. Newman says, 'God is a God of love and infinitely good, and he created an immense proportion of mankind to be eternally tormented in hell fire.' I answer, 'Either half of the proposition is open to proof; but put together, the two halves make nonsense.' Dr. Newman replies, 'You yourself say that God is good, yet he is the author of plague, famine, war, crime, and ignorance.' I rejoin, 'I *think* God is good, *though* he is the author of these amongst other things. If he was the author of nothing else; if I agreed with you in thinking that "enmities, frauds, cruelties, oppressions, injuries, and excesses" were "almost the constituents of human life," I should say that God was very far from good; that in so far as he had any moral character at all he was bad. Evil is not my evidence of God's goodness. As far as it goes it is evidence the other way. I do not draw the inference which it suggests because it is overbalanced by other evidence. That there is in man great evil, of which I can give no account at all, an evil which I have no objection to call original sin, I admit with sorrow; that that evil may go on bearing fruit indefinitely, I do not deny. I can say nothing about it; but if I did not believe that this was the exception, that the general run and current of human life, aye, and of human passion and feeling, was good, I should not believe that God was good. I probably should not believe in God at all. You are to prove that God gave Pius IX. authority to forbid all discussions on all subjects which he does not approve of—that he gave the predecessors of Pius IX. authority to burn or cause to be burnt every one who denied transubstantiation—that he authorized popes and councils to invent, or, as you call it, to develop a series of doctrines, one more monstrous and absurd than

the other, and enforce them on the world on pain of torture here and hell-fire hereafter; and what witnesses do you call for the purpose? You call the plague, the small-pox, epilepsy, idiotcy, raging madness; you take me through hospitals, over fields of battle; you tell me how thousands are swallowed alive in earthquakes, how millions perish in plagues; and you go beyond all this, you taunt me with my ignorance and weakness; you show me that my soul is stained with guilt; that I am infirm of purpose, unsteady in execution; that death will wound my affections and chance thwart my designs; and then you, or some of your allies, for you at least are a gentleman, grin in my face,* and say, "It was this good God of yours that did all this; can you wonder if after all he damns you and yours for all eternity?" Sometimes you almost tempt me to believe the inference which you ought to draw. You almost make me think that you are right, that there is a bad God as well as a good one—a being who created disease, and war, and sin. It is easy to understand how such a being might have invented the doctrine of transubstantiation, and established the Inquisition to burn men for denying it.'

You do not, however, altogether succeed. Whatever may be the suggestions of constitutional melancholy and haughty dreariness of disposition, no rational man who looks calmly at things and is accustomed to attach meanings to his words can admit that the world is bad in grain. There is a certain temptation to think and say that it is. Such a belief affords an inexhaustible theme for pathetic eloquence and gloomy candour. It enables a melancholy person to indulge to the utmost the sullen pleasure of condemning and secretly and piously despising his neighbours, and their little pains and pleasures; but for all that it is not true. Take the strongest case in favour of Dr. Newman's views, and the constitution of life presents evidence, on the whole, of a beneficent design. Look, for instance, at the Chinese Empire. There live some three hundred million human creatures who are subject to fearful calamities. A civil war, horrible beyond all conception, has just destroyed some millions of them. Yeh, it was said, ordered 70,000 executions in Canton alone. In some respects, and according to our notions of morality, they are horribly immoral. The lives of many of them are most impure: they practise infanticide, they are great liars, in some respects they are very cruel. This is the black side of things; make as much as you please of it, but do not forget the bright side. For several thousand years an enormous population has lived, on the whole, in peace, and in fair average comfort, under a government which has great merits, for it encourages filial affection, personal industry, and individual talent in the highest degree. Notwithstanding the frightful rebellions which have occasionally raged, and of which we have just seen a specimen, the land, on the whole, has enjoyed a greater degree of peace than any other country in the world. Vice in China seems to be a dreadful thing; but, as in Europe, it is the exception and not the rule; and this is proved, if proof be seriously required, by the very fact that society goes on. The average Chinaman passes most of his time in working for his living, which is a good and virtuous thing; in educating his children, which is a good and virtuous thing; in discharging the duties of a man and citizen, which again is good and virtuous. That he usually succeeds in his efforts is shown by the fact that his country is the most populous in the world; that on the whole, and in some most essential respects, it is singularly well educated; and that its government, notwithstanding obvious blemishes and faults, is, on the whole, both popular and efficient. Indeed, many very intelligent observers—Mr. Meadows, for instance, and Mr. Fortune, speak very favourably of the average Chinese and their average moral

character. Add to this that God made the Chinese,—that he has seen fit to put the vast majority of them in such a position that they never had the chance of being Christians, and how is it possible to deny that, on the whole, human life in China is rather good than bad; or that it is, on the whole, pleasing to the God who originated it. To deny either of these assertions is to destroy the meaning of such words as good and bad, and to deny the possibility of drawing any inference at all as to God's will from his acts.

It is instructive to see the nature of the propositions believed by Dr. Newman on the ground that his belief in God breaks down his reason, and compels him to accept what he calls 'mysteries.' As he believes in God, he sees no difficulty in believing anything. A being so monstrous must have an equally monstrous organ in the Church; and the lessons which that organ has to teach mankind must again be expected to be equally monstrous. For instance, Dr. Newman sees no difficulty at all in transubstantiation. 'Why should it not be? What is to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosopher, and that is nothing at all.' What is this but reckless scepticism taking the form of the wildest superstition? Since such a poor wretch as man cannot attain to truth at all, why should not this be true as well as anything else? If there is a God, he and his thoughts and ways must be so utterly unlike this vile dunghill of a world, which he seems to have made in a freak of omnipotent contempt, that what appears nonsense to us is probably the nearest approach to wisdom that such contemptible wretches can reach. No sane man of course could go the full length of such audacious blasphemy as this; but this is what really lies at the bottom of Dr. Newman's theories. It is what his creed comes to when it is boldly and fully carried out. He himself, with that merciful inconsistency which usually protects men from the full consequences of their own creeds, does interpose between his own mind and such a conclusion some thin films of argument, which no doubt hide from his eyes the gulf over which his arguments are suspended by cobwebs. Thus he does not say boldly of transubstantiation '*credo quia absurdum*,' he prefers to show that it is not absolutely inconsistent with reason, that it is the sort of thing which might possibly be believed if an infallible guide announced it. He makes this out by reducing the doctrine from being false to being unmeaning. 'The doctrine,' he says, 'is that *the substance* of the bread becomes the body of Christ; and what do I know of *substance*?' But if you know nothing of substance, the proposition is unmeaning. It might as well be that 'the —— of the bread,' or that 'the square root of the bread,' becomes the body of Christ; and as these propositions convey no meaning at all to my mind, I can neither believe nor disbelieve them. They are mere idle sounds which I may repeat, and which I may assert to conceal some truth or other; but as to believing the truth which they conceal, I cannot do it, for I do not know what it is. This, however, is a mere subterfuge. What is really and, so to speak, practically meant by the doctrine of transubstantiation is to assert a doctrine which directly contradicts the senses, and is therefore open to Tillotson's unanswerable argument, that it contradicts the sense of sight by an appeal to the sense of hearing; for certainly the apostles had no other reason for supposing that Christ said 'This is my body' than they had for supposing that the bread which he swallowed was not his body. They trusted their ears in the one case, why should they not trust their eyes in the other? Dr. Newman's sermons abound in glorifications of the doctrine of transubstantiation. 'Protestants,' he says, 'will not believe but what we would gladly get rid of the doctrine of transubstantiation. . . . Shocking indeed, and most profane! a relief to rid ourselves of the notion that Jesus is on our altars!' How is this consistent with the defence which he sets up for the doctrine in his *Apologia*? If he knows nothing

about substance, how does he know that when the substance of a piece of bread is changed into Christ's body, that makes any difference in the former relation between Christ's body and the phenomena of the bread? Why should 'Jesus be on the altar' any the more after the substance of the bread has been changed into Jesus's body than he was before? If Dr. Newman knows where the 'substance' of the bread is, he does know something about it; yet he says he knows nothing about it. He cannot have it both ways. If, for controversial purposes, transubstantiation is to be defended as unmeaning, it can have no devotional value. If for devotional purposes, it is to be interpreted to mean something which contradicts the senses, that meaning must be controversially maintained; and then what is to be said to Tillotson?

To a Protestant the strange thing is that Dr. Newman should altogether overlook and pass by what appears to us so clear, namely, that the doctrine of transubstantiation is in reality no more than a piece of clumsy rationalism, a crude attempt to show what Dr. Newman says cannot be shown, namely, 'how' the bread is turned into Christ's body. Dr. Hampden's account of the matter is what really requires to be answered. After speaking of scholasticism, he says, 'The subtle speculations about matter and form, substance and accident, were accordingly introduced to establish and perfect the theory of instrumental efficiency ascribed to the rites themselves.... If, as is the fact, these theories are mere assumptions in physics, not resting on observation, but distinctions existing only in the mind, and applied to the analysis of external objects, it must appear that the process of transubstantiation is entirely an assumed one, and that it ought to be discarded as an idol at once of religion and of philosophy.'

It is curious to think of the uses to which Dr. Newman's 'what do I know of substance' might be turned. There is no form of idolatry which it would not justify. Suppose a rude rationalist were to say to some mild Hindoo, bowing down before his image, How can you be such a fool as to worship what you make? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers; the carpenter planeth an ash, he maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto; he burneth part thereof in the fire, with part thereof he eateth flesh, he roasteth roast and is satisfied; and of the residue thereof he maketh a god, and prayeth to it, and saith, deliver me, for thou art my god. The Hindoo would be ready with his answer, Why not? What is to hinder it? How do I know what that image is or may be? What do I know of substance? As much as the greatest philosopher in the world, which is just nothing at all. I worship not the image, but the god in the image. The phenomena are unchanged, no doubt, but who shall say what true substance is? Why should not God stand in my grove as well as in the sky? And after all, are my mysteries greater than yours? A mystery more or less, what does it matter? Is it a Protestant prejudice to think that Isaiah has on the whole the best of the argument? Yet where is the force of what he says if a belief in the existence of God crushes the reason which accepts it?

So much for Dr. Newman's fundamental doctrine—his belief in God. Let us now consider the next article of his creed, which is that the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity, by which it has been altogether estranged from God. This he puts forward as an explanation of the state of the world, which suggests the existence of an infallible body to set the world to rights in religious matters. It is a singular instance of an explanation which leaves things darker than they were before. We believe in a good God. We see before us a world which, though on the whole good, is deeply tinged with evil. 'Then,' says Dr. Newman, 'the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity;' and this, he thinks, accounts for what he sees. How can the sins of the human race account for the state of the animal creation,

which is one of the chief 'mysteries' brought forward by Dr. Newman? How, in particular, can it possibly have affected creatures which lived and died and underwent all manner of suffering millions of years before man came upon the earth? How do they account for the ignorance and weakness which, though not sinful themselves, are the causes of far the greater part of our sins? How, again, is the fact—and no doubt it is a fact—that the innocent son suffers from the vices of the guilty parent in any way explained or illustrated by the assertion that mankind is 'implicated in an aboriginal calamity?' The fact itself—the possibility that men should be 'implicated' in that with which they have no concern—is what requires explanation. It explains and can explain nothing. It is, as far as it goes, evidence (though not conclusive evidence) against the goodness and justice, nay, against the very existence of God. The only inference which it really suggests is that God is not good. It is a mere juggle of words to say that it raises a probability that God would take any special measures in man's behalf. A person whose character is otherwise kind, does an act which to all appearance is unkind and cruel. I may still, on the whole, think that he nevertheless is kind; but I am certainly less disposed to expect extraordinary benefits from him than I was before. Such a state of things destroys the value of *à priori* speculations as to what God will or will not do. It prevents me from saying that any course is antecedently probable, and compels me to look exclusively to the facts of the case.

This introduces the consideration of the third and last article of Dr. Newman's creed, viz., belief in the Church as the infallible organ and agent of God. 'The one belief,' he tells us, 'is the result of the other.' If, notwithstanding the condition of the world, there is a God, and if the human race is absolutely estranged from him, then it becomes likely that there will be an infallible Church; for 'a power possessed of infallibility in religious teaching is happily adapted to be a working instrument in the course of human affairs for smiting hard and throwing back the immense power of the aggressive intellect.' The Roman Catholic Church claims this character; and as I know of no other claimant, taking probability as the guide of my life, I assume that the Roman Catholic Church is infallible. Is this an honest argument, or is it mere advocacy, fitted for nothing but the justification of an existing institution which happens to strike the advocate's fancy? The remarks already made upon Dr. Newman's reasons for believing in God apply with redoubled force to his belief in the Church.

When the matter is candidly examined, the antecedent probability on which the whole theory is built will be found to vanish altogether. What course is such a being as the God in whom Dr. Newman believes likely to take with respect to a world altogether estranged from him? The question answers itself. It is utterly impossible to say, *à priori*, that any course whatever is probable. To look at the facts, and see what, in point of fact, he actually has done, is the only course that can lead to anything that can be called even a moderately satisfactory result. We may, indeed, have recourse, to some extent, to analogy, and so far as that is any guide, it leads to a conclusion opposed to Dr. Newman's. God is the author of all the relations of life—family relations, political relations, moral relations, physical relations, and it is in reference to these very relations that man's estrangement from God becomes evident. Yet in none of them is there any infallible guide for man; though each deeply affects his value, so to speak, in his Maker's eyes. What is more important than the family relations? what more fallible than a parent? Every action of our lives is more or less affected by the laws and institutions of our country; yet there is no such thing as an infallible government. Morality is matter of daily application. For once that a man has occasion to think of a theological principle, he has to refer to morals a thousand

times; yet, in Dr. Newman's account of the infallibility of the Church, he does not include the power of setting forth a code of morals. His account of Liguori's writings seems to imply that a negative approbation at most is given to works of casuistry approved by the Church: Liguori is pronounced 'free from any soever theological censure,' but it is not said that all his opinions are true. If in morals, in politics, in law, in the family relations, in matters of physical science, it has not pleased God to give men any infallible guide; if in theology no such guidance was given to any of them for several thousand years; if it is given at present only to a minority even of the Christian world; and if it is given to them with such insufficient evidence that large numbers of perfectly honest inquirers deny that it ever was given at all, how can it be said that, given the existence of God and the world, there is an *à priori* probability that God will give men an infallible guide to religious truth?

That God might do that, as he might do anything else, is no doubt conceivable, and it is possible to imagine an amount of evidence which would compel us to believe that in point of fact he had done it; but to say that the antecedent probability that he would do it is such that slight evidence would be enough to show that he had done it, is to talk at random. It may, perhaps, be said that if the divine mission of Christ is admitted, the probability in question is increased; but this is not so. We can as little judge beforehand of the course which God incarnate would take in reference to the world, as of the course which God would take apart from such an event. Whether he would establish such a society as Dr. Newman contends for; whether he would confer upon men great benefits, the exact nature and extent of which time and experience would unfold; whether he would cause books to be written containing an explanation of his message; whether those books would be infallible or not, and, if not, what would be the degree of their infallibility; whether they would be ambiguous and incomplete; and what would be the limits of their ambiguity and incompleteness, are questions on which no man's antecedent opinion is worth anything at all. There is but one true course, and that is to look at the facts, and see what in point of fact God actually did. Look at history, and see whether there is such a body as an infallible church; look at criticism, and say whether there is such a thing as an infallible book. If history and criticism say no, there is not, it is idle to spin arguments to show that there must be. If these matters are not questions of fact to be tried by the reason like any others, they are questions which cannot be decided by any assignable process whatever.

Even the earliest facts in Christian history are altogether unfavourable to Dr. Newman's view. We know as a fact that the apostles constantly misunderstood Christ when he was on earth, that they disputed with each other after his crucifixion, that they were for a length of time under a mistaken notion that the world was about to come to an end almost immediately. Two of them at least —St. James and St. Paul—held opinions which, if not irreconcilable, are to all appearance contradictory, upon a most important theological question. That they were closely united in affection, in sentiment, and in the practice of devotion; that they set the heathen world a wonderful example, there is no doubt. That they had any complete or definite system of theology at all appears highly improbable.

So much for the antecedent probability of an infallible guide to religious truth. Let us look for a moment at the object for which the infallible guide, according to Dr. Newman, is to exist, and at the degree in which, also according to Dr. Newman, that end has been attained. The object is to set to rights that awful calamity by which men are estranged from their Maker. The Church, we are told, teaches that 'human nature is to be extricated, pacified, and restored.' 'She has it

in charge to rescue human nature from its misery.' This is the object of its existence, and especially of that gift of infallibility with which it has been endowed, and as a mere incident to which the Pope enjoys the right of absolute sovereignty over every effort of the human mind. What then, in fact, has infallibility done? Has it curbed and thrown back the reason? Dr. Newman himself asks and answers the question. 'What have been its great works? All of them in the distinct province of theology, to put down Arianism, Eutychianism, Pelagianism, Manichæism, Lutheranism, Jansenism: such is the broad result of its action in the past.' In other words, God Almighty being utterly estranged from mankind, became incarnate in order to rescue them from their misery, by establishing an infallible authority for the purpose of developing and maintaining the Athanasian Creed. This is gravely set forth by a man who is guided in life by probability. The doctrine of the Trinity, and some doctrine or other about grace, are after all the salt of the earth. The Church has not saved the world. The greater part of mankind, probably even the greater part of Catholic mankind, will be eternally damned. Eighteen hundred and fifty years after the establishment of the religion, one of its priests has to admit that the best thing that can be done with the world is to destroy it. He cries in agony to Christ for pity's sake to put an end to this frightful slaughter-pen of souls, and to 'shut up the devil in his own hell,' in company with the greater part of mankind. Indirectly, the Church has helped in this result, for it helped to civilize the world. Civilization brought money and knowledge and heresy, and they brought constantly increasing damnation. The Church tried to put down heresy with fire and sword. After awful fighting and bloodshed, the Church was defeated in its desperate struggle to maintain orthodoxy by force. Heretics grew up and multiplied in all directions, and the power of the clergy diminished. The ages of faith passed away; an age of money and sensuality, worshipping force and power, ensued. Infallibility got rudely hustled, refuted, pushed on one side, and the devil reaped and still reaps larger and larger harvests of souls: still infallibility has triumphed, for it has established the Athanasian Creed within its own borders. The world at large may have left it on one side, but its formal official creed is neither Arian nor Eutychian.

There is no relation between the means employed and the end contemplated, nor has that end been in fact produced. Suppose it is established on infallible authority that all the doctrines sanctioned by the Church of Rome are absolutely true, how will this reconcile man to his maker? What divides them is sin, not ignorance of theological propositions; what must reconcile them is the removal of sin, not the removal of theological ignorance. The evils of life arise from the fact that men are weak and wicked, that they know what is right, but will not do it; the passions and not the intellect are the real causes of sin. The Roman Catholic Church may be absolutely infallible, and its doctrines perfectly true, but it would be absurd to assert that, on the whole, Roman Catholics are better than Protestants. If a larger proportion go to heaven (which no one can affirm) they get there by an arbitrary miracle, not by moral superiority. Dr. Newman himself admits that he prefers the English to the Italian character, and, with all the scandals of its vast population, London is, probably, in proportion, less immoral than Paris and Vienna. France in the eighteenth century was hideously wicked and licentious. Yet the Church had then greater power in France than at present it has in Rome.

But Dr. Newman would say no Christian is entitled to use this argument, for it is an argument not only against the Church, but against Christ. If the Church has failed, so has Christ. The argument, no doubt, does go this length as against those who suppose that the object of Christ's life and death was to announce to men any one definite set of

dogmas, and to subject them to the law of some definite spiritual society; for it is certain that no one definite set of dogmas does prevail which has regenerated human society, and that no one society does exist within which all is holiness and virtue; whilst without it all is sin. But it is altogether untrue that Christianity has failed, if it is believed to be a beneficent influence, which, under different circumstances, takes different forms, and animates different opinions and a variety of institutions. In point of fact, this is what Jesus Christ has done for the world, whatever Dr. Newman may think he ought to have done. The effects of his life and of the institutions which do, as a fact, represent and maintain his doctrines, as they conceive them, are indefinite and unsystematic. If there had been no Christ there would have been no Luther and no Calvin. The Protestants, the Greeks, the Armenians, are, as a fact, results of what happened in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago. Moreover, all the Christian bodies collectively have conferred immense benefits on the whole human race—benefits so great that it is far more likely that God should have become incarnate for the sake of originating the whole of them than that he should have become incarnate for the sake of establishing a stiff machine which has not carried out the only purpose which could make its existence conceivable. Allow that Christianity is indefinite, that it is a wide influence, indistinctly understood, for the glory of God and the good of men, and it has, to a considerable extent, redeemed its promise, though no doubt it has been subdued to what it worked in, and has been stained by human passion and crime. Chain it to any one set of dogmas, to any single institution, and it has failed ignominiously.

In this view of the matter, every doctrine will have its share of truth, every institution its own particular merits; and that the Roman Catholic view of things, considered as one of many imperfect conceptions of truth and virtue, and the Roman Catholic Church, considered as one of many imperfect institutions for its protection and diffusion, have had immense merits, and have done great services, and that even now they have good points peculiar to themselves, no rational man can deny.

The following passage from Dr. Milman's *History of Christianity* puts the contrast between the Protestant and the Papist view of Christianity as forcibly as it can be put:—

'What distinctness of conception, what precision of language, may be indispensable to true faith; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse, as at least superfluous, and as beyond the proper range of human thought and human language; how far the sacred records may, without real peril to their truth, be subjected to closer investigation; to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonize them with the irrefutable conclusions of science; how far the Eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence; how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth;—all this must be left to the future historian of our religion. As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and his words alone (the primal, indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away; so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full and comprehensive and balanced sense of those words, than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly, whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentred so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. Teutonic Christianity (and this seems to be its mission and privilege), however nearly in its

more perfect form it may already have approximated, may approximate still more closely to the absolute and perfect faith of Christ; it may discover and establish the sublime unison of religion and reason; keep in tone the triple-chorded harmony of faith, holiness, and charity; assert its own full freedom, know the bounds of that freedom, respect the freedom of others. Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider, even if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary, all-penetrating, all-pervading principles, on the civilization of mankind.'

The specific peculiarities of Dr. Newman's mind are nowhere so clearly displayed as in the use which he makes of his *à priori* probabilities, when he has got them. He thinks it likely that there will be an infallible Church, finds a body claiming, with some sort of plausibility, to be one, admits the claim, and when he has once admitted it, never falters again. No evidence that can be given induces him to reconsider the question. He immediately turns his mind to the consideration of some way of getting out of his difficulty. He views the adverse evidence, not as a possible guide to an unwelcome truth, but as an objection which, by some means or other, is to be answered; and he certainly does show inexhaustible ingenuity in finding answers. He is like a thorough-going advocate, who never will abandon his cause. If the eye-witnesses of his client's guilt agree, it is a proof that they are in a conspiracy to destroy him. If they differ, who can believe these contradictions? If he has a good character, can it be supposed that such a man should steal or forge. If he has a notoriously bad one, his previous misfortunes are the reason why this false charge is trumped up against him. Did he act like an innocent man? his innocence is the natural inference. Did he act like a guilty one? no real criminal would have been so silly as to expose himself to suspicion. In short, till the jury have found their verdict, and the court has passed its sentence, the thorough-bred advocate sticks immoveably to his text. His client's innocence is the one fixed point in a world of doubt and supplies the key to every part of the evidence. The 'pull devil pull baker' system on which English justice is administered, may justify this at the bar; but Dr. Newman's voluntary advocacy goes beyond that of a professional advocate — he justifies it on principle. In a sermon called 'Faith and Doubt,'* he maintains at length that when the reason is once satisfied that the Catholic Church is a teacher sent from God, it can never doubt again. It must abjure for ever the possibility of doubt even if further information is obtained. The reason may be satisfied by any process or none at all. Dr. Newman mentions in his *Apologia* one case where the decisive reason was a love for architecture; but no matter what the reason may be, the assent once given is irrevocable. 'A man must simply believe that the Church is the work of God. . . . Faith implies a confidence in a man's mind that the thing believed is really true; but if it is true, it never can be false.' That the believer's confidence may be misplaced, is a contingency which he does not contemplate. On the contrary, he describes, as so extravagant a position that it refutes itself, the opinion that it is a fault ever to make up our mind once for all on any religious subject whatever, and that however sacred a doctrine may be, and however evident to us (*i.e.*, at a given point of time), we ought always to reserve to ourselves the liberty of doubting about it. He supports this by saying that faith leads to love; and he asks, 'How does it stand with a loving trust better than with faith to anticipate

* *Discourses to Mixed Congregations.*—Discourse XI. Mr. Kingsley would have found something much more like a justification for his charges in this sermon than in the one which he actually quoted. It is never fair to sum up an elaborate discourse in a sentence, but it is hardly an unfair summary of the passages referred to in the text to say that they teach that truth as truth is not always and under all circumstances to be preferred to falsehood.

the possibility of doubting or denying the great mercies in which one is rejoicing? Take an instance: what would you think of a friend whom you loved who could bargain that in spite of his present trust in you he might be allowed some day to doubt you? What would you think of a friend who when a thought came into his mind that you were a knave, did not drive it away from him, but considered that he had an evident right to indulge it? Would you think that your friend trifled with truth if he shrank from it, or would you call him cruel or miserable if he did not?' Clinging in this way, with a passionate embrace, to the Church, Dr. Newman gives to every fact whatever a turn favourable to its pretensions. If he is unable to do so, he can always take refuge in the reflection that a thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, that there are insoluble objections to everything, and that a mystery more or less does not much matter. We fully believe that in this there is no conscious dishonesty, but there is infatuation, and the proceeding itself is dishonest in principle, though an honest but infatuated man may be seduced by it.

Let us consider Dr. Newman's principle a little before giving illustrations of the way in which he applies it. It is certainly true that to anticipate the possibility of future doubt at the moment of prayer, for instance, would be injurious to piety; and at the moment of marriage to anticipate and dwell upon the possibility that one's wife might subsequently commit adultery, would be extremely wrong. No one should allow his mind to dwell upon such thoughts without a grave cause; but if there is any truth in religion, if there is any solidity in married love, no man who deserves the name will turn away from such thoughts when they are pressed upon him by evidence of a certain degree of weight. If it were not so, religion and love would be mere brute instincts like a dog's subjection to its master. Who would wish that his wife should give herself up to him in such a way that rather than doubt his fidelity she would disbelieve her own eyesight. She in such a case would be a slave and an idiot, and he would be fitter for the society of slaves and idiots than for that of a free woman. Dr. Newman no doubt has high notions of friendship; but would he wish his friends of the Oratory to be so devoted to him that if he were really to commit some disgraceful act, they would absolutely refuse even to listen to the clearest evidence in proof of it, and continue to trust him just as they do now? Surely they would rightly be the objects of his contempt. He would view them as credulous dupes.

That which he thinks an extravagant position confuting itself, is the very A B C of reasonable men. It is a fault, and as great a fault as any intellectual fault can be, ever to make up one's mind once for all upon any subject whatever, religious or otherwise. It is the first of intellectual duties always to reserve for ourselves a liberty of doubting on every question whatever, however firm may be our present belief, however sacred the matter to which it applies; and Dr. Newman's denial of this proves to demonstration that whatever may be his views on veracity, he has yet to learn what Protestants mean by the virtue of truthfulness.

Of course no one asserts that it is every one's duty at all times to keep his mind in a perpetual state of doubt upon all subjects. For every practical purpose, religious or other, it is necessary to have convictions upon which we are prepared to act; and 'a man may well say, 'I have examined such and such a subject as well as I can, and I think I should do no good and should not improve my chance of attaining the truth by reopening the question. I will therefore act upon my opinion, and for practical purposes, assume its truth.' But to go beyond this, and say, 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but my opinion shall not pass away. I may see that the grounds on which I embraced it were utterly wrong—I may discover facts of which I never

heard—I may find that the religion which I chose utterly disappoints me—I may find that its priests are hypocrites, its miracles frauds, its assertions contradictory to reason and fact. But never mind, I have once believed that the Church is from God, and I will believe it to the end of the chapter, though an angel from heaven should assert the contrary.'—To say this is to say what is unintelligible in the mouth of a man who does not believe in truth at all, for to the utter sceptic all propositions are equally absurd; but in the mouth of any one else, such language is a mere outburst of frantic gallantry—the hurrah of the sailor who nails his colours to the mast while the ship is sinking under his feet—the yell of defiance with which the soldier receives the thrust which pierces his heart.

It is by avowing the very principle which Dr. Newman thinks absurd, that the firmest certainty which we know of is gained. The conclusions of physical science are undoubtedly true; that the force of gravity varies inversely as the square root of the distance, is a proposition which every one who understands it believes with absolute and unhesitating faith. Those who put the certainty of God's existence at the highest point cannot say that it is more certain than a scientific conclusion. Dr. Newman certainly does not; for speaking of probabilities, he says that their combinations may create a certitude which 'might equal in measure and strength the certitude which was created by the strictest scientific demonstration.' Now the great security and fortification of such certitudes is that men reserve the right of doubting them, should further evidence arise, and believe in them only as at present advised, and subject to further information. Those who wish to combine peace of mind with a proper regard for the truth, must be content to hold their religious belief by the same tenure; and those who, as Dr. Newman does, found it upon probabilities, cannot, without glaring inconsistency, refuse to do so. Probabilities may no doubt create a certitude at a given time, but they can never by any legitimate process create a further certitude that the first certitude shall never be disturbed.

Having thus described Dr. Newman's principle on this matter, let us examine a few of its applications. Space compels us to limit ourselves to a very few. Their general effect is always the same. They are all cases in which he draws from given facts an unnatural, though perhaps not an impossible, conclusion, because he starts with believing the infallibility and supremacy of Rome. We have selected three illustrations. The number might be indefinitely increased.

1. *Dr. Newman's Theory of the Greek Church.*—In his eleventh Lecture on *Anglican Difficulties*, Dr. Newman addresses himself to persons of his own way of thinking, and tries to bring them over to the Church of Rome. He assumes that they have come to believe, in the main, that the Church of Rome is God's agent; but that they feel special difficulties which he seeks to remove. His *Apologia* shows what are the grounds on which his own general belief in the Church of Rome rests, and we have tried to show their value. This lecture, therefore, will enable us to see how, in the light of his antecedent conviction, he looks upon the Greek Church. It is difficult to state his view shortly, as it falls into many ramifications; but this is the substance of it:—People ask how the Church of Rome can be Catholic, when more than half of Christendom refuse to subject themselves to it. These bodies are not merely recently formed Protestant communities, which may plausibly be called heretics; but there is the Greek Church, 'whose apostolical descent is unquestionable, and whose faith almost unquestioned.' This community had, thirty years ago, perhaps a third, perhaps a fourth, of the number of disciples of the Roman communion; at any rate, forty or fifty millions of souls living under various governments, and belonging to different races. He might have added that they strenuously deny that they ever were

subject to Rome at all. How are you to get over this? Dr. Newman says:—'There are ways of accounting for it sufficient to quiet the imagination, and to lead us to acquiesce in the difficulty, whatever it is, on the assumption which I claim to make, that the Church of Rome and Catholicism are synonymous terms.' He then shows what these means are. 'It is but one instance of a great phenomenon which has ever been on earth, that truth should be opposed by some pretence, which is of a character to deceive men at first sight, and to confuse the evidence of what alone is divine and trustworthy.' Satan deceived Adam and Eve, Jannes and Jambres worked miracles against Moses; Mount Gerizim was set up in opposition to the Temple. Then Mahometanism 'perplexes the evidence of Christianity,'—and so for that matter does Judaism. If all this means anything at all, it means that the fact that there is evidence against a given proposition raises a sort of presumption in its favour. This is an excellent specimen of the 'heads I win, tails you lose' mode of arguing. All the evidence is for me. Can you deny my claim? There is strong evidence against me. There always is strong evidence against the truth. Dr. Newman goes on as to the Church itself: 'From the first the Church was but one communion among many, which bore the name of Christian; some of them more learned, and others affecting a greater strictness than herself, till at length her note of Catholicity was for a while gathered up, and fulfilled simply in the name of Catholic, rather than was a property visibly peculiar to herself, and none but her.' These obscure expressions seem to mean that at one time the name Catholic was merely the appellation of one sect amongst many, as Roman Catholic is now, and not the appropriate distinction of any specific property. Then there are the Nestorians: 'The tenet on which these religionists separated from the see of Rome is traceable to Antioch, the very birthplace of the Christian name, and taken up and maintained by Churches which are amongst the oldest in Christendom.' In the fifth century this communion propagated itself 'from Cyprus to China. It was the Christianity of Bactrians, Huns, Medes, and Indians of the coast of Malabar and Ceylon on the south, and of Tartary on the north. This ecclesiastical dominion lasted for eight centuries or more.' If the Greek Church is an objection to the Catholicity of Rome, why not the Nestorians? yet the Nestorians were heretics; and that shows that 'large, organized, flourishing, imposing communions, which strike the imagination as necessary portions of the heritage of Christ, may nevertheless, in fact, be implicated in some heresy which, in the judgment of reason, invalidates their claim'—an observation which is of great importance to every one who is disposed to attach importance to the claims of the Church of Rome. 'Why,' he adds, 'do you not bring against us the vast unreclaimed populations of paganism, or the political power of the British Colonial Empire, in proof that we are not a Catholic Church?' (Perhaps because they thought that after his own admissions it would be carrying coals to Newcastle.) All these facts are but illustrations of the awful wickedness of private judgment. They prove nothing against a fact. 'If God has made it a duty to submit to the supreme authority of Rome, and of this I assume there is fair proof,'—then we might expect phenomena of this sort. 'All depends on the fact of the supremacy of Rome; I assume this fact; I admit the contrary fact of the Arian, Nestorian, and the Greek communions; and strong in the one, I feel no difficulty in the other.' A Protestant would be inclined to say that Rome is Catholic and supreme is a theory. The existence of the Arian, Nestorian, and Greek communions is a fact; and as the fact and the theory are inconsistent, the theory must be wrong. Dr. Newman seems to think that a theory can be made into a fact by calling it one. He then observes, at great length, upon the considerations by which the imagination may be reconciled to the apparent cruelty

of refusing Church membership to such vast multitudes; he actually puts it on the ground that after all there is not so much difference between Catholic and heretic, so that it does a man no great harm to call him a heretic. First, he says, 'the faith of large populations is apt to be that sort of habitual belief which persons possess in consequence of having heard things said in this or that way from their childhood, being thoroughly familiar with them, and never having had difficulty suggested to them from without or within.' This he calls material, as opposed to formal faith. Such a state of things in the Greek Church would account for its existence without admitting its divine origin; whether it might prove the same as to the Church of Rome, he does not stop to ask. Besides, such bodies have their providential uses. Both Greek and Protestant Churches possess, in a mutilated scattered shape, a certain amount of divine grace and faith. 'The blessing is inestimable to England so far as among us the sacrament of baptism is validly administered to any portion of the population.' In Greece, where a far greater attention is paid to ritual exactness, the whole population may be considered regenerate. Half the children born into the world pass from a schismatical Church to heaven,' &c. Then there is a great deal of invincible ignorance amongst heretics and schismatics, whereby they may be saved; on the whole, open sinners apart, 'there is but one set of persons who inspire the Catholic with special anxiety'—the unlucky Anglicans who turned back.

It is perhaps possible to take this view, but it is surely far easier to infer from it all, first, that Rome has no intelligible pretence to Catholicity, and that there neither is nor ever was any such thing as Dr. Newman understands by the word; and secondly, that it matters very little whether there is such a thing or not, inasmuch as we have as good—or rather as bad—a chance of getting to heaven without it as with it. The remarkable point of the sermon is that it illustrates its author's method of proceeding. After hearing a certain amount of evidence he feels a certitude, takes his resolution, and never changes his opinion though twenty witnesses may contradict him. 'I admit the contrary fact; and strong in the one, I feel no difficulty in the other.' One great advantage of this system is that it enables anybody to believe anything. The Arian, the Nestorian, the Greek, and the unhappy Anglican himself, as far as we can see, might each say the same: 'I am the true Church, and perhaps you are too. I admit the contrary fact; but strong in the one, I do not care for the other.'

Imagine this principle applied to a court of justice. A man is accused of robbery. The person robbed swears with confidence that the prisoner robbed him, and there is some other evidence to confirm his opinion. Dr. Newman feels a certitude. He has fair evidence of the man's guilt. Probability is the guide of life, and he settles in his own mind, that the accused is guilty. Afterwards, ten unimpeachable witnesses swear that at the time the prisoner was a hundred miles off. Dr. Newman does not care: why should not a man be in two places at once? What do we know of time and space? as much as the greatest philosophers, which is just nothing at all. All depends on the prisoner's guilt. Of that there is fair evidence. To doubt it would be to embark on a sea of scepticism. Disbelieve an eye-witness, and why should you ever believe anything? Believing that the man is guilty, why object to the evidence of his innocence? A thousand difficulties do not make one doubt. Ingenious ways may be suggested of quieting the imagination. You may think it cruel to punish an innocent man; but oh, why not? Is it not the course of nature that the innocent should suffer for the guilty. If he did not do it some one else did, and he no doubt has done or will do other things. After all, is there so much difference between guilt and innocence? Are we not all sinners, and may not fruitful lessons of loving patience be drawn from occa-

sional iniquities perpetrated by the harsh laws of this wicked world? My fellow-jurors, does it stand with a loving trust to disbelieve this respectable witness? Let us do our duty by convicting, and perhaps the Home Office after all may find out that he was innocent or in a state of invincible ignorance; and then how pleased he will be to be pardoned, and what glory will be reflected on the uncovenanted mercies of the Crown! On the whole, I assume his guilt, which I have a right to do; for it is sworn to, and strong in that, I feel no difficulty in admitting the contrary fact as well. Where serious immediate consequences depend on men's decisions, they do not talk this sort of nonsense. It is only where people cannot be brought to book that they can afford to do so. A man who cannot be refuted by experience on this side of the grave, can talk what nonsense he pleases; but nonsense is nonsense whether religion or anything else is the subject.

2. *Dr. Newman's view of the Roman Catholic manners.*—Dr. Newman describes as follows an objection* taken by Protestants to the type of character which Popery produces: 'The reproach of Catholicism is, not what it does not do, so much as what it does; that its teaching and its training do produce a certain very definite character on a nation and on individuals; and that its character, so far from being too religious or too spiritual, is just the reverse, very like the world's; that religion is a sacred, awful, mysterious, solemn matter; that it should be approached, with fear, and named, as it were, *sotto voce;* whereas Catholics, whether in the north or in the south, in the middle ages or in modern times, exhibit the combined and contrary faults of profaneness and superstition. There is a bold, shallow, hard, indelicate way among them of speaking of even points of faith, which is, to use studiously mild language, utterly out of taste, and indescribably offensive to any person of ordinary refinement. They are rude when they should be reverent, jocose when they should be grave, and loquacious when they should be silent. The most sacred feelings, the most august doctrines, are glibly enunciated, in the shape of some short and smart theological formula; purgatory, hell, and the evil spirit, are a sort of household words upon their tongue; the most solemn duties, such as confession, or saying office, whether as spoken or as performed, have a business-like air and a mechanical action about them, quite inconsistent with their real nature. Religion is made both free and easy, and yet formal. Superstition and false miracles are at once preached, assented to, and laughed at, till one really does not know what is believed and what is not, or whether anything is believed at all. The saints are lauded yet affronted. Take medieval England or France, or modern Belgium or Italy, it is all the same; you have your boy-bishop at Salisbury, your lord of misrule at Rheims, and at Sens your feast of asses. Whether in the south now, or in the north formerly, you have the excesses of your carnival. Legends, such as that of St. Dunstan's fight with the author of evil at Glastonbury, are popular in Germany, in Spain, in Scotland, and in Italy; while in Naples or in Seville your populations rise in periodical fury against the celestial patrons whom they ordinarily worship. These are but single instances of a wide-spread and momentous phenomenon, to which you ought not to shut your eyes, and to which we can never be reconciled.

* * * * *

'Now I grant to you, that to no national differences can be attributed a character of religion so specific and peculiar; it is too uniform, too universal, to be ascribed to anything short of the genius of Catholicism itself; that is, its principles and influence acting upon human nature, such as it is everywhere found. Such must be the fact, and I accept it; I repeat in general terms what you have said;

* Lecture IX. *Anglican Difficulties.*

but I would add to it, and turn a fact into a general, a philosophical truth. I say then, that such is the very phenomenon which must necessarily result from a revelation of divine truth falling upon the human mind in its existing state of ignorance and moral feebleness.'

He then proceeds, with great ingenuity and fertility of illustration, to describe the contrasts between a Protestant and Catholic population. The difference is that the Catholics have faith and the Protestants none. The Catholic's faith, which is a mysterious supernatural gift, follows him everywhere, and sometimes overcomes him. It leads to pious frauds, like the imitation of Christ's wounds by the Ecstatica, or the sale of false relics. The very bandits pray to the Virgin for success. The woman who steals the pix bows to the host. Their 'strange oaths—God's heart and God's eyes and God's wounds and God's blood,' show how faith in the unseen world has filtered into the coarsest minds (if Dr. Newman heard a Protestant cabman say to his neighbour—'God damn your eyes, or damn your soul to hell'—would he infer that a belief in future damnation and miraculous interpositions had filtered into the very dregs of Protestant society?) and their 'boisterous merriment runs upon the great invisible subjects which possess their imagination.' 'If they sing and jest, the Madonna, the Bambino, or St. Peter, or some other saint is introduced, not from irreverence, but because these are the ideas which absorb them.'

This it must be confessed is highly ingenious advocacy. If a man is perfectly certain on other grounds that the Church of Rome is what Dr. Newman says it is, he may perhaps believe it, though in that case one does not see why he should trouble himself about the matter; but to a Protestant objector it is no argument at all, as the slightest reflection will show. The argument is that this mass of levity, superstition, and profanity 'is the very phenomenon which must necessarily result from a revelation *of divine truth* falling upon the human mind in its existing state of ignorance and moral feebleness.' Some readers may be so attracted by the novelty and ingenuity of the paradox that they may not at once apprehend its transparent flimsiness. The fallacy lies in the words, 'divine truth.' The effect is produced not by the truth of the creed, but by the means adopted to propagate it. There can be no sort of doubt that the establishment of systems of human fraud and nonsense have produced the very same effects again and again. That Popery has contrived—by the worship of saints and angels, by establishing striking ceremonies, by appealing in every conceivable way to the imagination of the masses of the population—to make a deep impression on their imaginations, is no doubt true. But paganism did just the same, and Dr. Newman's description of the spirit of Roman Catholic countries might stand for a description of the temper of pagan Rome. What can be more emphatically pagan than the 'bold, shallow, hard, indelicate way of speaking even of points of faith?' or than the 'superstition and false miracles at once preached, assented to, and laughed at, till one really does not know what is believed and what is not, or whether anything is believed at all?' This might stand for a description of the religious tone of Horace and Ovid. How far did the one believe in the *Fasti*, and the other in Jupiter? They hardly knew themselves. They scoffed at the gods and trembled at thunder in a clear sky.

> Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens
> Insanientis dum sapientiæ
> Consultus erro, nox et retrorsum
> Vela dare atque iterare cursus
> Cogor relictos. Namque Diespiter
> Igni corusco nubila dividens
> Plerumque, per purum tonantes
> Egit equos, &c.

The atheistical Lucretius opens his poem with an invocation to Venus, and Catullus ends the celebrated poem on Atys with the lines—

> Dea magna Dea Cybele dea domina Dindymi,
> Procul a mea tuus sit furor omnis hera domo,
> Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

Did Catullus really believe in Cybele? Was Horace certain that Canidia could not charm the moon out of the sky? The ordinary oaths of Greece and Rome were all religious: 'νη Δια,' and 'mehercle,' occur in every page of classical dialogues. Nay, instead of cold appeals to decency or to local acts of parliament, the awful imprecation, 'Duodecim Deos in se iratos habeat' protected the cleanliness of the streets of Rome from nuisances. The analogy between popular Romanism and paganism is one of the clearest arguments against the whole system. The brigand who prays to his little particular Virgin for a good prey, and whips her if he does not get one, is just as gross an idolator as his forefather, who thought that his own little lar was bound in honour to bless his vineyard; and there is just as much and just as little evidence of supernatural faith in the one case as in the other. Would Dr. Newman himself say that the passionate fury of the Athenians at the mutilation of the Hermæ, or the holy horror of the Sepoys at the greased cartridges, were proofs of a supernatural faith which our cold Protestant minds are utterly unable to appreciate? He ought in consistency to do so.

We must, however, go a little further. The admission made by Dr. Newman is important to Protestants. Is not the temper of mind, which he describes exactly that which must be produced by the process of shuffling off individual responsibility on to a guide supposed to be infallible? Is it not the temper rather of wayward children half-satisfied with their nurses and half-rebellious against them, than that of serious men and women? Is it not, in a word, just the kind of bad moral effect which Protestants have always charged Popery with producing? Lastly, can any temper of mind be less like that of the primitive Christians? Which most resembles them, the gay, coarse, half-cynical, half-credulous superstition of a Catholic population, or the austerity of the severer sects of Protestants? The accusation against the early Christians was that they were unsocial atheists, that they withdrew from the common usages of life, and acknowledged no visible or outward representations of the Deity. This is just what Dr. Newman says in other words of the Protestants.

3. *Dr. Newman's view of the relation of Romanism to the intellect.*—In the later part of his *Apologia*, Dr. Newman more than once insists upon the different excuses which may be made for infallibility, and shows that it is not opposed to the intellect. Indeed he goes so far as to say that reason could not get on without it. Infallibility is called into action by reason, which, on the other hand, 'thrives and is joyous, with a tough elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely-fashioned weapon.' The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the result of eight hundred years of searchings of heart, has just given the human intellect a crushing blow. Did it ever occur to Dr. Newman to inquire in good faith whether any human creature, who can be accepted as in any sense a representative of the 'aggressive intellect' of the present century, cares one straw for this terrible blow of the divinely-fashioned weapon. In the days of Hildebrand, Innocent, and Boniface, infallibility meant something. The Council of Constance might fairly claim to be a sort of Christian parliament; and even in the sixteenth century the view which the Popes took of theological dogmas was of great importance; but in the present day, whatever hysterical excitement may be got up amongst women, there are probably not five hundred men of sense in the whole world to whom the decision of this momentous question either way would be a matter of appreciable importance. The points at which the intellect is impinging on Romanism are perfectly plain. History explains its growth, physical science flatly contradicts much of its teaching, moral and political speculation refute much of its morality. Let the divinely-fashioned weapon 'smite hard and throw back'

attacks like these, and something may be said for it. Let it treat men of science and philosophy as it treated their predecessors from the days of Abelard downwards. With all the will in the world, the Pope, now-a-days, could as soon fly as persecute. But in the face of such an attack, to make little remarks about the Immaculate Conception, for which the aggressive intellect does not care one straw, is as if a man whose house was on fire should send for the glazier to mend a cracked pane in the garret window. This, however, is rather an example of the narrow way in which Dr. Newman looks at these matters than an illustration of the peculiar kind of sophistry which distinguishes him. His speculations on the subject in question give, however, a good illustration of this. He is considering the question whether the belief in an infallible authority destroys the independence of the mind; and he says it does not, because Rome once acted the part of a sort of moderator in the schools. 'There never was a time when the intellect of the educated class was more active, or rather more restless, than in the middle ages.' Questions arose in schools, passed to universities, and after they had been discussed in all directions, 'authority is called upon to pronounce a decision which has already been arrived at by reason.' And he further says that he 'embraces as a truth the objection' that Rome 'has originated nothing and has only served as a sort of *remora*, or break, in the development of doctrine.'

In this way of treating the question there is a double obliquity of mental view. In the first place, Dr. Newman overlooks the fact that he had ascribed to Rome absolute sovereignty over the human mind in all its departments, and that according to this account of the matter, the very highest of all its functions—the function of infallibly declaring the truth of doctrines—is reduced to the undignified occupation of kicking people whom the human mind has already knocked down. Augustine or Bonaventura or Salmeron discovers the truth and overthrows the enemy, upon which infallibility comes and stamps upon him. 'Joab sent messengers to David, and said I have fought against Rabbah and taken the city of waters; now, therefore, gather the rest of the people together and encamp against the city and take it, lest I take the city, and it be called by my name.' The fly which sits upon the pole is the real cause of the motion of the coach, and it is monstrous to say that such an arrangement encourages idleness; for look how the horses strain at the traces, and how the guard and the passengers put their shoulders to the wheel.

In the next place, Dr. Newman altogether fails to deal with what he must know to be the real point of the attack upon the system which he defends. No one asserts that the belief in the infallibility of Rome never could, under any circumstances whatever, be reconciled with independence of mind. What is asserted is, that it is inconsistent with independence of mind to believe in it now. Berenger may not have forfeited the independence of his mind by submitting to Gregory VII.; but I should forfeit the independence of mine if I submitted to Pius IX. One reason is, that in the face of all modern improvements in philosophy, the Church of Rome will and must persist in taking a purely scholastic view of theology, after the scholastic philosophy has broken down and been exploded in all other departments of thought. No one doubts that there was great activity of thought in the schools of the middle ages, and at that time Rome might with some plausibility act as a supreme moderator. Romish theology is full of scholastic ingenuity: indeed, great parts of it, like the doctrine of transubstantiation, are nothing else than clumsy and old fashioned rationalism; but the scholastic method, which certainly was neither revealed nor inspired, has by common consent been given up on all other subjects as radically wrong. Nobody now-a-days attempts to teach physical science, or law, or logic, scholastically; and if theology is a real

science—that is, if it is the description of real facts external to us, and not dependent on our phraseology, why not teach it according to the methods which have proved so useful and fruitful in other things? The reason why is plain enough. The doctrine of infallibility prevents it. It prevents the Church of Rome from recasting its creed, and translating it into reasonable and coherent language. Having adopted and patronized a radically false philosophy, and having incorporated it with what it calls an infallible theology, Rome cannot recede. The result is, that the Roman Catholic creed has utterly lost its hold over the educated minds of Europe. Put aside a few passionate reactionists like Dr. Newman himself, and, whatever may have been the case in the middle ages, it is impossible to deny that the whole set of the human intellect in modern times has been opposed to Rome. For nearly two hundred years hardly one* man of first-rate intellect has been a Roman Catholic in the sense in which the great schoolmen were Roman Catholics—easily, naturally, from sincere conviction, and because the Roman Catholic creed really did appear to them to be the highest embodiment of truth. Dr. Newman, at all events, cannot deny this, for his case is, that the tendency of reason in the present day is to Atheism. He says:—'How sorrowful, in the view of religion, even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany.' This anti-Romish, or as he calls it, Atheistic tendency of the intellect, may be traced back for centuries. It would be no difficult matter to show how, from the days of Wycliffe, to go no further, the human intellect cracked the moulds in which the mediæval Church had cast it, and at last fairly stepped out of its shackles and trampled on them. To say, in answer to all this, Rome ruled the schools in the middle ages, is like vindicating the beauty of a decrepid old woman, on the ground that she was once a pretty girl.

Our space forbids us to give further illustrations of the strange sophistry into which his passionate enthusiasm for Rome, and his passionate horror for liberalism, have driven Dr. Newman. One or two isolated remarks may be added on the topics which his curious book suggests, and which we may perhaps discuss more fully hereafter.

First, as to the charge of moral dishonesty which Dr. Newman supposed to be brought against him, it ought to be observed, that though there is no foundation whatever for it, there is a foundation for a criticism which bears a resemblance to it, which would be borne out by some of the passages which Mr. Kingsley quotes, and which Dr. Newman himself would probably not deny. This criticism is, that Dr. Newman's general conception of morality makes less of lying than the Protestant view of the subject, inasmuch as it attaches far less importance to all the masculine and active virtues, and the special infamy of lying is that it is unmanly and cowardly. Dr. Newman's favourite distinction between nature and grace, and the virtues which come by nature and by grace, is the true source of his different estimate of this and other sins. In the volumes of sermons to which we have referred, he delights to contrast the good Protestant with the good Catholic; the eminently respectable Englishman, utterly material and fundamentally selfish, and the eminently unrespectable Irishman, whose rags cover a heart warmed by divine faith and love. As a typical illustration, we may take a few lines from his *Apologia*. 'Mr. Kingsley has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe, in my statement, that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling beggar-woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and reli-

* Bossuet is a sort of exception; but let any one compare the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* with the *Essai sur les Mœurs* and with the later discoveries of modern research, and he will see the utter impossibility of conciliating reason and Romanism in these days.

gious, had a prospect of heaven which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, or lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace; yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord said to the chief priests—"the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."' This certainly favours the notion that truth, honour, justice, conscience, and the like, are mere worldly virtues, the whitewash of the sepulchre; and that chastity and religious faith are spiritual virtues of altogether a different sort of importance. It is the fundamental tenet of Protestantism, though it is not to be found in creeds or text-books, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; that all virtues stand on the same footing; that courage, justice, honour, uprightness, and generosity are as good evidence of Christian grace as chastity or a taste for the practices of religion; and that Dr. Newman's contrast involves an impossible case, as the statesman could no more be just and upright without the grace of God than the beggar-woman could be chaste. Protestants, moreover, would say that as a fact, honourable, upright, and conscientious statesmen, nobles, and lawyers, were usually more chaste and more religious than lazy, ragged, lying, beggars. As to the scriptural quotation, it is singularly unlucky. Dr. Newman's beggar-woman is preferred to the statesman because she is chaste. Were the harlots, who were preferred to the chief-priests, remarkable for chastity? And as to the chief-priests themselves, where did Dr. Newman learn that they were 'just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious?' We know what was said of the class to which they belonged. 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers.' Were these men of honour? 'Ye pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.' Were these men just and upright? 'Ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.' Were these men generous and conscientious? Look, on the other hand, at the summary of human duty in the 15th Psalm, which says not a word of the practices of religion or, as it happens, of chastity: 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.' The man after God's own heart did not altogether share in Dr. Newman's estimate of men who were just, honourable, generous, upright, and conscientious.

The constant glorification of the ascetic life as the highest form of human goodness, the preference of virginity over marriage, the admiration of voluntary mortifications, and the like, do unquestionably tend to depreciate the domestic and civic virtues, to place them on a lower level, and to attach a less degree of criminality to offences against them than the Protestant theories on those subjects. The same causes appear to us to make Dr. Newman very unjust to his fellow-countrymen at large. His notion of English society appears to be that it is selfish, worldly, and godless. It never seems to occur to him that men can honestly believe that God sent them into the world expressly for the purpose of doing the business of the world; that the objects of the statesman, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the shopkeeper, the day labourer, are as sacred as those of the priest; that when the scavenger cleans the street, or the stockbroker sells shares, or the

publican serves his customers, he is discharging a divinely-imposed duty, and playing his part — and an essential part, too — in a divine scheme, as much as a priest administering the sacrament to a dying man. More or less consciously this sort of theory has a deep influence on English society. Much of that gravity and pertinacious energy, which to Dr. Newman seems to be mere systematic greediness, springs from it; and one of the strongest moral objections which Englishmen feel to popery arises from their conviction that it does not do due honour to the common occupations, the common duties, the common objects of life. They think that a system which draws so harsh a line between the Church and the world, and which practically subordinates the Church to the clergy, must and does give the world a low notion of itself and its duties; that it prevents the lazy, ragged, filthy, lying beggar from seeing and feeling that God Almighty meant the world in which she lives to be busy, well dressed, clean, truthful, independent; and that unless she can show her faith by works of that kind, there must be something altogether wrong and rotten about her state of mind, even if she should be chaste, which she is very likely not to be — something as wrong and rotten as there would be in the mind of the accomplished statesman, who, though just and upright, was unchaste. They think, also, that the manners of Roman Catholic countries, as described by Dr. Newman, supplies a most significant illustration of the practical effect of a system which treats people like children, whilst its doctors invent elaborate excuses for their deficiency in the virtues of men.

Another point, on which a few words must be said, bears upon a strange indication which the *Apologia* contains of a sort of turn towards Liberalism on the part of its author. The progress of physical science and its wonderful discoveries have of course attracted Dr. Newman's attention. He seems, on the whole, to take a liberal view on the subject. 'It would ill become me, as if I were afraid of truth of any kind, to blame those who pursue secular facts, by means of the reason which God has given them, to their logical conclusions.' He has been asked by various persons, Catholic and Protestant, to undertake the task of reconciling science and revelation; but 'the highest Catholic authority was against the attempt, . . . and I interpret recent acts of that authority . . . as tying the hands of a controversialist such as I should be.' The divinely-fashioned weapon is not to be brought to bear upon history and geology just yet. The Pope prefers hitting people of his own size, like the impugners of the Immaculate Conception; and for the present thinks it best that nothing should be said about science. Indeed the Church at present rules the reason much as Dogberry and Verges wished the watch to 'comprehend all vagrom men. You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name. But how if he will not stand? Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. If he will not stand when he is bidden he is none of the prince's subjects.' Dr. Newman is glad to be spared the conflict. It seems, from what he says, as if he would have taken the side of the liberal party amongst the Roman Catholics if he had written on the subject—as if he would have been found on the side of the *Home and Foreign Review*, and against Cardinal Wiseman's manifesto.

We should like if possible to part on friendly terms with Dr. Newman. It is impossible to read his books without liking him. Much as we dislike some of his doctrines, there is nothing cruel, nothing bitter, nothing unmanly in what he writes. His mind seems to dart at its opinions in a strange, fantastic way, which sets at defiance all common notions of reasoning; but its operations suggest rather a desperate honesty run away with by a strange, sophisticated ingenuity, than anything discreditable. Where he supposes that truth leads, there he

will go; but his notions of truth are positively bewildering. His opinions appear to us to be dangerous sophistry; but the man himself is better than his opinions, and his writings wring even from a hostile critic a degree of regard and respect, which are not the less sincere because he is not likely (if indeed he ever reads these pages) to care for them, or perhaps to believe that they exist. Perhaps the best thing about him is his inconsistency. He ought by all rules to be a persecutor; but he says, no doubt with perfect truth, that a Spanish *auto da fé* would have been the death of him, and that he could never have borne even to cut off a Puritan's ears. So his wonderful sermon on the Greek Church ends mercifully. The mercy stultifies the theory to which it is appended; but it is mercy, and that is better than any quantity of logical subtlety.

THE WISHING WELL.

Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum!

I.

VOICE of this region fabulous!—
For silent else is all the air,
None else remains to tell to us
The story of the things that were:—

II.

Fair fountain of this valley lone,
That falling with a ceaseless plaint
Into thy cup of sculptured stone,
Speakest of Fairy and of Saint;

III.

For name of either thou hast borne:
Time was Titania found thee played;
And rings by elfish footsteps worn
Still linger in the magic shade.

IV.

But when the Benedictine came,
To build upon these meadows fair,
He called thee by a holier name,
And blessed thy source with book and prayer;

V.

And said the old belief was sin:—
Yet still, so ran the rustic creed,
Strange voices sounded, faint and thin,
By summer nights along the mead.

VI.

And whether it were Saint or Fay,
Blessing or magic, who could tell?—
Men said that virtue in thee lay,
And loved thee as 'the Wishing Well.'

VII.

And still thy chalice carved of stone,
Though old beliefs have passed away,
Though Fairies and though Saints are gone,
Brims with clear crystal day by day.

VIII.

And waiting here an idle while,
And looking with a listless eye,
I see beneath thy waters smile
The changeless azure of the sky:

IX.

The changeless azure flecked with grey,
That was as deep, as fair, as clear,
Or ever down the woodland way
The first wild savage wandered here:—

X.

Or ever man thy dwelling knew,
And, resting on the virgin sod,
Looked wondering on the imaged blue,
And blessed thee as the gift of God.

XI.

And if there still be power in thee
To grant the wishes we conceive;
If it avail implicitly
The old tradition to believe:—

XII.

Give me, fair stream, not gold nor love,
Not fortune high nor wealth of days,
Not strength to rise the crowd above,
Nor the deceit of human praise:

XIII.

But this:—that like thy waters clear,
Though creeds and systems come and go,
Unvexed within a narrow sphere
My life with even stream may flow:

XIV.

May flow, and fill its destined space,
With this at least of blessing given,
Upward to gaze with fearless face,
And mirror back some truth of Heaven!

C. A. L.

NOTES ON DIPLOMACY AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.

By Henry Ottley.

PART II.

THE SO-CALLED 'PREROGATIVE' IN MATTERS OF PEACE AND WAR EXAMINED UPON CONSTITUTIONAL GROUNDS.

WHEN we consider the momentous results which follow upon the diplomatic transactions between States, and more especially the sufferings, disgrace, and losses which have to be borne by the whole body of the State as the consequence of any false, unjust, or unwise step in its policy, it becomes of the utmost importance to determine by what authority such transactions may properly be conducted, and what manner and extent of control the community may constitutionally exercise over it in the execution of its functions.

This is a question upon which men have been accustomed to think but vaguely, and discuss with hesitation and misgiving, as pertaining to some matter which, although directly and palpably affecting their interests, their lives, and their property, they did not see their way very clearly to investigate. They had heard about 'prerogative' and 'diplomacy' as having to do with it—being, in fact, at the very bottom of the matter; and then, when they have ventured to inquire what these mysterious agencies were, and what they were doing, or proposed to do, they have been told, with an admonitory shake of the head, that they were out of order in asking for information which it would not be consistent with the interests of the public service to afford them; the only ostensible representative of the public service with whom people now-a-days are left to transact their differences being the tax-gatherer—whose mission is no mystery;—with the pleasing alternative in the extreme perspective of impeaching the ministers of the day, if they should be proved to have grossly misadvised the Crown in the exercise of its 'undoubted prerogative.'

The exact position of the case in these matters, according to existing usage, was pretty clearly defined some months ago, at the very time when the country was in the first paroxysm of agitation and disappointment at the recent failure of justice and outrage upon common sense in the Danish affair. On the 11th of April, a few days before the meeting of the London Conference, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, inquired of Lord Palmerston whether, in the event of any engagements being made by the plenipotentiaries, 'they would be submitted to the consideration of Parliament, so as to obtain the sanction of Parliament before ratification by the Crown?' To this the noble Premier replied, that 'with regard to the function of negotiating and making treaties with foreign powers, the function' is known to be clearly with the Crown, acting under the advice of its responsible ministers;' and adding, 'if the case should arrive which is contemplated by my right honourable friend, I am not aware that we should not deem it our duty to adhere strictly to the spirit and practice of the Constitution.' Being again pressed by Mr. Horsman, who 'did not wish to derogate from the prerogative of the Crown,' as to 'whether, before tendering their advice to the Crown in this matter, the Government would give to Parliament the opportunity of concurring in it?' Lord Palmerston said 'he took the question to mean whether, if the plenipotentiary of England at the Conference should agree to any engagement on the part of this country, it would be communicated to Parliament before being ratified?' adding, in further explanation, 'my right honourable friend must be aware that by international usage the only ground upon which a sovereign can refuse to ratify engagements made by a duly authorized plenipotentiary, acting, of course, under instructions, is, that he has entered

into such engagements either without instructions, or against instructions.'

Here are three distinct positions laid down:—1st, that the Crown alone has the function of making engagements with foreign powers, and that through the medium of duly appointed plenipotentiaries, and with the advice of its responsible advisers; 2ndly, that an engagement entered into by such duly appointed plenipotentiary can only be refused ratification on the ground of its having been made contrary to his instructions; and, 3rdly, that the nation, through Parliament, has, by 'the spirit and practice of the Constitution,' no right to a consultative voice in the matter, nor to be informed of it until after ratification, when the only remedy for any wrong done, would be against the individuals who happened in their official capacity to have advised the Crown in the matter.

Against the law thus laid down we venture very respectfully to tender exceptions. We admit that all that the noble Premier stated is, with some slight occasional exceptions, conformable with the 'international usage,' and 'the practice of the Constitution,' which has prevailed for many years past—in fact, for so long a time that probably the noble lord's official memory goeth not to the contrary. But we submit, and shall endeavour to show, that it is not in accordance with the 'spirit' of the Constitution as it existed for centuries before that time, nor even with 'the practice,' under his lordship's immediate predecessors in office. To clear the way for our argument, a historical retrospect is necessary.

An opinion very generally prevails that the middle, or, as they are sometimes called, the 'dark' ages, were periods when popular liberties were entirely unknown, when despotic princes ruled in undisputed ascendancy, and that what liberties exist in certain favoured countries at the present day have been gradually acquired by the valour and wisdom of their ancestors, and are to be accepted as exceptional to their normal condition of absolute enslavement. Nothing, however, can be further from the truth than such a view of the case; the original condition of the principal nations of Europe formed after the disruption of the Roman Empire, and more particularly after the time of Charlemagne, being one of freedom, in the broadest and fullest sense of the word—a proud position, which became impaired in subsequent ages, and in greater or less degree, by the undue encroachments of the monarchical principle. Amongst the ancient Germans, the founders of Gothic institutions in most of the States of Central and Western Europe, their kings and chiefs were always elective, and endowed with very limited powers;—all great questions of State, and particularly those of peace and war, being decided by the free voice of the popular assembly. Nor did this elective principle, or at least the right of recognition by the States, cease altogether to be acknowledged until periods more or less advanced. In England it was not until the middle of the thirteenth century that the Crown lawyers recognized the principle of strict hereditary descent;—and this was interrupted by the authority of Parliament in 1688, and again in 1700, by the Act of Settlement; in virtue and subject to the restrictions of which, her present Majesty occupies the throne.

Passing hastily in review other States, we find that in Germany, to begin with, the Emperor's authority was always extremely restricted, particularly in the matter of war and alliances, wherein he was strictly under the control of the Diet. A striking instance of this occurred in the reign of Maximilian I., when he wished to undertake an expedition into Italy, to oppose the invading forces of Charles VIII. of France, of course 'in the general interests of Europe.' The Diet, having patiently listened to all his arguments and appeals, declared a great indifference for all theoretical notions of 'the balance of power;' and, looking to the requirements of the home government as of the first importance, 'declared their re-

solution not to grant any supply of men or money till the internal peace of Germany was secured;'—and Maximilian, to his great annoyance, was compelled to abandon the war policy upon which his heart was set. The Treaty of Westphalia destroyed the strength and unity of Germany by reason chiefly of the right conferred upon princes of making war and peace; and the case was shortly afterwards aggravated by a decree of the Diet in 1653, which conferred upon them the power of imposing taxes on their subjects without appeal to the Imperial tribunals. Still, as concerned general interests, the authority of the Diet remained uninterrupted; and it is worthy of remark that the Diet of Ratisbon, which was convened by Leopold I. in 1663, in order to obtain succour against the Turks, and to settle one or two other matters, was prolonged by repeated adjournments, until it eventually became permanent, and continued to sit as the deliberative assembly of the empire till the dissolution of the latter in 1806.

Hungary and Bohemia had in early times their full share of independence.* By the capitulation of Matthias with the Hungarian States (1615), it was stipulated that there should be no measure of peace or war without the consent of the Diet, and this was ratified by Ferdinand and his successors. In Denmark the Crown continued to be elective down to the year 1660, and with very limited powers, all relating to peace and war being in the States. The principle of limited monarchy prevails in Sweden to this day; and in Poland the monarchy was elective, and restricted, till its extinction towards the end of the last century.

In Spain we find the original rights of the people as strongly marked as in any other part of the world; and, in certain respects, they continued to be exercised longer than amongst any of their neighbours, the English alone excepted. The crowns of Castile, Leon, and Aragon were, in those sturdy early times, strictly elective; the election being pronounced by the barons in the last-named country in these words: 'We, who are as good as you, choose you for our king and lord, provided that you guard and observe our laws and privileges; but not otherwise.'* In Castile it was not until about the eleventh century that the right of hereditary succession was clearly admitted; and the form of recognizing the heir-apparent's title, in an assembly of the Cortes, has continued until our own time. As regards State affairs, a law of Alphonso XI., in 1328, provides that in 'the arduous affairs of our kingdom the counsel of our natural subjects is necessary, especially of the deputies from our cities and towns; therefore we ordain and command that on such great occasions the Cortes shall be assembled, and counsel shall be taken of the three estates of our kingdoms, as the kings our forefathers have been used to do.' Amongst other instances of the interference of the Cortes in 'the arduous affairs of the kingdom,' may be mentioned the conduct of the Cortes of Ocana, who in 1469 remonstrated with Henry IV. for allying himself with England rather than with France, and averred that 'according to the laws of your kingdom, when the kings have anything of great importance in hand, they ought not to undertake it without the advice and knowledge of the chief towns and cities of your kingdom.' And the same claim to national dignity and independence was asserted in the outlying dependencies of the Spanish peninsula. When James, son of Peter III., succeeded to the throne of Aragon, he, with a view to making peace with France, took upon him to ratify a renunciation of Sicily in favour of Charles II. of Anjou, King of Naples

* Mr. Hallam says that he does 'not much believe the authenticity of this form of words,' taking the hint from Robertson (*Charles V.*); but both admit that it is 'sufficiently agreeable to the spirit of the old government.' Burlamaqui quotes it from Puffendorff, and argues upon it as if he found no reason to question its genuineness. Robertson, also, in his second edition, says that the words of the oath are given by Antonio Perez, 'a most respectable authority.'

(A.D. 1295). But the spirit of the inhabitants revolted against being assigned over, like a flock of sheep, by virtue of a mere slip of paper; renounced their allegiance to the King of Aragon, and placed the crown on the head of his brother Frederick; and after five years' fighting, maintained ther right to do so.

In France, from the earliest times we find the same principle in force. Charles the Bald, the first king, was compelled by the nobles (A.D. 851) to promise not to transact any State affairs without their consent. Nor was this an empty promise. Louis VII., in 1146, convened a congress of nobles—the first time that the term 'Parliament' was applied to such a meeting—when he set forth a project for a crusade, which was agreed to. But when Pope Innocent IV., during his contest with the Emperor, requested of St. Louis an asylum in France, that king did not feel authorized to permit it without consulting the barons, who, being convened upon the matter, refused their assent. John assembled the States-General in 1355 and 1356, immediately before and after the battle of Poitiers, by whom, in the first-named year, a committee was formed out of the three orders, whom the King bound himself to consult not only as to the internal arrangements of his administration, but upon any propositions of peace or armistice with England; deputies being, moreover, appointed to collect the subsidies granted by the States, and to see to their application. This, it may be urged, and with justice, was a somewhat exceptional case, and these assumptions of power, censured as usurpation, 'if,' as Mr. Hallam says, 'the peculiar emergency in which France was then placed, did not permit their defence.' 'But,' he adds, 'if it be true that the kingdom was reduced to the utmost danger and exhaustion, as much by malversation of its government as by the armies of Edward III., who will deny its representatives the right of ultimate sovereignty, and of suspending at last the royal prerogatives, by the abuse of which they were falling to destruction?' With all deference to the authority of this able and philosophic writer, we think that, when offering this apologetic explanation, he hardly reflected upon the result to which the principle it recognized must ultimately lead—that of a sovereignty in the people superior to that of the Crown, and capable of being exercised without recourse to the *ultima ratio* of a revolution. In subsequent reigns, as the power of the Crown increased at the expense of that of the nobles, the States-General were less frequently convened, the provincial estates being resorted to in preference, for the one purpose of obtaining supplies. And in course of time, as under Charles VII. and Louis XI., even this formality was considered unnecessary, taxes being levied by the arbitrary authority of the Crown. But these assumptions of power did not pass without remark and protest. Philip de Comines, in his Memoirs, denounced the levying of taxes without the free concession of the people as an act of tyranny and violence, adding: 'It may be objected that in some cases there may not be time to assemble them, and that war will bear no delay; but I reply that such haste ought not to be made, and there will be time enough; and I tell you that princes are more powerful and more dreaded by their enemies when they undertake anything with the consent of their subjects.'

It is not our purpose to trace the story of national degradation through all its phases, till it arrived at the lowest point of abasement under Louis XIV., who assumed to absolute monarchy in its most unrestricted sense. A course of Public Law, drawn up at this time, for the perusal of the Duke of Burgundy, under the direction of De Torcy, defines this position of affairs as follows:—'France is a monarchical State in the utmost extent of the term. The King represents the whole nation, and any other person represents only a single individual with respect to the King. The nation does not exist as a body in France. The whole nation resides in the person of the King.' And the 'Grand Monarque' him-

self synopsized this *idée* when, in reply to some magistrate who spoke about the State, declared '*L'Etat c'est moi.*' Nor was it in France only that in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the old constitutional liberties of peoples were undermined and destroyed, and the despotic power of the sovereign built upon their ruins. In Spain and its dependencies, and in most of the states of Italy, this was the case; and in the next century the princes of Germany had attained to a similar position with regard to their respective subjects, and in their international arrangements.

Meantime, in England, however, the ancient constitutional liberties which she had derived from a common source with her neighbours still survived, and were asserted with boldness, dignity, and authority against all opposition, whether under internal or external influences. The story of these events, and the assertion of the principles which they involve, will be read with all the freshness of novelty by many persons at the present day; they are, however, to be found in the authentic annals of Parliament, and in the writings of the most eminent jurists who have figured in public affairs from the earliest times. Let us discuss the question upon grounds of theory first, which, if we mistake not, will present so strong a contrast to what has recently been accepted as the rule of practice, as to involve an anomaly almost incomprehensible. It would seem in the highest degree inconsistent that a people who claim the right of exercising through their representatives a controlling voice over all matters of domestic policy, from the regulation of the succession to the Crown down to the merest parish road bill, should have no deliberative authority in that which concerns the honour of the country before the world, the sacrifice of thousands of lives, and the expenditure of millions of treasure. It seems in the last degree absurd that the Crown should have the barren privilege of declaring war when it cannot put a single soldier afoot, nor a single ship afloat, without the previous consent of Parliament; and that it should claim the power of concluding a war which the State, by its representatives, had sanctioned and afforded the means of prosecuting, without reference to the opinion of the latter upon the terms of accommodation conditioned. Yet all these things are insisted upon in virtue of 'prerogative;' and secrecy in carrying them out, as essential to prerogative.

The subject is beset with difficulties and contradictions: let us see if we can reconcile them upon some rational and practical basis. And, to this end, let us not quarrel about words: let us agree with Lord Palmerston that 'the function' is with the Crown to order all matters of peace and war, and other relations with foreign States. But, admitting this, upon what ground, and in what sense, do we do so? Upon considerations of public convenience only, which vest all other executive functions in the Sovereign as head of the State;—but vest them not as an absolute personal property, but as a delegated trust.

What says Blackstone, who surely cannot be charged with underrating the prerogatives and splendour of the Crown in any one point? He says: 'With regard to foreign concerns the King is the *delegate* or representative of his people.' And for what reason so delegated? Because 'it is impossible that the individuals of a State, in their collective capacity, can transact the affairs of that State with another community equally numerous as themselves. Unanimity must be wanting to their measures, and strength to the execution of their counsels. In the King, therefore, as in a centre, *all the rays of his people are united*, and form *by that union* a consistency, splendour, and power that make him feared and respected by foreign potentates, who would scruple to enter into any engagement that must *afterwards be revised or ratified* by a popular assembly. What is done by the royal authority,' he adds, 'with regard to foreign powers, *is the act of the whole nation.*' And again, in another place he says: 'It is held by all the

writers on the law of nature and nations, that the *right of making war, which by nature subsisted in every individual,* is given up by all persons that enter into society, and is invested in the sovereign power.' And, quoting Grotius, he goes on to show that the declaration of war, coming from such sovereign power, is 'not so much that the enemy may be put upon his guard, but that it may be certainly clear that the war is not undertaken by private persons, but *by the* WILL *of the whole community.*'

Can anything be clearer, from all this, than that the Sovereign acts in these matters as the organ or mouthpiece of the whole nation, having previously ascertained its 'will?' For whilst the right to this 'will' is declared, it is, as will be recollected, pointedly remarked what inconvenience would result if engagements were made with foreign powers which 'must *afterwards* be revised and ratified by a popular assembly.'

Vattel says: '*The sovereign who possesses the full and absolute authority* has, doubtless, a right to treat in the name of the State he represents; and his engagements are binding on the whole nation. But all rulers of States have not the power to make public treaties by their own authority alone: some are obliged to take the advice of a senate, or of the representatives of the nation. It is from the fundamental laws of each State that we must learn where resides the authority that is capable of contracting with validity in the name of the State.' And in another place he mentions that 'the Kings of England, whose power is in other respects so limited, have the right of making peace and war;' qualifying, however, this statement in a note, in which he observes, what we have already referred to, that 'as the King of England cannot, without the concurrence of Parliament, either raise money or compel his subjects to take up arms, his right of making war is in fact but a *slender prerogative,* unless Parliament second him with supplies.' He does not attempt further to reconcile an obvious incongruity in the very idea of a right or prerogative—call it what you please—which is not operative without the consent of other parties in the State.

It is worthy of remark that none of the earlier authorities on constitutional law—as Glanville, Fleta, Bracton, Britton, Littleton, Fortescue, Fitzherbert, Coke, &c.—when treating of the King's rights or prerogatives, make any mention of matters of peace and war as coming within them. On the contrary, there are many passages in their writings which seem distinctly to recognize a general subjection of the will of the sovereign to the law and the acknowledged representatives of the national will, to such an extent as would be almost inconsistent with the idea of any prerogative at all in matters of international arrangement. Nothing can be stronger, for instance, than the passage in Bracton, who was a judge in Henry III.'s time, where he reckons as superior to the King, 'not only God and the law, by which he is made King, but his court of earls and barons; for the former (*comites*) are so styled as associates of the King, and whosoever has an associate has a master; so that if the King was without a bridle—that is, the law—they ought to put a bridle upon him;'—or than what Sir John Fortescue, Chancellor under Henry VI., writes, in his *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ,* a work addressed to the Prince of Wales: 'Thus you know, sir, the formal institutions of any political kingdom, from whence you may guess at the power which the King may exercise with respect to the laws and his subjects. For he is appointed to protect his subjects in their lives, properties, and laws; and for this very end and purpose he has delegation of power from the people; and he has no claim to any other power but this.' Coke, whilst, in common with the other legal worthies above mentioned, he is silent as to any royal prerogative or right in matters of peace and war, goes as plainly as words can express it to allot that right and duty to Parliament. Speaking of matters of Parliament, he says: 'They are

touching the King, the state of the kingdom of England, and the defence of the kingdom,' &c.; and remarks that 'these words of the writ, the state and defence of the kingdom, are large words, and include the rest;' and that they are called '*ad faciendum et consentiendum super Negocitis antidictis.*' To have done with authorities on this head, we have one still more conclusive, who wrote in the reign of the good Queen Bess, the most imperious sovereign that had yet reigned in England. John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London—and his promotion may, we think, be taken as tacit evidence of approval of his doctrine—wrote an answer to a book by John Knox, against female monarchy, entitled, *Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*; in the course of which the worthy divine has this remarkable passage:—'If, on the other part, the regiment were such as all hanged on the King's or Queen's will, and not upon the laws written; if she might decree and make laws alone without her senate; if she judged offences according to her wisdom, and not by limitations of statutes and laws; *if she might dispose alone of war and peace*; if, to be short, she were a mere monarch, and not a mixed ruler, you might peradventure make me to fear the matter the more, and the less to defend the cause.'

We now proceed to examine how far these statements of principle have been practically borne out, as testified by the early chroniclers and by the records of Parliament. In this branch of our inquiries, as regards the earlier periods of history, we find ourselves much beholden to a curious volume entitled, *Essays upon*—1. *The 'Ballance of Power';* 2. *The Right of making War, Peace, and Alliances; and*, 3. *Universal Monarchy*, published anonymously in 1701, but which proceeded from the pen of Mr. Charles Davenant, LL.D., an able statistical and political writer, whose works, including these essays, were afterwards (1771) collected in five volumes, edited by Sir Charles Whitworth. This writer contends that from the earliest times, down to a then comparatively recent period, neither in France, Spain, or England, 'kings ever pretended to make war or peace without the consent of their people assembled for that purpose,' and implies that the suggestions of a contrary practice 'were started by modern flatterers, who hoped to promote themselves by advancing the prerogative beyond the intention of our laws.'*

Recurring now to the authentic facts of history, we find that William the Conqueror, when meditating the invasion of England, 'consulted his barons and great men of Normandy, and with their advice

* These Essays were written at a time when the ancient constitutional rights of the people, in State affairs, exercised through their representatives, had been more than once seriously attacked, and to some extent encroached upon; the most recent instance of the kind being the famous Partition Treaties which William III. had prepared of his own authority without the previous knowledge of any of his ministers, except Lord Jersey. The author's strictures gave great umbrage to the Court party, who, in the same year, issued a brochure entitled *Animadversions on a late Factious Book, entitled, &c., and a Letter* [signed L. L. D. F.] *containing a censure upon the said Book, wherein the King, the Ministry, and the Church of England are cleared from the malicious aspersions cast upon them by the enemies of this Government.* The style of 'censure' adopted by this writer may be judged of by the following specimens:—'The King's honour is so closely twisted with the reputation of his ministers that the very calling his choice of them in question is a scandalous reflection on his prudence and judgment, and for any private man publicly to arraign their actions is a factious attempt that merits the reprehension of the law. . . . A private man who is a member of the Honourable the House of Common has all the freedom to propose, and argue for or against, what he thinks conducive to the common good or safety; but is it lawful for a private man who is not a member of that House publicly to arraign and expose their proceedings? Is not such presumption interpreted a punishable misdemeanor? And upon a parity of reason, is it not a criminal boldness in a private man to call the King and his ministers to account, outrageously to censure their actions, and expose the arcana of the State to derision and contempt?'

undertook the expedition.' The peace which William Rufus made with his brother Robert was 'sworn by twelve barons of each nation;' and a similar ceremony was gone through in regard to the peace between Henry I. and the same Robert. Under Stephen a similar case might be cited. Under Henry II., when some differences between the Kings of Castile and Navarre were referred to him for arbitration, 'the King did not think fit to make any determination upon this point but in his high Court of Parliament, when he ordered the ambassadors to deliver what they had to say,' after which 'the earls and barons of the Royal Court of England adjudged plenary satisfaction to be made,' &c.

On the other hand, John comes as a bad exception: his shameful surrender of himself and the nation as vassals and tributaries of the Pope having been made without consulting the barons and great men of the kingdom; the Pope, in return, assisting the son of that tyrant, Henry III., in all his attempted invasions of the liberties of the people. But Parliament was not backward in retaliating, and when Henry III. twice called them together for the purpose of obtaining supplies, they twice refused them. The last of these occasions was in respect of a war with France, in which he had become engaged of his own authority; when the barons told him that 'he had undertaken it unadvisedly; and that his Parliament wondered he could undertake so difficult and dangerous a business without their advice and assent.'

Edward III., in the course of his long reign, called together no less than sixteen Parliaments to advise with them on matters of war, peace, and alliances. In the fifth year of his reign he called a Parliament to consult upon the whole state of his differences with the King of France, asking their advice whether he should refer them to arbitration, or treat amicably with him, or proceed to open war. 'The prelates, earls, barons, and other great men,' thereupon advised in favour of a treaty; and the King, in Parliament, and with its consent, named the commissioners for this treaty, 'and part of their powers and business were there prescribed to them.' In the twenty-eighth year of the same reign we read of 'a treaty depending and in good forwardness, which the King could not complete without the assent of the Lords and Commons;' when the Commons being modestly disposed to leave the matter to the wisdom of the King and the Lords, expressing their approval beforehand of whatever they might decide upon, 'this was thought not to be a sufficient consent.' And they were again asked by the Lord Chamberlain, 'Do you then assent to a treaty of perpetual peace?' when they replied unanimously in the affirmative. To show that these submissions to parliamentary authority were not mere matters of form, we have a case in the thirty-sixth year of the same reign, when an offer of peace from Robert Bruce of Scotland, being referred to the Lords, they unanimously answered 'they could not assent to it, as prejudicial to the King's crown.'

In the seventh year of the reign of Richard II. we meet with a rather curious case, in which the reason is alleged why the people should be consulted not only before making war, but in making peace also. A treaty with France was on the *tapis*; but the Chancellor, Michael de la Pole, told both Houses 'that the King, out of tender love to his people, and *in consideration of the great expenses they had been at during the war*, would not finally conclude the peace without their assent and knowledge, though he might do it because (as it was conceived) France was the King's own proper inheritance, and not belonging to the Crown of England.' And then he declared 'that the King desired and earnestly charged them carefully to examine and consider the said articles in relation to this treaty, and advise what was best to be done for the kingdom's honour and advantage.' In the course of the discussions which followed there was considerable difference of opinion upon one of the articles of the proposed treaty, by which the King was to hold the province of Guienne of the

Crown of France by service and homage, in regard to which the Commons 'hoped that their liege Lord would not easily agree to hold by the like service the town of Calais, and other lands which had been conquered of the French by the sword.' In the end, however, the Commons gave way, and 'with protestation that they may not be hereafter charged as having advised in this matter, and that they shall not bear the blame of having counselled one way or the other, agree in their answer with the prelates and lords in every point; and this and no other answer than what the prelates and lords made do they give.' In the eighteenth year of the same reign a Parliament was called, one of the purposes of which was declared in the summons to be 'how the wars, which by assent of Parliament were begun, should be continued.' It is under this misguided and unfortunate monarch, however, in the twentieth year of his reign, that we meet with the first instance of an attempt to carry out a foreign armed expedition without the authority of Parliament. The projected expedition was to be made towards Lombardy, on behalf of the King of France, Richard's cousin and father-in-law. And although the Commons were officially informed 'of the King's gracious intention that by this expedition neither the Commons nor kingdom should be in any ways bound or charged: yet, notwithstanding, they pray, and make their protestation, that as the King, by his own authority and will, had granted the said expedition, so they hoped, that by it or by anything which hereafter might happen upon it, they may not be made parties, nor in any way endammaged.' To this address the King, 'with his own mouth,' made a long reply, explaining his reasons for the expedition, which were chiefly those of securing and increasing the friendship of the French king, and concluding by declaring 'that he will be at large and at liberty to command his people, and send them in aid of his friends; and to dispose of his own goods at his will and as often as he pleased.' It was, probably, the second Richard's *arrière pensée* in seeking for this closer union with France, as it was that of the second Charles three centuries later, to secure the means of suppressing the liberties of his subjects, and submitting them to his arbitrary will. But no precedent can be accepted from the proceedings of such a king. His successor, Henry IV., in the very first year of his reign, and repeatedly afterwards, summoned Parliaments 'to have their advice' about expeditions he had in contemplation, and as to treaties about to be made. In the reign of Henry V. we read of an alliance with Sigismund, King of the Romans, which 'was confirmed, approved of, and ratified by Parliament' in these words: 'Be it known, &c.: Our most sovereign Lord aforesaid, willing that the said alliance may be perpetual, and the matters contained in the said letters patent having been *duly and solemnly debated in this Parliament*, &c., by their common assent and consent in the said Parliament, and *by authority of the same*, they did ratify, approve, confirm,' &c. And in the ninth of Henry VI. was passed an Act of Parliament authorizing negotiations for peace with France, Spain, and Scotland in these words: 'That it is ordained and advised by the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, being in this present Parliament, that my Lords of Bedford and Gloucester, and my Lord Cardinal, and others of the King's blood and of his council, may treat of peace on the King's behalf with the said parties or any other.' In the reign of Edward IV. we find frequent applications to Parliament in these matters. Richard III., in his short reign, had no foreign wars, and summoned but one Parliament.

Under the Tudors, who conceded nothing that concerned their prerogative, the authority of Parliament in State affairs was never disputed. In the reign of Henry VII. a Parliament was called, A.D. 1488, to which the Lord Chancellor addressed a long statement of the position of affairs abroad, concluding: 'Therefore by this narrative

you now understand the state of the question whereupon the King prayeth your advice, which is no other than whether he shall enter into an auxiliary defensive war for the Brittons against France?' Parliament, in reply, not only advised the espousal of the cause of the Duke of Brittany, but unanimously voted the King a large supply for the purpose. And again in 1492, the same king, when he pretended an intention to make war against France, summoned another Parliament, whom he addressed thus: 'My Lords, and you the Commons, when I purposed to make a war in Britanie by my lieutenant, I made a declaration thereof to you by my Chancellor;—but now that I mean to make war upon France in person, I will declare it to you myself;' ending by saying, 'Go together in God's name, and lose no time, for I have called this Parliament wholly for this cause.' After which, we are told, 'the Parliament, with great alacrity, advised the King to undertake the war.'

In the fourth year of Henry VIII. we read that 'the session was opened by William of Warcham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who showed how the French king would do no justice in restoring to the King his right inheritance; wherefore, from lack of justice, peace must of necessity be turned into war.' In this Parliament was granted two-fifteenths of the temporalty, and of the clergy two-tenths. After which 'it was concluded by the whole body of the realm, in the High Court of Parliament assembled, that war should be made on the French king and his dominions; and an Act was thereupon made.'

In the reign of Mary we meet with the first serious breach between the Crown and Parliament, and it was entirely owing to foreign influences. The House of Commons had in 1553 presented an humble and earnest address to the Queen, praying her not to marry a stranger; but copious bribery, by means of money sent over for the purpose by Charles V., was used to induce the most influential members to give their votes for the marriage with Philip of Spain, who thereafter had it all his own way during his stay here. Nevertheless, 'when dangers came to press from abroad,'—after the loss of Calais, Parliament was again resorted to (November 7th, 1558), when 'the Queen sent for the Speaker of the House of Commons, and ordered him to open to them the ill condition the nation was in: for though there was a treaty begun at Cambray, yet it was necessary to put the kingdom in a posture of defence in case it should miscarry.' This 'gracious message,' however, in the temper of the times, met with but little favour: for 'the Commons were now so dissatisfied that they would come to no resolution.'. And again, a week afterwards, when the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the Duke of Norfolk, and several other spiritual and temporal peers, whose names it is unnecessary to recapitulate, 'came down to the House of Commons, and sate in the place of the House where the Privy Councillors used to sit,' they met with but a sorry reception. 'The Speaker left his chair, and he, with the Privy Councillors that were of the House, came and sate on low benches before them. The Chancellor showed the necessity of granting a subsidy to defend the nation both from the French and the Scots: when he had done the Lords withdrew: but though the Commons entered both that and the two following days into debate, they came to no issue in their consultations.' The Queen's death put an abrupt termination to this lame proceeding.

Of Queen Elizabeth, Davenant says: 'She had such an absolute dominion over the hearts of her people that she did what she pleased with both Houses of Parliament. It being notorious that she drove at no interest distinct from that of the Commonwealth, she was suffered to pursue the measures tending to the public good in her own method.' But when he adds: 'No wonder, then, if we find her making peace and war, and entering into foreign leagues and alliances without advising with the

great council of the kingdom,' we think he is a little out of book, exaggerating the imperious and unsympathizing character attributed to that sovereign beyond the actual truth—a view in which succeeding writers of eminence, who have been accepted as the instructors of our youth in the history of their country, have unhappily concurred.* It is true that in the first year of her reign she concluded the treaty of peace with France, which she found under negotiation at her accession, without, apparently, consulting Parliament upon the terms; being the only important act of the kind we are aware of in her reign, which was unmarked by war for many years. But when the country was threatened by her bigoted foreign enemies, how did she act? Though neither Davenant nor Hume mention the fact, the Parliamentary history gives the account of three Parliaments in which matters of this sort were discussed. In 1587 we read how Sir Christopher Hatton opened to the Parliament the whole affair indicative to the threatened Spanish invasion, and argued that 'the purpose was to bring the Low Countries into a monarchical seat, and then, *væ nobis.*' The Chancellor of the Exchequer then showed 'that the great preparations of war which was thought fit speedily to be thought of and provided, would grow changeable, and therefore thought it fit that the House should appoint a convenient number to set down articles for a subsidy; whereupon all the Privy Council being of this House, the first knight of every shire, and others, were appointed to meet in the Exchequer Chamber.' Again, in opening a new Parliament in the following year, Sir C. Hatton, in the presence of the Queen, recited the circumstances of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and suggested the spirit of revenge it would arouse in Spain; adding, 'this is the great cause of summoning this Parliament, that in this most full assembly of the wisest and most prudent persons, called together from all parts of this kingdom, as far as human counsel may advise a diligent preparation may be made, that arms and forces and money may be in readiness, and that our navy, which is the greatest bulwark of this kingdom, may be repaired, manned, and fitted out for all events with all expedition.' In the result a large supply was granted. And, again, in the Parliament of 1592-93 we read that Lord Burleigh made a long address on the perils of the nation, and of France, consequent upon the ambition of Spain, concluding by 'referring the consideration thereof to the whole three estates, whereof two are in this place, how the same danger may be withstood, and by what provision her Majesty and realm may be preserved in domestic peace: adding, 'and because it is all our parts and duties, first to God and then to our sovereign head, and to our native country, to apply all our endeavours, being every one called to this place, by special commandments, in express words, upon consideration of the hardness of the business, and the perils imminent, *to treat with her Majesty, and with the prelates and great men of the realm, and to give our counsels,* so as it is convenient for us all;—first, to consider the perils, and then to give the counsel.' After debate a

* Hume, speaking of the opening of the Parliament in 1571, says, 'that the Lord Keeper Bacon, after the Speaker of the Commons was elected, told the Parliament in the Queen's name that she enjoined them not to meddle in any matters of State; such was his expression, by which he probably meant the question of the Queen's marriage and the succession, about which they had before given her some uneasiness.' And this probably is a correct view of the case. But what are we to think of his knowledge of history when in the next sentence he proceeds to say: 'For as to other great points of government, alliances, peace and war, or foreign associations, *no Parliament in that age ever presumed to take them under consideration,* or question, in these particulars, the conduct of their sovereign or of his ministers?' What must have been his notion of the constitutional liberties of England during the five preceding centuries, when in another passage, we find him speaking of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as the period of 'the dawn of liberty?'

committee was appointed 'to deliberate and consult in what proportion they might relieve her Majesty with subsidies in respect of these many and great enemies against whose power and malice she was to provide, and prepare for necessary defence and preservation of her realm and dominions.'

Without wishing to lay too much stress upon these transactions, we think we are justified in holding, that due allowance being made for the peculiarities of the times, and the character of the principal personages, more especially the Queen herself, they are sufficiently in harmony with all that had gone before in the State history of the country, to be included with them in the same category; and such being the case, we find that, with rare and insignificant exceptions, 'the spirit and the practice of the constitution' of this country, during more than five centuries, when it was governed by native-born sovereigns, was to submit measures of war, peace, and alliance to the wisdom of Parliament before they were carried out, and while it was yet time to advise and decide upon them.

But with Elizabeth the true glory of free and independent England ends; from that date she becomes entangled by connexions, which, for good or ill, have materially influenced the external policy of the Government. It is a serious objection to the law allowing of female succession, in States where it prevails to the full extent, that on failure of direct heirs, it introduces foreign collateral branches to reign over the nation, with which from the beginning they can have little sympathy, and whose interests must often be conflicting with others which the sovereign brings over with him. England has suffered, perhaps, more than any other country in this respect: first, by the advent of the House of Stuart, claiming, by female descent from Henry VII.; and secondly, by that of the House of Hanover, boasting very remote female descent from the Stuarts.* It would be curious to imagine what might have been the future of England, if Elizabeth, in acquiescence with the frequent appeals of her Parliament, had married and had offspring;—married even a native-born subject as her own mother was,—some honest Englishman of gentle blood, or even some indifferent honest Welshman, as her great-grandmother did. But let us not speculate on the breeding of princes. Suffice it that James I. (V. of Scotland), who was a very mighty man in his own opinion, succeeded to the throne of these realms with ideas of prerogative, very consonant, perhaps, with what was acknowledged in his own country, as yet but little advanced in civilization and the stages towards freedom, but very different from all that had hitherto prevailed in this southern realm. These notions on the part of the founder of our Stuarts were probably owing to some absurd notion he had got into his head as to the original conditions of the Scottish monarchy; inasmuch as in his *Discourse on the True Law of Free Monarchies*, he contended that the kings of Scotland did not owe their crown to any primary contract with the people, Fergus, their progenitor, having conquered the country with his Irish; and assumed therefore arbitrary power in all things, benevolently observing that 'although a good king will frame all his actions to be according to the law, yet he is not bound thereto, but of his own free-will, and for example-giving to his subjects.' But why should he seek to apply these doctrines to England, where the crown was and is held by election and consent of the people, and

* It is not so everywhere. Strangers cannot succeed to the throne of France: and it is a remarkable circumstance that Corsica became a French territory in the very year and on the very day that the elder Napoleon was born (Aug. 15, 1769); and that the present Emperor, but for the accident of his being born at the Tuileries, would probably in natural course have been a Dutchman. In Portugal a stranger-born cannot reign by right of blood; at least such was the old law,—we will not discuss how far it may have been suspended by the accession of the late Queen. In Russia, a law, made at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, excludes any heir who may possess another monarchy.

where the king, according to Bracton and Fortescue, and all our old judicial worthies, is but the exponent of, and as such subject to, the law?

We need not go over the details of the silly and protracted contest which James had with his Parliament on the matter of prerogative; suffice it to say, that although no conclusive result was authoritatively arrived at in favour of the Parliamentary right, that right was by no means conceded. This much is certain—that although his Majesty in the first instance roughly rebuked the Parliament for meddling with the proposed Spanish alliance, and other foreign questions, as 'matters above their reach,' he afterwards was fain to 'crave their advice' in these very matters; as the result of which we find it recorded that 'both Houses concurred that the King *could not with honour and safety proceed in the treaties with Spain*, and to fortify the same, the Commons gave their reasons, and presented them to the King.' After which we read that 'the King bid them show him the means *how he might do what they would have him*, and the money should be disposed of by their own deputies.' And he further promised, 'that though war and peace were the peculiar prerogative of kings,' (a saving clause like the 'without prejudice' in a lawyer's letter,) 'he *would not treat nor accept of peace without first consulting them.*' Nor was this all. After some further discussion, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Buckingham came down and announced to Parliament 'that the King had declared to them that he was satisfied in honour and conscience he might in this case undertake a war; but for the *manner of declaring it, he would take the Parliament's advice.*'

In the year following, Charles I. came to the throne, and at the very first meeting of Parliament went over all the heads of existing foreign relations, and '*left them all to their consideration*;' at the same time suggesting to them, 'that as they had led his father into it (the war), so their assistance should not now be wanting.'

Passing over the remainder of this reign, if such a term may be properly applied to the later career of this unhappy prince; passing over also the exceptional period of the Commonwealth, we come to that of Charles II., in the course of which the old battle about prerogative was actively renewed: the King asserting that the sole right of making peace and war lay with him; the Commons, on the contrary, representing 'that Parliament had a right to be consulted in matters that relate to peace, war, and alliances;' and they were sometimes consulted in such matters, and when they were not, they insisted upon tendering their advice, in spite of all the influences of threats and flattery by which it was sought to silence them. In 1677, for instance, they advised the King 'not to make any peace with France, but such as should reduce the French to the terms of the Pyrrenean Treaty,' which called forth an angry answer, suggesting 'prerogative,' but ending in smoke. Next year, when various reports of sinister intentions against the Protestant religion were rife, the Lord Chancellor Nottingham, who had no participation in any such projects, came before Parliament, and 'gave an account of what leagues and treaties were perfected *or in agitation*, and declared that the King desired the advice of his Parliament thereon.' The Commons, in pursuance of this invitation, desired to see these leagues and treaties, 'which was granted.' The advice which they gave in regard to them not being palatable to the Court, an answer was returned that 'the King having asked the advice of both Houses, he would take no resolutions without the Lords' concurrent advice.' The Commons resented this, by advising the King to remove the ministers who had persuaded him to make this answer. The crowning infamy in this worthless King's career was in the fact that whilst his ministers were negotiating at the Hague a treaty of triple alliance with Holland and Sweden, in the interests of Protestantism, he himself was making a clandestine treaty with Louis XIV., by which he agreed to

subvert the religion of the country, and to turn Papist himself, in consideration of an annual stipend of £200,000 a year, and the aid of six thousand French troops, wherewith to live independent of, and coerce, if necessary, his much-abused subjects. We have here an illustration of what may come of secret diplomacy, for which modern statesmen hold out so stoutly.

William III. continually addressed Parliament on the subject of our foreign relations, asking their advice. In March, 1689, he sent a message to both Houses of Parliament, informing them that the late King had sailed from Brest with French troops, in order to effect a landing in Ireland, upon which a joint address was agreed to, declaring 'that they would with their lives and fortunes assist his Majesty in supporting the alliances abroad, in the reduction of Ireland, and in defending the religion and laws of the realm.' And in the month of April the House of Commons came to a more definite resolution, 'that in case his Majesty thought fit to engage in the war with France, the House would give him all such assistance, in a Parliamentary way, as should enable him to support and go through with the same.' In a subsequent address founded upon this resolution, they express 'their confidence that through his Majesty's wisdom the alliances already made, and hereafter to be concluded, will be effectual to reduce the French king to a condition that it may not be in his power to violate the peace of Christendom.' The most complete cordiality existed upon these points between Parliament and the Crown; and in May following war was declared in form against France.

Parliament met again in October, 1689, and in the speech from the throne the King urged the necessity of 'providing liberal supplies for the war at the most early period, there being a general meeting appointed at the Hague of all the princes and states confederated against France, in order to concert the measures for the next campaign;' and adding that '*till the determinations of the English Parliament were known, their determinations must entirely be suspended.*' In return the Commons expressed their unanimous determination to prosecute the war with vigour and effect, and a large supply was immediately granted. In arranging the preliminaries of the Treaty of Ryswick the King distinctly referred to it as one calculated to bring about an honourable termination of the war '*which he had undertaken by their advice.*'

On one occasion only, towards the end of his reign, did this patriotic king, driven doubtless by circumstances which he considered sufficiently controlling, venture on the unconstitutional proceeding of entering upon international engagements by his own authority, and even without the previous consent of his responsible advisers;—namely, in regard to the treaties for the partition of the Spanish Monarchy (1698-99); and this act resulted in the overthrow of the Whig Ministry, and the impeachment of the four Lords Portland, Oxford, Somers, and Halifax. Of the wisdom and value of these famous treaty arrangements, we may judge from the circumstance that as the result of the long wars of the Grand Alliance which followed upon them, not one of the dispositions of territory stipulated in either of them was carried out.

Queen Anne habitually consulted with her Parliament on all matters of state policy. On opening the session of 1711, she expressed her joy at being able to inform them that 'notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both time and place were appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace;' giving at the same time an account of the preliminaries. Whereupon in the Lords, the Earl of Nottingham, after expatiating on the insufficiency and precariousness of these preliminaries, moved an amendment to the address to the effect 'that in the opinion of this House no peace can be safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe, if Spain and the Indies are allotted to any branch of the House of Bourbon;' which amendment, after a violent debate, was carried by 62 votes against 54,

'against the utmost efforts of the Court.' And the address so amended having been presented to the Queen, she replied that 'she should be sorry any one could think she would not do her utmost to recover Spain and the Indies from the House of Bourbon,'—without a word of rebuke for any supposed interference with the royal prerogative. In the Commons a similar amendment was rejected by 232 against 105 votes. Later in the same year the House of Lords carried an address to her Majesty requesting her to give instructions to her plenipotentiaries, in case she had not already done so, with a view to preserving a strict union amongst all the allies; in reply to which the Queen contented herself by saying that 'she had given instructions to that purpose already.' Again, on the 6th of June, 1712, the Queen came down to the House of Peers, and stated to both Houses, in a long speech, *the terms on which peace might be made*,—for, as we are told, 'such was the caution of the Lord Treasurer that he was determined to conclude nothing without the *previous* sanction of Parliament.' After which we read that 'the House of Commons with little difficulty, and the House of Lords after high debate,' presented addresses approving of the course proposed; soon after which the Parliament was prorogued. This, it will be observed, was in June, 1712; and the treaties, the conditions of which were thus submitted to, and debated in Parliament, were not signed till the April following.

On the accession of the House of Hanover, the wholesome and constitutional principle of Parliamentary control in state affairs first began to be seriously invaded. In contravention of the spirit of the clause in the Act of Settlement, which provided 'that in case the Crown and Imperial dignity of this realm shall hereafter come to any person not being a native of this kingdom of England, this nation shall not be obliged to engage in any war for the defence of any dominions or territories which do not belong to the Crown of England without the consent of Parliament,' one of the first acts of the reign of George I. was to embroil us with Sweden — certainly without the sanction, and much to the disgust of Parliament, the Swedish Duchies of Bremen and Verden having been purchased from the King of Denmark, who had usurped them — purchased with English gold, as an addition to his Majesty's continental possessions as Elector of Hanover. This flagrant act was the parent of a long string of crimes of foreign policy which followed in the course of this century.

A new system now began to be adopted in communications to Parliament on the subject of our foreign relations, in which all sorts of possible dangers were vaguely hinted at, and lavish supplies demanded, to enable the Crown, in the exercise of its wisdom, to guard against them. Parliament protested loudly, repeatedly, but in vain, against this new and unsatisfactory mode of procedure; the influence of the Court preponderated, and the precedent became gradually established of leaving the foreign relations of a foreign-born king, and all the possible charges and disasters in which they might involve us, to the special care and keeping of the sovereign and his ministers. Hence all the complication of foreign intrigues, involving treaties of league and guarantee, and endless wars, supported by extravagant subsidies, almost impossible now to calculate; all engaged in for questions in which, properly speaking, the people of England had no more concern than with the internal arrangements of the palace of the Emperor of Japan. Nor did these transactions pass unnoticed, or uncondemned. On the occasion of the treaty between Denmark and Sweden, in 1720, when England and France gave their famous guarantee of the ducal portion of Schleswig, which has since, in our day, risen up in judgment against them, the affair was so little palatable, that on November 15, 1721, Lord Guildford moved for a copy of the instructions given to Lord Carteret, our minister in Sweden, who negotiated the transaction. The motion was opposed by the Government, and lost by a majority of 63

against 21; but it was followed up by a protest signed by fifteen peers, in which, amongst other matters, it was declared, 'though we acknowledge the rights of peace and war to be in the Crown, yet we must be of opinion that this House hath also a right to inquire into the transactions of ministers employed under the Crown, and to censure their conduct when justice requires it; which cannot be done unless it be first known what sort of instructions they received, and how far they have, *or ought to have*, complied with them.'

The consultative powers of Parliament, however, were not all at once abruptly repudiated; nor were they suddenly, abjectly, or easily abandoned. The aggressions of the Court party against these constitutional rights were gradual and insidious. In 1727 George I. communicated to both Houses of Parliament the alliance recently entered into between Spain and the Emperor of Germany, by the secret articles of which, he said, this country was threatened, and called for supplies. The majority, we are told, cheerfully granted the demand; but the patriotic party in opposition protested against sanctioning measures *in posse*, to avert supposed dangers, without knowing what those measures were, or whether the dangers alleged were real or imaginary. 'On this occasion,' they said, 'the advice of the House might be quite as necessary as its support; that the question of peace and war was the most momentous which could fall under the cognizance of that assembly; that it was incumbent upon them not rashly to decide, but maturely to deliberate; and for this purpose it was necessary that the papers which could alone elucidate and establish the facts stated by his Majesty should be laid before them.' On a division, however, the new system of foreign policy was supported against these arguments by 251 against 81 votes.

In the year 1729, under George II., during the sitting of the Congress at Soissons, loud complaints were made and petitions sent up from the great mercantile towns of the kingdom,—to whom? To the King? No! to both Houses of Parliament, complaining of great losses and obstructions they had sustained in their concerns, through the depredations of the Spaniards in the West Indies; whereupon the House of Commons in grand committee, after ample investigation of the subject, passed a resolution justificatory of certain proceedings of Admiral Hosier, in seizing the Spanish flota and galleons, and another declaring that 'the Spaniards had violated the treaties subsisting between the two countries;' and then presented an address to the King, praying 'that he would use his utmost endeavours to procure just and reasonable satisfaction for their injuries, and for securing to his Majesty's subjects the free exercise of commerce to and from the British colonies in America,' which his Majesty, in his reply, 'assured them he would not fail to do.' The House of Peers went even further in their address, laying down their views for the guidance of his Majesty's Councils, and declaring 'that this House did entirely rely upon his Majesty that he would for maintaining the honour, and securing the trade of this kingdom, take effectual care in the present (contemplated) treaty to preserve his undoubted right to Gibraltar and Minorca.'

In 1731, when new complications had arisen abroad, and more supplies were wanted to carry out such measures as might be required to be adopted, the King came to Parliament with a speech which still plainly indicated a deference to their opinion in such matters. 'The present critical juncture,' he said, 'seems in a very particular manner to deserve your attention, and you need not be told with what impatience the resolutions of this Parliament are everywhere waited for and expected;' adding, 'if it should be necessary, I shall not fail to ask *further advice* and assistance of my Parliament, according to the circumstances of public affairs, and so soon as any proper occasion occurs.' The Opposition, however, protested 'that our ancestors were

never so complaisant as to declare their approval of measures without full and regular information respecting them.' And then, after discussing the merits of the measures in contemplation, an amendment was moved 'that his *Majesty should be desired* not to concur in a war against the Emperor, either in Flanders or on the Rhine.' It was in vain that the courtiers, with persuasive Walpole at their head, exalted the wisdom and prudence of the Crown, and protested that this amendment was '*an encroachment on his Majesty's prerogative*,'—it is obvious that if it were so it could not have been received or put from the chair;—Mr. Heathcote, with manly patriotism, grappled at once with the challenge thus thrown out, and declared 'that *the offering advice to his Majesty* could never be regarded by him as an *encroachment upon his prerogative*, since it was the proper business of Parliament, which was the King's great council, to advise the Crown in *all matters of importance*;—it was what many Parliaments had done, and what they were obliged in duty to do;'—and then proceeded to debate all the questions in issue. In the House of Lords an amendment to the effect above indicated was moved by Lord Carteret, and seconded by the Earls of Winchester and Strafford, but was rejected, on a division, by 84 against 23.

In 1741, when Parliament was urged by the King to make provisions for supporting the Austrian pragmatic sanction, and the succession of the House of Hapsburg, an amendment was moved, which was eloquently supported by 'honest' Shippen, 'to intreat his Majesty not to engage these kingdoms in a war for the preservation of his foreign dominions.'

It would be highly interesting, did space permit, to pursue the story of this struggle, in the course of which the principles of the new German policy now introduced into the Government of this country were severely handled. These discussions, however, became every day more vague and desultory, and, in the face of the Government influence of the day, so unscrupulously employed, were generally resultless. To conclude with this Austrian war,—George II., on November 12, 1747, opened Parliament with a speech in which he said, 'One of my principal views in calling this Parliament was that I might receive the most clear and certain information of my people in the present juncture of affairs,' &c.; 'by the advice of my Parliament I entered into a war against Spain, in order to vindicate and secure the trade of my subjects. By their advice, also, and in conformity with my engagements, I undertook the support of the Empress Queen of Hungary, and the just rights of Austria;' and concluding by mentioning that overtures of peace had come from France, and that a congress had been appointed to meet at Aix-la-Chapelle. On opening the session, November 29th, 1748, the King announced that 'a treaty had been definitively signed by all parties concerned.' This intelligence gave rise to an animated discussion on the address: Mr. Robert Nugent protesting that he 'could not give his assent to inserting any words in the address which might imply the most distant approbation of the treaty of peace which had been concluded, because neither he nor any gentleman in the House could as yet have any parliamentary knowledge of that treaty, and because, for all the knowledge he had of it, it was the worst of all the bad treaties England ever made.' Dr. George Lee spoke to the like effect;—and the Solicitor-General Murray said 'he knew as little of the treaty as the honourable gentleman; all he knew he believed was from the public newspapers, and, judging from that, he thought it a better and more honourable peace than could have been expected.' But still Parliament was not to be easily satisfied on the subject. In both Houses it was contended that better terms might have been obtained at earlier periods than were actually obtained; and to justify this view a motion was made by Lord Doneraile (Jan. 31, 1749) for papers relating to the proposals for peace which had been

made by the late Emperor Charles VII., and a copy of the treaty agreed upon at Hanau in July, 1743; which motion was lost by 288 against 138. Some days afterwards the Earl of Egremont moved for copies of the overtures of peace made by France in 1744, 45, and 46, and those mentioned in the speech from the throne in November, 1747; — but that motion was rejected by 181 against 120 votes.

Even under George III. — until the latter end of his reign—Parliament was considered entitled to some show of consideration in these matters, treaties being submitted to them before ratification. On November 25th, 1762, the King announced in his speech from the throne that preliminaries of peace had been signed with France at Fontainebleau, 'on terms which he trusted would give Parliament entire satisfaction.' These preliminaries being laid on the table a few days afterwards, led to a warm discussion, Mr. Pitt condemning, and Mr. Fox and Lord Bute defending them. The treaty was not definitively signed till the 10th February following.

During the eventful period of the American war the Parliament repeatedly, and in spite of the Court, interposed its opinion, fearlessly addressing the Crown against the pursuance of that unnatural contest. In 1782 General Conway made his famous motion upon this subject, which the Attorney-General Wallace endeavoured to evade by moving as an amendment 'that a Bill should be prepared *enabling* his Majesty to conclude a truce with America, and to enter into a negotiation on this ground;'—but the original motion was carried by a majority of 19; and the King, in reply to the address, was obliged to promise that, 'in pursuance of the advice of the House of Commons, he would assuredly take measures for the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and her revolted colonies.' Not satisfied with this, the Commons again enforced their views, and carried a further resolution 'that the House will consider as enemies to his Majesty and the country all those who should advise a prosecution of offensive war on the continent of America.' In December in the same year the King, in his speech from the throne, announced that 'of his own inclination, and in conformity with the sense of his Parliament and people,' he had signed provisional articles of peace. The preliminary articles of the Treaty of Versailles were accordingly laid before Parliament on the 27th of January following, and gave rise to some rather curious proceedings—proceedings singularly and conclusively illustrative of the anomalies which were becoming attached to the conduct of State affairs in consequence of the pretence at prerogative and secrecy which had been newly set up in regard to them. In the Commons, Lord Newhaven moved that the articles of the treaty be printed, which was opposed by Mr. Secretary Townsend on the ground that 'it was unusual to do so,' and also that '*there was a delicacy in foreign courts in the matter of treaties which was not felt by our Government*,' and that 'Parliament, in reference to this delicacy, had always refrained from printing treaties, *especially those which were preliminary only*.' He urged the noble lord, therefore, to withdraw his motion, which the latter refused to do; and the debate was about to proceed, when Alderman Wilkes said 'he believed he could cut the matter short by informing them that copies of the articles had already been ordered by the House of Lords to be printed.' Whereupon, amidst much laughter, ministers gave up their plea of 'delicacy,' and the motion for printing was carried without a division. Nor did the matter end here,—in the debate on the address, Lord John Cavendish objected to the passage in it which stated 'that the House had taken the treaties into its most serious consideration,' as being untrue;—and moved an amendment, beginning by assuring his Majesty 'that they would proceed to consider the said treaties with that serious and full attention which a subject of so much importance to the present and future interests of his Majesty's dominions deserved;'

and this amendment, after a hot debate, was carried by 221 against 206 votes. A few days afterwards Lord John Cavendish followed up his advantage by moving a series of resolutions condemnatory of the Articles of Peace, as being not such as the country had a right to expect, but at the same time explained that he had no intention to shake or annul that which had been done by the King's prerogative. The first of these resolutions was carried by 207 against 190 votes; and the consequence was the resignation of Lord Shelburne's ministry, and a ministerial interregnum which lasted till the beginning of April following. The treaty which led to these wasteful discussions was definitively signed in the September following.

Many other occasions took place during the period of the first three Georges of contest between the Parliament and the Crown as to the right of the former to an original consultative voice in matters of state policy; but we need not recapitulate further details of this kind. Suffice it to say, that although these contests were inconclusive so far as regarded the establishment of any authentic principle, the general result in practice was gradually to increase the power of the Crown, and to make resistance fainter and fainter. The old bold front of Constitutional right and responsibility was gone; and men began to be content with the answer to any application for information, that it would be 'inconvenient to the public service' to supply it. It was whilst these events were in progress that Mr. Dunning, in 1780, moved his memorable resolution, 'that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;' which, in spite of a most vigorous resistance on the part of the Government, was carried by a majority of 233 against 215.

With the close of this century the face and genius of public affairs began to undergo a complete change. The age of revolution had commenced, in which territorial rights and popular rights were equally disregarded:—revolution inaugurated by crowned heads for their own selfish ends; and in the working out of which the 'family' of European princes avowedly banded themselves in a common purpose irrespective of the interests or wishes of the peoples they governed. As the objects involved in international dealings were changed, so the manner of dealing with them was changed also;—the people and public opinion being more and more left out of account. Yet still, as late as in the case of the Treaty of Amiens, the preliminary articles were laid before Parliament, where they were hotly contested; and in the Lords the subject of a division.

But here we must pause for the present. We have brought our rapid historical review in this matter down from the period of the Conquest to the close of the last century; and we fearlessly ask the dispassionate reader whether, amongst the authorities we have cited, there is one to justify the claim of prerogative, or even of right, or 'function' in the Crown, to deal in matters of peace and war, without the advice and consent of Parliament? whether, on the contrary, the whole weight of evidence, and of the opinions of competent jurists, is not to the very contrary effect? And if such be the case, it is needless to add that no innovations of practice can be held of validity to create a new prerogative, right, or function in the Crown. Nor, indeed, from the very derivative meaning of the term 'prerogative,' coming from *præ* and *rogo*, being something that is demanded before, whether in point of time, or in preference to others, does it seem reasonable to believe that a new prerogative can be conferred even by consent of all the other concurrent authorities of the State. It is held of 'prerogative' that it must be 'singular and eccentrical,' inasmuch that, 'if ever any prerogative of the Crown could be held in common with any subject, it would cease to be a prerogative any longer.' And when a sovereign invites the two estates of Parliament to advise with him, and give their consent to certain contemplated proceedings, can that sovereign be said to exercise a 'prerogative' when afterwards, and by virtue of the advice and con-

sent of Parliament so obtained, he carries out those proceedings? The sovereign has an independent power, no doubt, to withhold his assent from a legislative bill; but the function of giving or refusing such assent is not in the nature of a prerogative. So also in executive matters, the King calls debtors to account giving them 'greeting,' and by his officers puts criminals to death; but all these functions are not of the nature of prerogative. On the contrary, it is his prerogative to interrupt the course of justice by his royal pardon.

So late as the reign of George II. we have found the Sovereign conceding that he had entered into a war by the advice of his Parliament; yet terminating that war by a treaty without their advice. This was clearly most inconsistent conduct: it being a principle distinctly established in natural law, 'that wherever the right resides of beginning a national war, there also must reside the right of ending it, or of making peace.' Indeed, commonsense would dictate that when a war is undertaken, under whatever authority, with particular objects in view, the authority so undertaking the war has a right to judge whether those objects have been attained, or whether circumstances may have supervened to induce an abandonment or modification of them.

With respect to the ratification of treaties. Lord Palmerston, in the explanation to Mr. Horsman, which we quoted at the commencement of this article, seemed to imply that ratification was little more than a matter of form, and that the reservation of it, which is always usual in diplomatic practice, could not be held to raise a right to disturb any of the arrangements entered into, except upon the ground that the plenipotentiary, in agreeing to them, had exceeded or contravened his instructions. But if so, upon what ground did his lordship intimate a disinclination to communicate the preliminaries to Parliament in the case of the then forthcoming conference, particularly as the communication of such information had been the invariable practice of preceding governments down to the date of the Treaty of Amiens inclusive? In our next paper we think we shall be able to show that the immutability of preliminary arrangements has not been always adhered to, and that there are good authorities against it as a rule. Moreover, rule or no rule, may we not conceive the existence of reasons of State necessity so paramount as not only to induce Parliament to condemn an unratified treaty, as was the case with that of Versailles, in 1783, but to deter any minister from advising his sovereign to ratify it in the face of such condemnation?

And this brings us to the question of 'ministerial responsibility,' about which a very few words will suffice; for, like 'prerogative,' 'ratification,' 'faith of treaties,' and other State formularies, it is more an affair of theory than practice. Comparatively recent law writers tell us that our safe-guard against the possible malpractices of those to whom the conduct of State affairs is intrusted, consists in Parliamentary impeachment 'for the punishment of ministers who, from criminal motives, shall advise a treaty which shall afterwards be judged to derogate from the honour and interest of the nation.' But we all know that impeachments are out of date, and that the terrors of Tower-hill exist no longer. The utmost penalty the minister might now expect to suffer for negotiating a mischievous treaty, would be that which Lord Shelburne met with in 1783—expulsion from office, his evil deeds surviving him. Besides, in State arrangements of such importance, the country should be protected not only against acts, the result of 'criminal motives,' but against those attributable to imprudence, stupidity, or erroneous judgment; and this can only be accomplished by consulting the 'representative wisdom' before the deed is done. It is too late to shut the stable door after the steed is stolen.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE POOR-LAWS AND THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON POOR RELIEF.

By Frances Power Cobbe.

THE Poor-Laws constitute an apparent anomaly in our national legislation. Other laws concern themselves solely with the class of obligations distinguished by the old moralists as *duties of debt*. They forbid offence against person and property, and provide for the fulfilment of legal contracts. All taxes, also, which are imposed (exclusive of poor-rates), are matters of debt —the debt understood to be owed by the taxpayer to the State, for protection and other benefits.

In the poor-laws, on the contrary, we find *duties of merit* erected into civil obligations and enforced by legal penalties. The individual is not only bound to abstain from offence against his neighbour's person and property, and forced to fulfil his legal contracts; he is called upon also to provide for his neighbour's maintenance. The taxes imposed under the poor-laws are not understood to be paid for the taxpayer's protection or benefit of any kind, but exclusively for another man's advantage.

At a hasty glance it might seem that this anomaly was an invasion by the civil law of a province properly belonging to the moral law. The concern of civil and criminal law is to forbid offence; that of the moral law to ordain beneficent action. The civil law cannot punish a man for not being virtuous: it can only punish him for committing a crime. It cannot punish him for withholding his hand to save a drowning man: it can only punish him for thrusting him into the water. The moral law alone covers the whole field of duty, by commanding the good action, and, by such command, leaving to condemnation both the *fault* of not performing it, and the *offence* of committing the opposite evil. Thus, then, to require of a man to give alms might appear to be a matter beyond the true sphere of the civil law, and rather to be a generous homage paid by a Christian country to sentiments of humanity, than a logically defensible principle of legislation. In this light the poor-laws are probably commonly regarded; and the popular idea of them might be interpreted to be, 'We are very charitable in thus providing against the starvation of any man in our country.' A deeper insight into the foundations of civil rights would, however, reveal a different state of the case. Grotius's *Justitia Attributrix* of such a 'Duty of Merit' as we are discussing, is as much the province of the civil law as the *Justitia Expletrix* of the simplest 'Duties of Debt.' The grounds on which the rights of life are founded is one thing; the ground on which the rights of property, another. When the right to life comes into collision with the right to property, there is found no basis of morals to support property against life. A civil law which should attempt to do so, would offend against the ultimate principles of justice. To hinder the starvation of one member of the State, the property of another may lawfully be mulcted, inasmuch as his whole claim to possess any property at all is subsidiary to the starving man's right to life. If no State existed, the starving man would have the natural right of self-preservation to seize his neighbour's food,—a right only limited by his neighbour's right to keep himself also from starvation. Where the State exists, it is its duty to intervene and secure that the starving man be fed by such taxation of his neighbour as shall invade as little as possible the right of the latter to his property.

Such is the fundamental principle on which the poor-laws rest, so far as they may be considered as a system of enforced taxation of the rich to supply the wants of the poor. Having admitted the right of such taxation, we next proceed to inquire into the application of the money thus procured. It will be seen, from the principle of the case as

above stated, that poor-rates strictly are available to relieve the absolute wants of the pauper, and nothing more. To go beyond such wants, and supply him with superfluities of any kind, would be manifest injustice to the ratepayer, forced to supply such superfluities from his own property, to which he has the better right. The question, what are wants, and what are superfluities? is, of course, a difficult one. Practically, the justice of the case may be met by the rule that nothing which the poorer ratepayers may be commonly obliged from poverty to dispense with, can be fairly supplied to the pauper with their money. His condition ought to be distinctly inferior to theirs.

Another great principle of legislation here comes into view, and very happily harmonizes and completes the abstract view of rights we have been considering. Among the benefits for which the State lawfully taxes its citizens, is not only that of civil and military protection, but the general security and well-being of the community. A large share of its revenues is employed in the prevention of crime and reformation of criminals. In a similar manner it engages properly in the effort to correct an evil only second in mischief to crime itself—namely, pauperism. The repression of pauperism is as clearly the duty of the State as the repression of crime, seeing that pauperism is the seedbed of crime, and is itself one of the worst evils of the social body—a *plaie saignante*, as the French politicians have well named it, which must needs be healed before sound health can be established.

The two principles of the duty of the State to enforce the supply of the wants of the poor out of the property of the rich, and of the duty of the State to repress pauperism, fortunately coincide precisely. Pauperism can no doubt best be repressed by exactly supplying the wants of the pauper, while withholding all superfluities, and making his condition undesirable, by making it inferior to that of the humblest ratepayer.

The special practical applications, then, of these two harmonious principles, are our concern. Are the wants of the pauper really supplied? and is pauperism actually in process of repression by our existing poor-laws and their local applications in the various Unions in the country? The question is a most grave one, and has for some time occupied a share of public attention. For three sessions of Parliament, Committees have sat to inquire into the working of the poor-laws, and their Report has just been published in a Blue-book of unusual clearness and interest. Whether the results to which the Committee have therein given their voices were the legitimate ones to be drawn from the evidence placed before them, we shall not here venture to inquire. It is at least startling to find that they dismissed the testimony of three such witnessess as Miss Carpenter, Miss Louisa Twining, and the Hon. Mrs. Way, with the observation that, 'although they expressed opinions very strongly opposed to the system of educating children in workhouses, your Committee cannot report that these opinions were supported by facts, either authenticated, or, if they had been authenticated, sufficiently numerous to justify the conclusions founded upon them.' (Report, p. 73). The evidence of Mr. Carleton Tufnell, an inspector, is put aside as similarly unworthy of attention. The reader naturally asks if these persons—ladies of the highest judgment and ability, entirely devoted to the cause of the poor, and a gentleman appointed by Government to inspect pauper-schools,—if these are witnesses whose opinions are to be passed over, along with the Committee of Education,—what grounds of reliance are left to us in the selection of persons who should be more competent to offer us their testimony? We shall at present, however, merely take a general review of the existing workhouse system in England, proceeding on facts known to all who have practically interested themselves in the matter, and then, in each department, quote the obser-

vations made in the Parliamentary Report, and leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions as to whether the reforms recommended appear in any way sufficient to cope with the evil to be remedied. Our attention will be exclusively directed to the English and Irish poor-laws, and not to the Scotch. In Scotland the old poor-law had no existence, and the abuses attending it having never arisen, it has not been found necessary to have recourse to the same severity of test of destitution either, as in England, where these abuses were excessive, or, as in Ireland, where mendicancy was rife. In Scotland, we believe, able-bodied men have no claim on relief, and children are placed out first for nursing and then for schooling. Out-door relief is given in the agricultural districts much more freely than in England; and the arrangements of the hospitals are so far better, at all events that the doctor's salary and his medicines are not lumped together

To return to England. The modern system of division of labour is certainly nowhere so little exemplified in this country as in the workhouse. Elsewhere, health and disease, youth and age, virtue and vice, education and ignorance, manhood and womanhood, sanity and insanity, form classifications which are rarely practically transgressed. But poverty, as the old proverb avers, seems to 'make acquainted' every form of human sorrow and sin. Every large workhouse combines the following institutions:—

1. A workhouse proper, or place of labour for able-bodied paupers—males.
2. Ditto for females.
3. A temporary asylum, or casual ward, for pauper travellers—males.
4. Ditto for females.
5. A hospital for the sick, curable and incurable—males.
6. Ditto for females.
7. An asylum for aged and infirm males.
8. Ditto for females.
9. A blind asylum for males.
10. Ditto for females.
11. A deaf and dumb asylum for males.
12. Ditto for females.
13. A lunatic asylum—males.
14. Ditto for females.
15. An asylum for idiots and epileptics—males.
16. Ditto for females.
17. A boys' school.
18. A girls' school.
19. An infant school.
20. A nursery for infants.
21. A lying-in hospital.
22. A Penitentiary (Black ward).*

Twenty-two institutions amalgamated in one, and regulated by a single Board! If such a thing were heard of for the first time, and only five or six of these heterogeneous

* The following is an analysis of the inmates of a London workhouse, not divided as above, but giving an idea of the proportions of some of the classes:—

Persons above 90 years of age	2
Ditto between 80 and 90	43
Ditto between 70 and 80	147
Ditto between 60 and 70	152
Idiotic	17
Infants under 16	33
Blind	10
Deaf and Dumb	3
Persons under 60, sick or maimed	56
Ditto under 60, subject to fits	32
Mothers nursing their children	11
Persons under 60 of such habits or character as to preclude permanent employment	32
Persons under 60 who might possibly earn their living	48
Total	586

The law requires all violent lunatics to be sent to the county asylum within a fortnight, but the harmless remain in the workhouses, where their cost is less by half than in the asylums.

charities were lumped together, what should we think of it?—say a boys' school, a hospital, a lunatic asylum, and a penitentiary? How absurd it would seem! How we should ask why purposes all dissimilar should be carried on under one roof, when each one of them, by such an arrangement, was liable to be counteracted by the others? How we should marvel at the self-confidence of the Committee who felt themselves sufficiently instructed in each department to regulate at once the instruction of the young, the ordering of an hospital, the nursing of babies, and the management of the idle and vicious! Does the undertaking, which would be so obviously monstrous if it concerned the class of persons who frequent our other hospitals and asylums and schools, become immediately easy and practicable when it refers to paupers? or is a task which the most experienced philanthropist, entirely devoted to such work, would decline as utterly unmanageable, to be performed satisfactorily by busy shopkeepers and farmers, meeting for a few hours once a week, in the not very solemn conclave of the Board-room? Elsewhere it is admitted that it is dangerous for children, who are to be trained to virtue and industry, to be brought into proximity with vice and idleness; for the sane to behold constantly the spectacle of insanity; for the healthy to be brought near the diseased and fever-stricken; for innocent girls to hear and see continually the miserable servants of sin. But, because all these conditions of humanity are in the workhouse lost in the one great condition of pauperism, it is thought well to jumble them all together within the same walls, whose minor partitions of wards and departments permit a tainted atmosphere, both moral and physical, to pass from one to another. Each Board, therefore, has not only the stupendous task of regulating twenty-two different kinds of charitable institutions, it has the further work of obviating the complications and needless difficulties which, in each department, are produced by the neighbourhood of the others. As in the old fable, the man has not only to carry his property across the ford, but to provide that the fox, the fowl, and the corn are not left together. Endless rules, endless iron-barred windows and padlocked gates, endless assimilations to that which, above all, a workhouse should *not* resemble, *i.e.*, a jail, are obliged to be used for the purpose of keeping asunder the classes who have been first senselessly brought together. And with what success are they kept asunder? Probably that the sick either watch the insane in their sad yards, or are distracted by the sounds of the labours of the able-bodied paupers; that any epidemic which breaks out in the hospital goes through the schools; that the decent and honest ruined tradesman or governess has to spend the last years of life beside the drunkard and the profligate; and, worst of all, that the young grow up with the visible memorials of sin constantly before their eyes, and the alternative presented to their imaginations of a life of vice outside the workhouse, and a life of interminable ennui and restriction within it.*

* All these 'probabilities' have been realized in the writer's experience. There is a workhouse in London she has visited where the sick could not have their windows open all the summer because carpets were beaten by the paupers in the yard below, as their regular work; another, where a smith's forge just under them made speech nearly inaudible; another (in the country), where they could never look out without seeing the insane; another (in London), where a young woman occasionally, but rarely, afflicted by fits, was shut up for life with jabbering idiots; another (in Ireland), where 400 young girls were kept together, the mothers of many of them taking them out every summer to lives of profligacy, and then sending them back to associate freely with the rest. The following is a memorandum from the writer's notes taken in another workhouse:—

'Miss M. A. K. spent all her life in England and France as a teacher of languages, but had had the misfortune to be born in Dublin, of Irish parents, long since dead. In the decline of life her sight and health failed her. She struggled on in her little lodging, translating French books when she could obtain such employment, and selling her

In the case of pauper children, this evil has become so manifest, that for some years the system of district schools, apart from the workhouse, has been in action; and the evils, again, attendant on the massing together of the numbers sent to these schools, has occupied philanthropists to discover means of more effectively effacing the pauper brand, and cutting off the entail of pauper degradation. But, in various degrees, the same arguments apply to every department of the workhouse, except its original central one—of a place of shelter and labour for able-bodied poor unable to find employment elsewhere. As a hospital, as an infirmary, as a blind, deaf and dumb, insane, and idiot asylum; as a penitentiary and lying-in hospital, there are almost insuperable objections to institutions governed as workhouses are governed, and arranged as (in a degree) workhouses must be arranged. These are grave assertions. We shall endeavour to make them good by briefly reviewing, seriatim, the different departments of which we have spoken.

1st. The hospital. It may be considered by some economists as a doubtful question, whether free hospitals are, in any case, institutions calculated to benefit the community; whether it be desirable to obviate for the working classes the necessity for making provision for the casualty of illness, and, at the same time, to separate families under the precise circumstances wherein family affections are most drawn forth and strengthened. This may, we say, be considered by some as an open question, albeit the common judgment of mankind has decided that such evils are subordinate to the great benefits, sanitary and economic, obtained by such institutions. No question at all, however, can exist on the further proposition, that if free hospitals be desirable in the abstract, it is desirable that they be *good* hospitals, *i. e.*, calculated to fulfil their proper objects—recovery from disease, and alleviation of suffering. It would be absurd to inquire whether we ought to encourage the poor to rely on an asylum open to them in sickness, and to accustom families to place their members in such asylums, while, at the same time, no counterbalancing benefits of recovery or relief were likely to be obtained thereby. Nevertheless, so strangely have we ordered these matters in England, that two-thirds of the free hospitals in the country are wholly defective in such appliances for recovery and relief, as have been admitted on all hands, and adopted by the remaining third, as absolutely needful for such purpose.

There are in all, 245 hospitals and infirmaries supported by voluntary endowments and contributions in England and Wales.

There are 664 workhouses supported by enforced rates, and each containing sick, surgical, and infirm wards, constituting a hospital where the poor are admitted free of cost.

In the 245 hospitals supported by voluntary aid, there are nearly invariably surgeons and physicians of eminence attending and consulting; there are trained and paid nurses, except where there are Sisters of Charity; there is an unlimited supply of drugs; there are dietaries calculated for the use of the patients in various stages of sickness. The wards are usually built with all desirable arrangements for ventilation, light, and cleanliness. The beds and other furniture are provided with a direct reference to the requirements of the sick.

If these be the fitting preparations for a hospital, let us ask how many of them are to be found in the workhouses?

In the first place, workhouses have usually one surgeon, and no

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remaining property bit by bit, till every resource was exhausted. Finally she applied to H—— Union for relief, and before she well understood what was going to be done, she was sent to Ireland, according to the Law of Settlement. I saw her among a crowd of miserable paupers, and was struck at the piteous contrast of the delicate face and figure of the poor old lady, and the degrading dress she wore. I found she was not only obliged to live, but to share her bed, with the very lowest of the community.'

visiting physicians; the surgeon receiving so low a salary that only a man at the outset of his profession will accept the office. 2. They have very rarely any nurses for the sick except paupers; and pauper nurses must inevitably labour under either some grievous physical or moral defect—else, otherwise they would be able to obtain remunerative employment elsewhere—consequently such nurses are nearly always either women of bad character, drunkards, half-deaf or half-blind, or incurably stupid. They have never been trained to their task; their patients, as they know, cannot pay them for their services, while they can readily punish their patients for complaints; and their usual remuneration consists in rations of beer or gin, which serve to complete the measure of their unfitness for their task.* 3. The supply of drugs in workhouses, in all save a very few Unions, is included in the surgeon's scanty salary, thereby practically excluding the use of all costly tonics and anodynes, which are precisely the medicines needed by the half-starved younger patients, and the miserable sufferers from rheumatism and cancer. 4. The dietaries in workhouses, though variable at the surgeon's order, are usually all very ill-suited to the sick, infirm, and superannuated. The staple in all cases is boiled beef, which their stomachs cannot digest; and in many workhouse kitchens there is no possibility (even if the surgeon should desire it) of dressing meat in a more wholesome way. 5. The sick wards are commonly allotted with the smallest consideration for their suitability as to light, ventilation, and warmth; some being insufferably close, and others full of draughts, causing torture to the rheumatic and consumptive patients. The workhouses themselves being usually built in the worst districts in the towns, and the lowest and most undesirable plots in the country, the diseased have, in any case, less chance of recovery in them than elsewhere. 6. The furniture of the sick wards is commonly altogether defective. The beds are mostly the same allotted to the able-bodied paupers, and are miserably small, hard, and cold for those who must lie in them for months and years together. Being usually formed of a bag of straw or flock,† the bolster (if such exists) only keeps the patient's head on a level with his chest; and he has no means of sitting in a less distressing position. Frequently the heads of the beds are drawn away from the wall, to prevent the hair of the patients from soiling the whitewash. Besides the beds there is rarely any other furniture suitable to the wants of the sick—often not a chair in which it is possible for them to sit. 7. Lastly, the one great curative agent in disease—mental cheerfulness—is most effectually debarred from the workhouse sick-ward by the gloom of the place, the absence of all books or prints, the stringent regulations against visitors, and, too frequently also, by the harshness and rudeness of the officials. Such are the conditions of the workhouse as a hospital, as regards the surgeon, the nurses, the drugs, the diet, the wards, the furniture, and the moral state of the patients.

Now, if this statement of the case be verified, the logic of our existing workhouse arrangements will appear somewhat questionable. We expend vast sums in our hospitals supported by voluntary contributions, assuming that it is needful that the patients be treated in such and such ways, and, of course, limiting narrowly the number of such patients by the costliness of such arrangements. Then, when we come to determine the manner in which hospitals supported by enforced

* In 1854, out of 570 nurses in the London unions, only 70 were prid, and 500 paupers.

† Miss Nightingale tells us that straw should never be used as a bed for the sick. 'In some cases,' she says, 'the abstraction of heat from the spine lowers the patient's vital energy to a degree which does not leave him a chance of recovery.'—*Notes on Nursing.*

rates are to be administered, we at once assume that half the provisions of the other hospitals for cure and relief of suffering were altogether superfluous, and that the sick can be cured and relieved quite as well without them. There is no escape from this position, save by arguing that the pauper, when sick, ought not to be so rapidly or securely recovered, or so much relieved from suffering as another patient—an argument, I presume, neither economy nor humanity can admit.

The sick in workhouses are of two classes:—

1st, the *curable* patients, who, if restored to health, will mostly leave the house, and support themselves for the future by their own labour. No doubt can exist of the saving to the rates which is effected by hastening and securing the recovery of these patients by all reasonable means. An unskilful surgeon, or one who yields to the temptation of withholding the costly drugs (whose price perhaps might employ half or all his scanty salary), is manifestly the cause of immense charge to the Union. Suppose that out of a couple of hundred patients, he keeps twenty or thirty in bed in the workhouse, when with proper treatment they might have left it to earn their living at home. The cost of those patients, amounting to some £300 or £400 a year, must be set against the *economy* of a surgeon with drugs included in his salary of £80, or £100, or £150 a year.* Of the *humanity* of thus keeping poor creatures in the pangs of disease and misery of helplessness, when we might restore them to the joys of health and strength, it is needless to speak.

2ndly, the *incurables*. Public attention has at last begun to be turned towards this most piteous class of the community, but as yet the aid offered is but a drop in the ocean of their wants. Two hospitals in England are opened, which perhaps may hold two hundred incurables. There are also two small hospitals for them in Scotland, and one large and very old one in Dublin. The other 245 free hospitals in the country exclude all patients who are pronounced incurable. Thus there is provision for about 500 in the United Kingdom at the utmost. There are, however, 80,000 persons who die every year among us of three only out of the forms of incurable disease, namely, consumption, dropsy, and cancer. Out of these 80,000 at least 40,000 belong to those poorer working classes to whom prolonged and hopeless illness is inevitably equivalent to ruin and destitution. Deduct the 500 who may find admittance into the hospitals—deduct some thousands who may have friends able and willing to endure the charge of supporting and nursing them, or who may be so happy as to die with unusual suddenness after first succumbing to disease—deduct, say, 10,000 of these, and there will remain some 30,000 who linger out a year, or two or three years, of pain and agony and hopelessness in the workhouse. It would be something worse than bad economy to question whether we should open an asylum to these piteous sufferers (often enduring the worst pangs to which our human nature is liable), and then leave them to want any mitigations which anodynes, or soothing drinks, or comfortable beds, might afford to their long agonies.†

Again, then, we say—both as re-

* One case, precisely in point, came under the writer's knowledge very lately. She had visited a poor man, for years in B—— workhouse, believing him to be a hopeless sufferer from an internal disease. He frequently complained of the diet disagreeing with him, and that a '*house pill*,' which did him more harm than good, was the only medicine the surgeon ever gave him. Another lady having described the case to an eminent physician, determined to obtain his admittance into a regular hospital—of course a difficult task. Her trouble was well rewarded; three months afterwards the writer saw the poor man plying his trade (that of a tailor) in fully recovered health and independence.

† The plan suggested for the relief of these destitute incurables by Miss Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol, has been tried in some unions with entire success, and it is much to be wished that it could be generally adopted. It is simply that these patients be (wherever practicable) placed in wards apart, and that private charity be freely

gards curable patients and incurable —if it be proper to have such things as free hospitals at all, either supported by voluntary contributions or enforced rates, it is proper also to make them effective for their ostensible purposes—the cure of disease and the relief of suffering. With showy ornaments or handsome architecture, such as has been lavished on many workhouses, we have nothing to do. Such things are obnoxious and impertinent in an edifice whose cost is defrayed by taxes levied, like the poor-rates, partly on the poorer classes of the community. But with all that concerns the efficacy of the hospital as a hospital, all that facilitates recovery and relieves suffering, we have an interest. It is imperatively demanded by humanity, by economy, and by justice.

It may be alleged, in answer to this statement, that, even granting it to be desirable to introduce such improvements as would assimilate the workhouse with other hospitals, the thing is impossible. Such improvements would be beyond the resources of a vast number of Unions. To raise the rates sufficiently to meet such expense would be to pauperize the lower strata of rate-payers.

To this we reply, that if the case be so, in truth, then, the equalization of the rates over large areas becomes imperative. The principle on which the whole poor-law system is grounded compels the State to secure that the wants of its citizens be supplied. If these wants cannot be supplied by other citizens a mile off, they must be supplied by those 100 or 500 miles off. The local arrangements of unions and parishes were matters of convenience. They must needs be revised if it be found that they militate against the fundamental principles of the law itself.

What (we now ask) are the suggestions made by the Parliamentary Committee with reference to this whole subject of the medical department of the workhouses? Passing by the observations in their Report concerning out-door medical relief—which does not here concern us—we find they arrive at these conclusions. (Report, p. 16):—'That there are no sufficient grounds for materially interfering with the present system of medical relief. . . . Your Committee, however, recommend that in future cod-liver oil, quinine, and other expensive medicines, shall be provided at the expense of the Guardians.' This solitary recommendation (due to the urgent representations of the excellent Dr. Rogers, of the Strand Union) is actually the only reform proposed. Surely, taking into consideration the barest outline of the facts of workhouse hospital management, such as has been given above, and making every concession to the humanity with which such a system *may* be applied, it remains clear that, unless our Philosophy of the Poor-laws be utterly false, the case is one requiring to be treated in a very different manner from that of the gift of a little quinine and cod-liver oil! The reader is as competent to form a judgment on this matter for himself, after one visit to any large workhouse, as the committee man who may have listened to the pleasing testimony of twenty officials. *Are* the medical councils, the nurses, the furniture, the drugs, the food of a workhouse hospital similar to those which have been deemed indispensable to procure recovery and relieve suffering in other hospitals? If they are *not* so, all the complacent calculations of increasing expenditure and accounts or satisfactory evidence are simply impertinent. We are either doing our best to cure and to relieve the sick poor, or we are not doing so—judged by the standard of medical science of our time. To do it is our plain

admitted and invited to visit them, and supply them with such comforts as they may need, subject to the discretion of the surgeon. No irregularity could arise in the workhouse from this plan, the wards being separate, and professedly for a separate class; nor could any unfair advantage be taken of it, as no one could feign the diseases which would warrant admission.

duty. To fail to do so is equally bad economy and bad humanity.

2nd and 3rd. Workhouses are blind asylums and institutions for the deaf and dumb. In nearly all the larger ones may be found three or four blind and two or three deaf and dumb—just too few to have any arrangements made for their benefit. Very rarely are they taught anything—for there is no one to teach the blind to read, nor any books for them if they could use them—nor any one able to instruct the deaf and dumb, who are treated by the other paupers as idiots, and grow up little better. Basket-making, mat-making, &c., would be opening a trade on a scale too small for the Board to admit on their accounts. The poor creatures, therefore, who might be employed, taught, and made moral and religious beings, *in the institutions devoted to relieve their infirmities*, spend their dreary lives in the workhouse in utter idleness and ignorance.

4th. Workhouses are lunatic asylums for all except violent cases. Many of them contain scores of insane patients. Here a totally different order of things comes in view. The Commissioners mercifully intervene in favour of these poor souls, and compel the guardians to treat them in a manner superior to those of the other inmates in many respects. The appearance of their wards, decently furnished, and often adorned with prints, and supplied with objects for their amusement, is at first a surprise to the workhouse visitor. Most right and fit is all this; but we must ask, further—are there any means taken not only to alleviate their condition, but to *cure* this saddest of human maladies? Every-day experience proves more and more capable of restoring mental disease; but it is with the utmost care, gentleness, and prudence, and with all appliances at command. Probably less than in any other disease does nature effect a cure here; certainly least of all under the conditions of confinement in one close ward and dreary yard, guarded by its frieze of iron spikes, among hapless fellow-sufferers. Yet, except the house-surgeon, who visits them when ill, the insane in workhouses have no medical care whatever. All the chances of recovering from their grievous affliction, which they might have in asylums specially devoted to them, are altogether relinquished. They leave the insane pauper ward only for the pauper's grave. The cost of their maintenance in an asylum being double that in the workhouse, it is always with reluctance that the guardians now dismiss them when too violent to be kept in the Union.

5th. Workhouses are also idiot asylums and epileptic hospitals. Little is to be said respecting the treatment of the poor idiots in the workhouse, which is probably as good as may be deemed fitting. The evil is as regards the epileptic patients. These are, in a multitude of workhouses, classed with the imbecile, even when the recurrence of their seizures is still distant enough to allow long intervals of perfect sanity. The mental condition of these unhappy men and women—seeing constantly before them the spectacle of the condition to which they most dread to approximate, and debarred from intercourse with sounder minds—is deplorable indeed. Some of them (as we have known) suffer extreme misery from such a position. Yet the other sick in the workhouse would hardly be less injured by their presence than they are by that of the idiot. In workhouses where they are mixed with the sick or infirm, we have known great misery produced by the sight of their seizures.

6th. Workhouses are boys' schools. It is a profound truth that—on which Miss Carpenter has so often insisted—*there is no such thing as a pauper child*, and our classing children with paupers is a mistake fraught with evils. A pauper is one who has fallen through his own faults or misfortunes into a condition of unnatural dependence. *Every* child is naturally dependent—the king's son no less than the beggar's. Whatever faults or misfortunes of the parent may have left the child unprovided for, *he*

cannot morally be made to bear the stigma of pauperism. Nay, our special duty is to secure him from receiving such a brand, and as completely as possible to *cut off the entail* of pauper degradation, and save him from adding another to the ranks who bear it. Ascending to the original principles of politics, each child born in the State is, as a future citizen of the State, entitled to certain privileges, and subject to certain claims. The old Spartans, who took him almost wholly from his parents, exaggerated these claims; the modern Prussians, who insist upon his receiving education, whether with or without their consent, probably enforce them with the nearest approach to justice.* In all civilized countries the existence of *some* State-rights over the children of citizens are admitted. Corresponding to these rights must be duties; and the most obvious of duties must be the support and education of such children as are left destitute either by the death or pauperism of their parents. So long as the parent lives, and is able to support his child, on him naturally falls the duty. But he has it only in *the first place.* Failing the parents there is the State, which represents the sum of all the responsibilities of the other members of the community. As we started by observing—the right to life is supreme over the right to property, and the office of the State is to secure that right of life (most of all the right of the weak and helpless) at the cost of the property of such as have it. Nor is it mere life the State must guarantee to the child. Another principle comes in—that of the public welfare. For the good not only of the child himself, but of the whole community of which he is to become a member, it must *educate* him for his future duties. Briefly, in fact, when the parent dies, or becomes a pauper, the duties of the parent devolve on the State. The question is—Ought the State to rear its children as paupers?

Of course we are here met by the bugbear of all enlightened policy towards the poor and the criminal: Would you make the condition of the children of paupers better than that which honest and industrious men are able to secure for their offspring? Will you hold out a bonus to idle and improvident parents? Will you tax the poor ratepayer A, who works day and night to educate his own children decently, that the children of B, who has never worked at all, may be educated as well or better than they? There are both truths and fallacies here. The fallacies are that idle and imprudent parents will consider it any bonus to have their children well educated, or be the less or more idle and improvident on that account; and also that *any* expenditure of the State can equalize the condition of its adopted children with that of the children of honest and industrious parents trained in love and goodness at home. The truth of the argument is this—that it is not on the poor ratepayer, as such, that the weight of the education of the children of the State ought to fall. That is a matter of the general expenditure of the nation, to be classed with the salaries of the officers of State, the army, navy, and public works of all kinds. The *support* of the child—as of the adult pauper—is all with which the poor-rates ought rightly to be charged. The property of the ratepayer is lawfully taxed for *that* only. He should pay for the child's education, as he pays for other matters of public welfare, by other taxes. We shall see presently how such an arrangement would not only be feasible, but would directly fall in with any true method of removing the workhouse taint—namely, the separation of the child from pauper associations.

The boys' schools attached to the workhouses are usually good, as regards instruction: the district schools (combining those of several Unions, and separated from the workhouses), better still. In nearly all cases, indeed, children boarded in these schools are in advance, as regards book-learning, of those who

* Enforced vaccination is a singular use of these rights of the State in England.

attend only by day, with the usual irregularity of the poor. In some workhouse schools, also, the moral and physical training of the boys is excellent—in fact, there is little to be wished for, save that so much care and cost to effect the elevation of the pupils should be systematically rendered nugatory by the exclusive companionship of paupers, and the perpetual livery of pauperism. These are the best cases: very different ones are the Unions where the boys grow up under hard and tyrannical masters, with penurious guardians, and, from childhood to manhood, never know an hour of boyish sport or freedom, or one influence to soften their hearts to human sympathies or divine love. That a youth educated thus should grow up a cheerful, affectionate, self-respecting, and religious man, would be one of those moral miracles of which there are few examples.

The case of the girls is far worse than the boys, as all the conditions of workhouse management fall with peculiar evil on their natures. To mass boys together in large numbers, with no home influence or habits, and no attempt to draw out their affections, is dangerous. To do the same to girls, is fatal. Among all the endless paradoxes of female treatment, one of the worst and most absurd is that which, while eternally proclaiming 'home' to be the only sphere of a woman, systematically educates all the female children of the State without attempting to give them even an idea of what a home might be. Girls want affection, want personal care, want household duties, want everything which can train them to honour the bodies, and keep pure the souls which God has given them. To effect this, we mass them by hundreds where they have no affection, no personal care (nay, hardly a personal existence at all, save as units in a herd), no household duties; and as much degradation as hideous uniform and cropped hair, and shoes which change the natural lightness of step of youth to the shuffle of age, can possibly achieve. The result is at last becoming so palpable that none may shut their eyes. The poor girls so trained, go out into the humbler class of service, where their ignorance of the simplest household duties, their want of self-control and hopeless stupidity, too often provoke the harshness of their employers. In their errands in the streets at all hours, the secret of another and all too easy livelihood is revealed to them. No mother or friendly teacher is there to save them; no house to which to go, when dismissed from service, save the weary workhouse again. Before they return thither, they try that dread alternative. Out of a single workhouse in London, inquiry was instituted two years ago concerning eighty girls who had left and gone to service. It was found that every one of them was on the streets.

In a minor degree the evils of the boys' and girls' schools apply also to the infant schools, which likewise are contained in the workhouses.

What does our Parliamentary Committee (which has passed over the case of the blind, deaf and dumb, insane and idiotic) say to that of the children in the workhouse? The Report begins by admitting the importance of the matter, and traces a gradual improvement in the system, especially since 1847-8, when workhouse schools were placed under the inspection of the Committee of Council on Education, and a grant of £30,000 per annum placed at the disposal of the Poor-law Board for the payment of workhouse teachers. After this we are told that 'the witnesses, Miss Carpenter, Miss Twining, and the Hon. Mrs. Way, expressed opinions very strongly opposed to the education of children in workhouses, the inevitable result of which, they consider, is to demoralize the children and confirm them in habits of pauperism.' The Committee, however, attach more importance to the Report of the Royal Commission on Education, which contains these 'conclusions.'

1. That pauperism is hereditary; and that children born and bred as members of that class, furnish the great mass of the pauper and criminal population.

2. That the best prospect of a permanent diminution of pauperism and crime, is to be found in the proper education of such children.

3. That district and separate schools give an education to the children contained in them, which effectually tends to emancipate them from pauperism.

4. That the workhouse schools are generally so managed, that the children contained in them learn from infancy to regard the workhouses as their homes, and associate with grown-up paupers, whose influence destroys their moral character, and prevents the growth of independence.

5. That the arrangements of workhouses are unavoidably such as to make it extremely difficult to procure or retain competent teachers.

The inference from these premises is, that the only means of improving the condition of pauper education, is to compel by law the general establishment of district and separate schools; and that this remedy is efficient, the experience of the district and separate schools already established proves conclusively. (Report, p. 27).

All these conclusions of the Commissioners of Education, however, the Committee of Inquiry into Poor Relief found of small value, on analyzing the method by which the late lamented Mr. N. W. Senior, who drew up the document, had arrived at his convictions. Large examination of other witnesses proved to their satisfaction (what nobody ever questioned), that the intellectual education of workhouse children is good, and that a certain industrial training is also afforded to them. The case of the girls, and the total impossibility of affording them, in a workhouse, any preparation for domestic life, was, as usual, passed over; and their 'occasional' intercourse with the prostitutes in the workhouse, treated as of no great consequence. Mr. Tufnell, formerly Poor-law Commissioner, and, during the last fifteen years, Inspector of Poor-law Schools in the Metropolitan district, gave his opinion in favour of district schools for boys, and private industrial training-schools for girls, like the Brockham Home; and Mr. Farnall, Poor-law Inspector of the London district, gave similar judgment. The whole conclusions, however, of the Parliamentary Committee were these:—

That making reasonable allowance for the low condition, physical, moral, and mental, of a large proportion of the children when they first enter workhouses, and for the necessarily frequent changes in their admission and discharge, the state of workhouse education is upon the whole satisfactory in its character and result.

The Committee think that it would be inexpedient, and in many cases impracticable, to enforce the general establishment of district or separate schools; but they are of opinion that schools entirely distinct from the workhouse should continue to be encouraged as being attended with beneficial results to the children, and affording the most effectual means of separating them from the other classes of paupers.

The idea of what constitutes a satisfactory 'result,' in the minds of the members of the Committee, must, apparently, be somewhat different from that which the 'Philosophy of the Poor-laws' would lead us to predicate.

7. Workhouses are nurseries for infants. Two or three small wards, in most workhouses in England and Ireland, are devoted to the care of poor little babies, whose mothers (when they have any forthcoming), come in at stated times to feed them, and who, at other hours, or having no mothers, are in the hands of paupers unfit for other work, and commonly infirm and miserable enough on their own account, to have small patience to spare for the puling infants — heritors, in two cases out of three, of scrofulous disease.*

In Scotland these poor babies are sent out to be nursed by respectable peasant women, under proper inspection. How wise and benevolent such an arrangement is, may be judged from the simplest observation of the

* Hawthorne's terrible picture of the workhouse infant, in *Our Old Home*, will be fresh in many readers' minds.

condition of those reared in the workhouses. Just as the *moral entail* of pauperism needs to be cut off by removing the boy or girl from all degrading influences before they are old enough to be susceptible of them, so the *physical entail* of poverty's diseases needs to be cut off by taking the infant, from the first attainable moment, into the healthiest conditions we can assign it. That a baby should be in a workhouse, is presumption enough that its mother has been living in want or sin for months before its birth, and is in distress when she has given it its first nutriment. Often it has a double pedigree, on father's and mother's side, of profligacy, drunkenness, and want, whose consequences the hapless infant brings with it into the world. If this poor little creature is to be saved from a life of ill-health and helplessness—from a pauper life, in fact—it can only be by giving it the healthiest nurse, the freshest air, and, by-and-by, the wholesomest country food and exercise we can obtain. In the great hospital of San Spirito, in Rome, where more than 1000 foundlings are placed every year, and more than 500 of them die, we have thought the most piteous spectacle the civilized world could show was that of the pining little atoms of babies, two and three in a crib,—and two, three, or *four* fed (or rather starved) by one single wet-nurse, unable to still their ceaseless wails for food. Such poor, weak cries as they were!—such piteous little faces! It was too miserable to watch: and yet we have thought that to let them die thus, all save the strongest, by sheer want, was more merciful in the end than to give them, as we do, food enough, and let them grow up the inevitable heritors of disease.

Probably nothing we could do could make a class of workhouse orphans look like a class of thriving labourers' children. But all we could do ought surely to be tried,—and would be tried, but for this monstrous amalgamation of twenty institutions under one roof, and controlled by one Board. The simple idea of a committee of *men* undertaking the management of babies would be thought absurd enough elsewhere. Of course we are told they 'rely on the matron,'—which is equivalent to saying that it is not a committee at all, much less a qualified committee of ladies, or a lady inspector, who regulates this department; but, singly and irresponsibly, the salaried matron. Do the gentlemen of the Board imagine they can superintend and check the proceedings of this supreme authority? We have heard the most experienced philanthropist of the age lay it down as a principle, 'There never yet existed a gentleman, or a Board of gentlemen, whom the matron of an institution could not perfectly bamboozle respecting every department under her charge!'

8th. Again, workhouses are *lying-in hospitals* (another department for exclusive masculine surveillance!); and, lastly, they are penitentiaries. Both these portions of the institution are mainly defective in a moral point of view. A great, and often an only opportunity is offered for the reclaiming of women who have fallen into sin when they pass through the purifying ordeal of childbirth, or are compelled for a time to relinquish their evil courses from poverty or sickness. To seize such an opportunity has been the desire of many benevolent persons, and ought surely to be an aim of the heads of whatever institution they may make their temporary refuge. But we have never heard any but the same story of disappointment. The conditions of a workhouse—the evil company, the low nurses, the whole tone of the place—forbids almost always the entrance of moral or religious influences. Even if (as we have known) a death or other striking incident serve to touch them for a time, before any permanent good can be effected the evil influences of the place are sure to prevail. The workhouse is no place for repentance. It would be a miracle if it were!

In summa, then, as the Italians say, what are the results of this huge agglomeration of charitable institutions in our workhouses—male and female hospitals—male

and female infirmaries—male and female blind, deaf and dumb, insane, and idiot asylums—boys', girls', and infants' schools—nurseries—lying-in hospitals—and penitentiaries? Simply what might have been expected—that every one is more or less a failure; that it is —*not* merely inferior to similar institutions under other management in point of splendour or luxury, for this would be only right and fit—but that it is inferior to them in *fulfilling the purposes for which it exists*—in some cases failing to fulfil these purposes altogether. These partial or complete failures are often accidental and remediable. The worst defects we have signalized are not known in the many Unions presided over by humane and intelligent guardians. But other evils are inherent in the principle itself of a huge *omnium gatherum* of human want, vice, folly, and disease. No sagacity can obviate them, or make the condition of the blind, or deaf mutes, or children, or fallen women, in such places what it is in institutions devoted to their sole use. Can these things be remedied?

If the public were once persuaded of the fact that one house cannot well be the receptacle for every misfortune, nor one Board of Guardians the fit regulators of twenty-two widely-varied institutions, the remedy might apparently be found readily enough; in fact, it is often found by Unions disposed to seek it.

Let us first suppose that the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, and the idiots be in every case sent by their Unions to the county asylums—the Unions paying for their support to the asylums. Where such asylums do not exist, or do not possess sufficient accommodation, they should be enlarged, or those of an adjoining county employed. If it be thought needful for the ratepayers' protection against overcharge, committees of guardians could annually inspect such asylums and their accounts. As they are all designed for the lowest working classes, there is (or ought to be) nothing in the arrangement of such county asylums other than is fitting for the pauper blind, deaf, dumb, insane, and idiotic—*i.e.*, than that which is calculated to relieve or cure their afflictions in the most economical manner. The plan is so often *exceptionally* followed, from motives of convenience or humanity, that it is singular it should not yet be recognized as the only fit rule of treatment for the classes to which it applies. In particular, as regards the insane, the law which compels the sending of the violent patients only into the asylums, and leaves the harmless in the workhouses, simply amounts to the consignment of the latter to hopeless aberration, without chance afforded of recovery. What should we think of similar treatment of the sufferers by any of the thousand other maladies far less terrible than that of the brain? Deaf and dumb children, again, growing up without the peculiar education suited to their defects, are almost consigned to idiotcy—certainly to the obfuscation of all that moral and religious element which elevates men above the brutes. The case of the epileptics is a peculiarly difficult one. Oscillating between reason and a condition worse than imbecility, it seems alternately a cruelty to them and to their companions to class them either with the sound or unsound in intellect. Nor do there exist institutions outside the workhouse generally suitable for them. It would seem as if here, at all events, out-door relief sufficient for their maintenance might be safely given wherever the sufferers have friends willing to keep them in their homes. Failing such friends, the *infirm*, not *idiotic*, wards seem their proper place.

For the infants, the Scotch have demonstrated the excellence of the system of putting them out to nurse with respectable poor women, who bring them up with the nearest approach to family affection and healthful sanitary conditions attainable for them. No excuse remains for the English plan of close wards and indifferent (and commonly unhealthy) nurses, presided over by a board of gentlemen possessed of all the knowledge of their sex con-

cerning babies' wants and ailments. For the lying-in wards, and wards for fallen women, which *ought* to be penitentiaries, and are rather *induratories*, we are in grievous want of a revision of the whole system now in action, not only as regards workhouses, but the penitentiaries supported by private charity. It is not in a brief article like the present that this great subject can be discussed. Very valuable suggestions have been lately made regarding institutions which should combine lying-in hospitals for the class of women in question, and penitentiaries, and towards whose cost the fathers of children born in them should be compelled to contribute.* Could some scheme of this sort become legalized, and all unfortunate women driven to seek for relief from the poor-rates be admitted to *them* instead of to our present 'Black wards,' something might yet be done towards restoration, as well as towards the far more hopeful aim of prevention of sin.† In such institutions the payments of the guilty *men*, enforced by law, would fitly relieve the ratepayers, and form a most desirable check to vice. At the same time, regulations which such legally-established refuges might be qualified to make, requiring a notice of some weeks or months from the inmates before their departure, would vastly aid the feeble resolutions of the poor souls to persevere long enough in steady courses for reformation. The power of immediately procuring a discharge from the workhouse, at the first spur of weariness or temptation, has been, to the writer's experience, the ruin of many not unhopeful girls.

For the schools of boys and girls, we have already pointed out how the principles of justice require that the support of a pauper and the education of a child dependent on the State should be separated as widely as possible. As a matter of right, no child ought to bear the stigma of pauperism; and, as a matter of public interest for the future of the community, every dependent child ought to be separated and removed as far as by any means may be possible from pauper moral influences and pauper physical and social degradation. Instead of keeping our poor children in the workhouses, separating them from all other children, and clothing them in the hideous pauper uniform, our whole effort ought to be to take them miles away from any workhouse, to mix them completely with other children both in their schoolrooms and playgrounds, and obliterate in every possible way the difference between them. Practically, how can such a change be effected in the most radical manner? Two plans are open to us, either of which, it would seem, must attain the end in view.

The first plan would be to follow the Scotch system completely, both as regards boys and girls as well as infants, and to send the children out first to be nursed, and then boarded, by respectable poor families, under proper inspection. As they reach the age for going to school, the persons who have charge of the children being obliged to send them to the one in the neighbourhood chosen by the inspector, and to produce certificates from the teacher of the child's attendance, the desired end of education is fully attained, and with the immense advantage of it being an education in common with non-pauper children. The following account of the success of this scheme, given by the Clerk of the Edinburgh Parochial Board, is in the highest degree satisfactory:—

> In answer to your inquiries as to our mode of boarding out children here, I beg to state that the pauper children belonging to this parish were formerly maintained in an institution along with the children now in the Orphan Hospital, but so dissatisfied was this board with the results that, eighteen years ago, they resolved to board the children with families in the country; and this plan has since been followed by almost

* See 'A New form of Magdalen Reformatory Home,' by Miss Solly.

† The not very numerous cases of married women coming for confinement to the workhouse, would be met by one ward attached to the ordinary hospital.

all the large parishes in Scotland, the number sent out at present by the parishes of Edinburgh and Leith being upwards of 700; by Glasgow somewhat more; and by Dundee, Aberdeen, and other towns in proportion to their population.

1st. The total cost of each child thus boarded out by the parish, for the last year, was £8 13*s.* 10*d.* The allowance of 2*s.* 6*d.* a week to the nurse pays for board, lodging, washing, and mending clothes. We supply the clothing in addition.

2nd and 4th. I have an assistant, whose sole duty it is to superintend the children boarded out, both boys and girls, and to find good nurses for them. We board them with tradespeople and cottagers, and not with people who make the care of them their only task. We prefer people of good character, who have a steady income apart from the children, who will receive them, and treat them exactly as members of their own family; and we find, when the children are sent out young, they learn to call the parties to whom they are sent, father and mother. They acquire towards them the feelings of children, and the result generally is that the nurses acquire for them a parental affection. When any one applies for children, my assistant, before granting the request, visits them, and inquires in the neighbourhood as to their character, inspects the house, as to its accommodation, dryness, ventilation; ascertains if there is a well-taught school in the neighbourhood; and, after being satisfied on all these points, children are sent out. He afterwards visits the nurse, as well as the school, at least eight times a year, satisfies himself that the children are healthy, sufficiently fed, cleanly kept, and their education attended to. We generally get superior people to take charge of the children; but, should we get inferior ones, our own close superintendence prevents them doing injustice. Should we in any case, however, find neglect, the children are at once removed; but, although we have had 300 boarded out, and some years ago had 400, I have only had occasion to remove children for neglect on three or four occasions during a period of five years. The localities we select are generally small villages, at a distance of ten, fifteen, or twenty miles from Edinburgh, and of convenient access by railway.

3rd. We never send more than four children to one family.

5th. In consequence of our requiring the regular attendance of the children at school, the teacher having to fill up a schedule showing each day's absence, our children generally are the best scholars, and carry off a large share of the school prizes; and when sent out to service prove as good servants as the children of the cottagers or workpeople not dependent on the rates usually do—certainly not inferior—and many of them rise to positions of trust.

6th. It is a rare thing for a boy or girl who has been brought up in this way to become chargeable to the parish in after-life; and I may add that, where the children were brought up in the hospital or school here, which was apart from the poor-house, they very frequently became chargeable in after-life. We avoid crowding many in one locality, and have them not only in Edinburghshire, but in Fife, Haddington, and Lanarkshire.

G. GREY,

Clerk to the Edinburgh Parochial Board.

If, for any local reasons, this plan be found impracticable, then there remains another, which, though less good, would yet surely be a great improvement upon the present system. 1st. To place the children in schools which should be also *day*-schools for other children—*e.g.*, those of the national schools. 2nd. To charge the poor-rates only for their *support*, and defray their *education* from national grants for educational purposes. 3rd. To give Poor-law Guardians only such right of inspection as shall correspond with the payment of such rates for support of the children—*i.e.*, as shall secure for the ratepayers that their rates actually supply the physical wants of the children, and no more. 4th. To place the management of the schools under the Board of Education, where, it may be hoped, the theory of *paideutics* will be better understood than by the farmers and small shopkeepers, who carry the votes at the Boards of Guardians. 5th. That the boys in these schools wear semi-military or naval dresses, and be trained to such exercises as may best suit them for those professions wherein they can effectually serve the country and efface all pauper associations. Under such circumstances, it is to be believed a vast majority of boys would joyfully enter the army, navy, or merchant service, and make families for themselves in their ships and regiments. 6th. That the girls in these schools be separated as much as possible in small schools and certified training-houses, where they can be taught household labours, and be fitted for domestic life.

Of course all these plans are beset with difficulties of a practical sort —especially those connected with girls. Yet we would fain hope that these difficulties cannot be insurmountable, while the cutting off by such means of the main source of hereditary pauperism in the country would hold out a promise worthy of every exertion.

Should such views as these ever be adopted, the result would be to remove from the workhouses boys, girls, infants, lying-in women, fallen women, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, and the idiotic. There would remain only two departments—that of the workhouse properly so called, for able-bodied paupers; and the sick-wards for all classes of disease and infirmity of age. Could these latter also be removed?

It does not appear that it would be practicable to open hospitals* which by any arrangement could contain all the sick in the workhouses, or even any important class of them. The incurables alone would cost (supposing house-room provided already) not less than £900,000 per annum, at the usual rate of hospital expense. It would need about treble our existing hospital accommodation in England to empty the workhouse sick-wards. Such schemes are not to be contemplated as either advantageous or otherwise. There remains only the practicable alterations in the present workhouse hospital arrangements, which shall as much as possible obviate the evils we have signalized. Keeping in mind the principle that the purpose of an hospital is to *cure* the sick who are yet curable as surely and as quickly as possible, and to *relieve* the sufferings of all patients curable and incurable, we find that the task before us is to assimilate the workhouse hospitals to those free hospitals where these ends are obtained at the smallest cost. There must, on the one hand, be no sacrifice of either end to the cost,—for this is at once inhuman and impolitic; and, on the other hand, no superfluous cost,—for this is injustice to the ratepayer. To ascertain precisely what *are* these arrangements best for the sick and cheapest for the ratepayer, what is it we require? Surely not the opinion of a couple of dozen laymen (none of whom perhaps ever entered a hospital in his life), and of one young surgeon, their nominee and dependent? We want the very largest experience and highest medical judgment we can obtain. We want surgeons and physicians who are acquainted with the last improvements in hospitals, the last discoveries respecting the results of temperature, diet, and medicine, and who are in a position to speak with authority as to what shall or shall not be done independently of the guardians' prejudices. Where does this point?

Surely to this—that Medical Inspectors of Workhouse Hospitals are absolutely needed to make these hospitals properly effective. Already in the Inspectors for Lunatics and for Schools we have the plan in operation. Only the hapless sick and incurable have been left to the ignorance of guardians and the mercies of an uninspected surgeon. A commission given to three or four of the leading physicians and surgeons of the day to make a first general inspection and report of all the workhouse hospitals in the kingdom would, we are convinced, produce very admirable results. Such a first inspection, under the highest authority, would result:—1st, In the reform of bad sanitary arrangements of the wards and the introduction of proper furniture. 2nd, The revisal of the dietaries. 3rd, The appointment of proper nurses. 4th, The revisal of the medical books and accounts, whereby it would become manifest whether the surgeon was enabled to supply the patients with such drugs as science admits to be beneficial; and the guardians would be compelled to allot (*not* out of the sur-

* There are already, according to the census of 1861, 10,414 persons in hospitals in England, and 125,722 poor and sick in workhouses. How many of the latter are among the sick is not known.

geon's salary, but from a separate fund) the usual average cost of drugs for each patient in ordinary hospitals. All these most grievously needed reforms might be effected by a single visit of such a commission as we have supposed. The further regular rounds of ordinary inspectors of sufficient medical eminence would suffice to prevent a relapse into the present state of things. That the workhouse surgeon should also be encouraged and enabled to call into consultation the leading physicians or surgeons of the neighbourhood for difficult cases, would also be needful to assimilate in any way the workhouse with the other hospitals. The aged and infirm wards would share the benefits of such changes—so far as the inmates could be considered as patients. There are, however, in every workhouse, a large number of persons advanced in years far enough to be beyond work and yet not requiring hospital treatment of any kind. The treatment of these, the healthy aged paupers, is one of the most difficult of all the problems presented by the poor-laws. On the one hand there is our natural tenderness and respect for age, urging us to indulgence and to the permission of such little luxuries as have become habitual, and such free intercourse between husbands and wives as can be easily arranged. On the other hand we have the fatal experience that the idea of ending life in the workhouse not only may become, but has become, all too familiar to the English labourer, to the great injury of his independence and the misapplication of the poor-rates. Even with the existing regulations, the separating of families and the witholding of all luxuries, it has grown into a settled notion with the humblest class, in some districts, that they have a right to 'come on the parish' in old age, and that to relinquish such a right would be an extravagance—much the same as for a lady or gentleman to refrain from drawing their dividends or using their box at the opera! Their own savings, if they had any—or their sons' and daughters' earnings, would be sadly thrown away in supporting them at home when there is this provision absolutely waiting for them at the workhouse. How mischievous this idea is, and how prevalent; how it degrades our peasantry, parents and children both; how it counteracts the whole principle of the poor-laws, need not now be told. In the face of such experience, can we propose to make the condition of the healthy aged paupers better than it is? We fear it is impossible. Rather is it some further deterrent that is wanted—such as charges to be paid by able-bodied sons who allow their parents to go to the workhouse. It would be impossible, without cruelty, to lower the actual condition of the paupers; but by such a tax on their relations who ought to support them, and by very arduously striving to bring public opinion to make it disgraceful for them to allow them to go to the workhouse, something might perhaps be done to check the evil. Only when it is checked, and the idea of 'exercising a right' in going into the workhouse is changed among all classes, for that of submitting to a misfortune, will it be possible to extend greater indulgence to these poor old creatures.*

Casual wards appear in the country Unions to fulfil their purpose well enough. In London, however, it is otherwise. The average 12,000 'tramps' of the metropolis, swelled by the distress of the winters of 1860-61, when the whole pauperism rose from 95,752 to 135,389, became a source of universal distress, as accounts of their inability to find shelter in the workhouses were published day by day. Of the vast efforts made by private charity to come to their aid,

* Even the benevolent attempts to reunite husbands and wives seems to have proved a failure; not so much by encouraging them to go to the workhouse, but as failing to make them more happy therein. The chairman of a Union wherein it was tried, assured me the married couples were always more discontented than the others, and generally after a few months required to be separated.

we have no need here to tell. The Committee of Inquiry into the Poor-laws, which we are now considering, originated in the anxiety felt on all sides to remedy this great evil; and their labours seem in this particular respect to have arrived at a satisfactory—albeit somewhat illogical—result. They say (Report, p. 10)—

> That with respect to the extraordinary prevalence of distress in the metropolis in the winter of 1860-61, to which the attention of your Committee was particularly directed, they received strong evidence that such distress could have been relieved by the poor-law authorities, inasmuch as the legal machinery of administration was sufficient, and the guardians possessed the requisite powers for raising the necessary funds for the purpose; but the legal charge would have pressed very heavily on some parishes within the metropolis.

Nevertheless they finally decide (p. 41)—

> That in order to secure sufficient and convenient means for the relief of the casual and houseless poor within the metropolis, as defined by the Metropolitan Local Management Act, it is expedient that the charges incurred for the support of such poor should be paid out of a rate assessed on the annual rateable value of the whole of the said metropolis.
>
> That, in the opinion of this Committee, the machinery adopted under the Metropolitan Local Management Act might be made available for raising the amount of such charge, and your Committee recommend that authority be given to the Metropolitan Board of Works for such purpose.
>
> That the Poor-law Board be empowered to prescribe and enforce all necessary arrangements for providing the requisite accommodation in the several Unions and parishes, and otherwise carrying the foregoing resolutions into effect.

Finally—the *able-bodied paupers*. What ought to be done with them?

Visiting one day the Lusk Intermediate Prison, in company with the late Sir Joshua Jebb, he remarked to us—'This is precisely what we want our workhouses to be. The difficulty is to draw the distinction between the treatment of criminals and of paupers, which shall punish the one and not the other, and be healthy morally and physically for both.' On reflection, it did not seem as if the difficulty were so very great after all. The admirable system of Sir Walter Crofton, whereby crime has been so wonderfully repressed in Ireland, begins with imprisonment of a penal kind, and then proceeds through regular steps towards the preparation of the convict for liberty and an honest future life. There is nothing in the nature of the case to make the *latter* steps of this progress inapplicable to the condition of the able-bodied pauper—save the fact that the 'marks' for his good conduct and industrious work would not represent the curtailing of his detention, but the permission of indulgences, and the accumulation of such small per centage of his earnings, as might enable him eventually to leave the workhouse with means to emigrate or start afresh in industry. The modification of such details would be by no means difficult; and the reformatory aspect a system of the kind would give to workhouses, would be every way desirable rather than the contrary as regards the class in question, *i.e.*, the able-bodied paupers, who, except under rare calamity, are brought to such a state by vice or idleness. That everything beyond the barest necessaries should be earned by such persons by hard labour—that at every turn they should find steadiness, sobriety, and industry their sole means of obtaining any share of comfort or liberty—would be the very greatest benefit which could be conferred on them. At the same time, for the better sort, whom misfortune may have driven to the workhouse, the possibility of earning and laying by somewhat, if ever so little, towards future restoration to freedom, would be the most desirable stimulus. The ratepayers themselves would benefit by the spur thus given to both classes of paupers to perform their allotted labours, and then profit by extra tasks; and the whole workhouse would be changed from a place where the idle become more idle and the degraded more degraded, to one where the faults which brought men there would meet their fittest punishment and cure, and where new habits of temperance and industry

might be formed even for the most apparently hopeless characters.*

The modifications which we have here ventured to suggest concerning the whole arrangements of workhouses may be thus resumed:—

1, 2. The workhouse proper (or place of labour for male and female paupers) to be reformed by the introduction of a system of marks and fractional payment of labour.

3, 4. The casual wards in poor districts of London to be enlarged.

5, 6. The hospital for curable and incurable male and female patients to be reformed under a commission of physicians, and afterwards regularly inspected.

7, 8. The asylum for the aged supported in all possible cases by charges on the relatives who could maintain the inmates.

9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. The male and female blind, deaf and dumb, insane, and idiot asylums all emptied, and their inmates sent to the county asylums for their respective afflictions, and supported therein at the cost of the rates.

17, 18, 19, 20. The boys', girls', and infants' schools, and the nursery also emptied; the children being placed out in families from infancy, and educated in ordinary day-schools with other children; the rates paying their nurses and guardians under proper inspection, and the educational fund their schooling.

21, 22. The lying-in hospital and penitentiary to be transferred to such institutions as are above described.

These plans would involve in some cases more, in others less, expense than the present system. The reformed workhouse, we believe, would in the end be an economy as effecting a repression of pauperism. The reformed hospital would involve considerable outlay, which might or might not be balanced by the speedier cure of patients. The asylum for the aged might be partially taken in some cases from the general rates. The blind, deaf and dumb, insane, and idiotic would cost more, boarded in the county asylums, their wants being better supplied. The infants might perhaps cost more out at nurse than in the workhouse; the boys and girls boarded out as proposed would cost less, and (by far less often returning as paupers), would vastly lighten the rates. The lying-in hospital and penitentiary for fallen women, transferred to such an institution as has been suggested, would be nearly by half taken from the ratepayers and laid upon male offenders.

On the whole perhaps, therefore, we may consider the results of such changes would be to leave the rates much as they find them. As in some cases, however, they might involve considerable extra cost; the question of the equalization of rates over large areas would doubtless need to be considered. The palpable injustice, however, of the present system—the rich parishes in London paying next to nothing, and the poor being overwhelmed with their rates—renders it certain that ere long some such changes must be effected; and with such equalization the *universal* benefit of any scheme tending to the general repression of pauperism would inevitably be experienced. The Parliamentary inquiry on this subject is more satisfactory in its results on this point than on any other. The Committee report (p. 44)—

That much evidence was adduced showing the unequal pressure of the charge for the relief of the poor in different parts of the metropolitan district; and various plans were submitted to your Committee for the equalization of the poor-rate; and your Committee recommend the general

* In the splendid workhouse of Monte Domini, in Florence, I have seen the inmates engaged in all manner of trades: blacksmith work, iron bed making, weaving, carpentering, cabinet making, locksmith's work, book-binding, wood carving, mattress making, boot and shoe making of all kinds, and artificial flower making. In every case the workmen or workwomen received a certain share of the remuneration of their labour; and no heartier scene of work I ever witnessed anywhere. The director assured me that there were no complaints of interference with other tradesmen in the town, nor any jealousy of the boys being taught as much as possible.

question of extending the area of rating to the further consideration of the House; but the circumstances of the metropolis are so peculiar, that in any legislation to extend the area of charge or management, it would be necessary to have regard to those circumstances.*

On the subject of the law of settlement, nearly connected as it is with the equalization of rates, we shall not attempt to enter. Complaints from all parts of the kingdom of the evil results on the working classes of the present state of the law, are making themselves heard—and, we may be assured, will eventually obtain redress; whilst the history of the Bills proposed and rejected, the Reports and Committees concerned in the question since the Ninth Report of the Commissioners in 1843, is proof of the extreme intricacy and difficulty of the question. The existing law, resulting from a series of Acts of Parliament passed and amended from the origin of the Poor-laws in 1601 to 1662, 1685, 1691, 1697, 1795, 1834, and 1847, is a mass of entanglement whose most obvious result is to shackle the unhappy labourer, and to make it the interest of every landholder to prevent him from enjoying the comforts of a separate cottage. If he have resided three years uninterruptedly in one parish, it is on the rates of the Union in which that parish is situated that he is chargeable. If he have not resided three years in the parish in which he becomes a pauper, he is sent back (except under peculiar circumstances of a £10 holding or an apprenticeship) to any parish where he did so reside; or failing such, to any parish where his father or grandfather so resided; or to the parish where he or his father or grandfather were born. How few even of educated people understand this complicated law! How few poor labouring men and women can know how to regulate their conduct thereby, so as, amid all their hard struggles for existence, to combine the obtaining of employment and the avoiding of some unlucky movement which will bring on them, in their old age, a sentence almost equivalent to a penal transportation! Still worse is the evil which arises from the temptation thus held out to landholders and farmers to keep their parishes clear of all resident labourers who might in time come upon them for support. All England has been lately roused to indignation at the accounts of the hovels used by the poor in Norfolk and elsewhere; and philanthropists are seeking earnestly the means to correct the evil, and discover the true economical principle by which decent cottages for workmen may be a fair investment of capital. But till the law of settlement is altered there can be but partial benefit from any such schemes. The landlord's interest is *not to have labourers' cottages on his land at all*, even supposing they paid him six or eight per cent. for their cost of erection. Half a dozen paupers chargeable on his rates would swallow up such profit on a score of cottages. If we suppose an entire parish to belong to a single squire, or to ten farmers, then, if the squire or the farmers can contrive (as they may easily do) to prevent any working man from acquiring his three years' right of settlement on their parish, they keep themselves free of the greater part of the burden of the poor-rates—an exemption cheaply gained at the inconvenience (to them very small, to the poor labourer very great) of obliging him to walk every day to and from his work two or three miles to the nearest village. In this village, which is his sole resource, of course the rates are disproportionately high, the dwellings crowded, and the whole vile system of poor lodgings in full play. Why is all this wrong and wretchedness, and all the sanitary and moral evils thence derived? Simply because the law of settlement has so bungled in its original good intention of making it the interest of every parish to repress pauperism

* A Bill was introduced by Messrs. Ayrton and John Locke, as early as 1859, for the equalisation of poor-rates in the metropolitan districts. It failed, however, to obtain a second reading.

in its own bounds, that it has actually created a fictitious and monstrous interest in the whole class of landholders to drive the labourer off their property into villages, where every condition of difficulty of work, high price of lodging, and bad sanitary arrangement, tends to driving him into those vices wherein pauperism has its origin.

The remedy urged before now seems surely simple enough: that for the existing cumbrous legislation should be substituted a short and simple Act of Parliament, making the support of the pauper chargeable not on the parish in which he has *resided*, but on that in which he has *worked*, either last before he comes on the rates, or last for any stipulated and easily-remembered term of years. Thus, the interest of the landholder to keep the labourer far off would be changed for one to keep him as close as possible to his work (thus obtaining from him a better day's labour); seeing that in any case if he become chargeable on the rates, he will equally be obliged to contribute to his support. And for the labourer himself, he will be freed at once from all harassing anxiety and doubt respecting his future relief, should he be driven to seek for it.

The further step of making such charges common to large areas,* would remove the remaining source of evil—the interest of landlords to turn their lands to grass, and employ as few hands as possible in their farming operations. It would also permit, by the added rates thus levied on richer ratepayers, who have hitherto escaped most easily, the introduction of those improvements in the whole system of workhouse management, the necessity of which we hope we have in some measure demonstrated in the preceding pages.†

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* In the country, probably, the Unions now existing would suffice for the purpose above stated. In towns, where there is nearly always a rich quarter and a poor quarter, rich Unions and poor Unions, the whole town ought assuredly to be placed under some common system of taxation. No anomaly can be more absurd than that which now obtains in all the large cities of England, where the poor support the whole weight of the poor, and the rich support nothing at all. Permission to bring in a Bill to substitute Union for parish rating was asked in the House by Mr. Bernard, February 17th of the present year; but being opposed on the ground of the expected Report of the Committee of Inquiry, was not insisted on by the proposer.

† I am happy to state that since this article was written, a Bill has been passed, laying a charge upon the district of the Metropolitan Board of Works to provide for all the casual poor up to the 1st April next—the Poor-law Guardians to supply refuges and relief, and the Metropolitan Board of Works to levy a rate on the whole metropolis to defray the cost. Thus we are provided at all events against a repetition of the terrible scenes of last winter.

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THE BOOK-HUNTER.

FEW wiser things have ever been said than that remark of Byron's, that "man is an unfortunate fellow, and ever will be." Perhaps the originality of the fundamental idea it expresses may be questioned, on the ground that the same warning has been enounced in far more solemn language, and from a far more august authority. But there is originality in the vulgar everyday-world way of putting the idea, and this makes it suit our present purpose, in which, having to do with a human frailty, we intend neither to be devout nor philosophical about it, but to treat it in a thoroughly worldly and practical tone, and in this temper to judge of its place among the defects and ills to which flesh is heir. It were better, perhaps, if we human creatures sometimes did this, and discussed our common frailties as each himself partaking of them, than mount, as we are so apt to do, into the clouds of theology or of ethics, according as our temperament and training are of the serious or of the intellectual order. True, there are many of our brethren violently ready to proclaim themselves frail mortals, miserable sinners, and no better, in theological phraseology, than the greatest of criminals. But such has been our own unfortunate experience in life, that whenever we find a man coming forward with these self-denunciations on his lips, we are prepared for an exhibition of intolerance, spiritual pride, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, towards some poor fellow-creature who has floundered a little out of the straight path, and, being all too conscious of his errors, is not prepared to proclaim them in those broad, emphatic terms which come so readily to the lips of the censors, who at heart believe themselves spotless,—just as complaints about poverty, and inability to buy this and that, come from the fat lips of the millionaire, when he shows you his gallery of pictures, his stud, and his forcing-frames.

No; it is hard to choose between the two. The man who has no defect or crack in his character—no tinge of even the minor immoralities—no fantastic humour carrying him sometimes off his feet—no preposterous hobby—such a man, walking straight along the surface of this world in the arc of a circle, is a very dangerous character, no doubt; of such all children, dogs, simpletons, and other creatures that have the.

instinct of the odious in their nature, feel an innate loathing. And yet it is questionable if your perfectionised Sir Charles Grandison is quite so dangerous a character as your "miserable sinner," vociferously conscious that he is the frailest of the frail, and that he can do no good thing of himself. And indeed, in practice, we have known the external symptoms of these two characteristics so to alternate in one disposition, as to render it evident that each is but the same moral nature under a different external aspect—the mask, cowl, varnish, crust, or whatever you like to call it, having been adapted to the external conditions of the man—that is, to the society he mixes in, the set he belongs to, the habits of the age, and the way in which he proposes to get on in life.

It is when the occasion arises for the mask being thrown aside, or when the internal passions burst like a volcano through the crust, that terrible events take place, and the world throbs with the excitement of some wonderful criminal trial: and here, as will happen both with talkers and writers, we are brought to the telling of a story we did not intend to tell, rather because it is good and little known than that it is the most apt parable that could be selected for the personation of our doctrine. It has often been observed that it is among the Society of Friends, who keep so tight a rein on the passions and propensities, that these make the most terrible work when they break loose. The present instance, however, belongs rather to the droll than to the terrible. The hero of it was the first Quaker of that Barclay family which produced the apologist and the pugilist. He was a colonel in the great civil wars, and had seen wild work in his day; but in his old age a change came over him, and, becoming a follower of George Fox, he retired to spend his old age on his ancestral estate in Kincardineshire. Here it came to pass that a brother laird thought the old Quaker could be easily done, and began to encroach upon his marches. Barclay, a strong man, with the iron sinews of his race, and their fierce spirit still burning in his eyes, strode up to the encroacher, and, with a grim smile, spoke thus: "Friend, thou knowest that I have become a man of peace and have relinquished strife, and therefore thou art endeavouring to take what is not thine own, but mine, because thou believest that, having abjured the arm of the flesh, I cannot hinder thee. And yet, as thy friend, I advise thee to desist; for shouldst thou succeed in rousing the old Adam within me, perchance he may prove too strong, not only for me, but for *thee*." There was no use of attempting to answer such an argument.

The object of this rambling preamble is to win from the reader a morsel of genial fellow-feeling towards the human frailty which we are going to examine and lay bare before him, trusting that he will treat it neither with the haughty disdain of the immaculate, nor the grim charity of the "miserable sinner." It is a strong instance to cite, perhaps; and yet there is some soundness in the rather extreme tolerance of the old Aberdeen laird's wife, who, when her sister lairdesses were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the abominable vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a gueed, weel-tempered, couthy, queat, innocent, daedlin, drucken body—wi' nae ill practices aboot him ava!"

What would our Social Progress, Band of Hope, and Philanthropic League philosophers say to a charity like this? And here, by the way, we are reminded how perilous a thing it is, in these days of enlightened thought and action, to draw attention to any kind of human frailty or folly, since the world is full of people who are prepared to deal with and cure it, provided only that they are to have their own way with the disease and the patient, and that they shall enjoy the simple privilege of locking him up,

dieting him, and taking possession of his worldly goods and interests, as one who, by his irrational habits, or his outrages on the laws of physiology, or the fitness of things, or some other neology, has satisfactorily established his utter incapacity to take charge of his own affairs. No! This is not a cruel age; the rack, the wheel, the boot, the thumbikins, even the pillory and the stocks, have disappeared; death-punishment is dwindling away, and if convicts have not their full rations of cooked meat, or get damaged coffee or sour milk, or are inadequately supplied with flannels and clean linen, there will be an outcry and an inquiry, and a Secretary of State will lose a percentage of his influence, and learn to look better after the administration of patronage. But, at the same time, the area of punishment—or of "treatment," as it is mildly termed—becomes alarmingly widened, and people require to look sharply into themselves lest they should be tainted with any little frailty or peculiarity which may transfer them from the class of free self-regulators to that of persons "under treatment." In Owen's parallelograms there were to be no prisons: he admitted no power in one man to inflict punishment upon another for merely submitting to the dictates of natural propensities which could not be resisted. But, at the same time, there were to be hospitals in which not only the physically diseased, but also the mentally and *morally* diseased, were to be detained until they were cured; and when we reflect that the laws of the parallelogram were very stringent and minute, and required to be absolutely enforced to the letter, otherwise the whole machinery of society would come to pieces, like a watch with a broken spring, it is clear that these hospitals would have contained a very large portion of the unrationalised population.

There is rather too much of this sort of Owenism now among us, and it is therefore with some little misgiving that we betray a brother's weakness, and lay bare the diagnosis of a peculiar and interesting human frailty. Indeed, the bad name that proverbially hangs the dog has already been given to it, for bibliomania is older in the technology of this kind of nosology than dipsomania, which is, we understand, now an almost established ground for seclusion, and deprivation of the management of one's own affairs. There is one ground of consolation, however, that, not being popular among the class of enlightened philanthropists, our exposition may pass unnoticed, and the harmless class on whose peculiar frailties we propose to devote a gentle and kindly exposition may yet be permitted to go at large.

As our first case, let us summon from the shades our venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. We see him now—tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive type, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have we not sometimes found the female members of his household, on occasion of some domestic emergency—or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief—have we not found them searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns? Then, again, can we forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, fol-

lowed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall—and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, "at any price," a great fish he has been patiently watching for year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. We have known him, indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, "Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them."

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed our path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience. Cruel as it may seem, we must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realised at the time of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen, in passing, the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the Church so disguised.

The Archdeacon lay under what, among the deluded victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced ap-

parition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is with the initiated a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon; 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?'"

Yes, our venerable friend read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralised on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a tawny-morocco-ite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind,—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be. It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment

of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind, would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep —for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But all the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world was booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant

garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice—and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule. One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen, which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frouzy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonised with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward wilful course, like everything else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he chose to wield it, but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers—some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with all its train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Let us now call up a different, and a more commonplace type of the book-hunter—it shall be Inch-rule Brewer. He is guiltless of all intermeddling with the contents of books, but in their external attributes his learning is marvellous. He derived his nickname from the practice of keeping, as his inseparable pocket-companion, one of those graduated folding measures of length which may often be seen protruding from the moleskin pocket of the joiner. He used it at auctions, and on other appropriate occasions, to measure the different elements of a book—the letterpress—the unprinted margin—the external expanse of the binding; for to the perfectly scientific collector all these things are very significant. They are, in fact, on record among the craft, like the pedigrees and physical characteristics recorded in stud-books and short-

horned books. One so accomplished in this kind of analysis could tell at once, by this criterion, whether the treasure under the hammer was the same that had been knocked down before at the Roxburghe sale—the Gordonstown or the Heber, perhaps—or was veritably an impostor—or was in reality a new and previously unknown prize well worth contending for. The minuteness and precision of his knowledge excited wonder, and being anomalous among the male sex even among collectors, it was rumoured that its possessor must veritably be an aged maiden in disguise.

Among the elements which constitute the value of a book—rarity of course being equal—we should say he counted the binding highest. He was not alone in this view, for it would be difficult to give the uninitiated a conception of the importance attached to this mechanical department of book-making by the adepts. About a third part of Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron* is, if we recollect rightly, devoted to bindings. There are binders who have immortalised themselves—as Staggernier, Waltier, Payne, Padaloup, Hennings, De Rome, Fowkener, Lewis, Hayday, and Thomson. Their names may sometimes be found on their work, not with any particularities, as if they required to make themselves known, but with the simple brevity of illustrious men. Thus we take up a morocco-bound work of some eminence, on the title-page of which the author sets forth his full name and profession, with the distinctive initials of certain learned societies to which it is his pride to belong, but the simple and dignified enunciation deeply stamped in his own golden letters, "Bound by Hayday," is all that that accomplished artist deigns to tell.

And let us, after all, acknowledge that there are few men who are entirely above the influence of binding. No one likes sheep's clothing for his literature, even if he should not aspire to russia or morocco. Adam Smith, one of the least showy of men, confessed himself to be a beau in his books. Perhaps the majority of men of letters are so to some extent, though poets are apt to be ragamuffins. It was Thomson, we believe, who used to cut the leaves with the snuffers. Perhaps an event in his early career may have soured him of the proprieties. It is said that he had an uncle, a clever active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, feckless character with impatient disgust. When the first of *The Seasons*—"Winter" it was, we believe—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's scepticism, and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed—"Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now?—weel, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to do the like!"

The feeling by which this worthy man was influenced was a mere sensible practical respect for good workmanship. The aspirations of the collectors, however, in this matter, go out of the region of the sphere of the utilitarian into that of the æsthetic. Their priests and prophets, by the way, do not seem to be aware how far back this veneration for the coverings of books may be traced, or to know how strongly their votaries have been influenced in the direction of their taste by the traditions of the middle ages. The binding of a book was, of old, a shrine on which the finest workmanship in bullion and the costliest gems were lavished. The psalter or the breviary of some early saint, a portion of the Scriptures, or some other volume held sacred, would be thus enshrined. It has happened sometimes that tattered fragments of them have been preserved

as effective relics within outer shells or shrines; and in some instances, long after the books themselves have disappeared, specimens of these old bindings have remained to us beautiful in their decay;—but we are getting far beyond the Inchrule.

Your affluent omnivorous collector, who has more of that kind of business on hand than he can perform for himself, naturally brings about him a train of satellites, who make it their business to minister to his importunate cravings. With them the phraseology of the initiated degenerates into a hard business sort of slang. Whatever slight remnant of respect towards literature as the vehicle of knowledge may linger in the conversation of their employers, has never belonged to theirs. They are dealers who have just two things to look to—the price of their wares, and the peculiar propensities of the unfortunates who employ them. Not that they are destitute of all sympathy with the malady which they feed. The caterer generally gets infected in a superficial cutaneous sort of way. He has often a collection himself, which he eyes complacently of an evening as he smokes his pipe over his brandy-and-water, but to which he is not so distractedly devoted but that a pecuniary consideration will tempt him to dismember it. It generally consists, indeed, of blunders or false speculation—books which have been obtained in a mistaken reliance on their suiting the craving of some wealthy collector. Caterers unable to comprehend the subtle influences at work in the mind of the book-hunter, often make miscalculations this way. Fitzpatrick Smart punished them so terribly that they at last abandoned him in despair to his own devices.

Several men of this class were under the authority of the Inchrule, and their communings were instructive. "Thorpe's catalogue just arrived, sir—several highly important announcements," says a portly person with a fat volume under his arm, hustling forward with an air of assured consequence. There is now to be a deep and solemn consultation, as when two ambassadors are going over a heavy protocol from a third. We happened to see one of these myrmidons returning from a bootless errand of inspection to a reputed collection; he was hot and indignant. "A *collection*," he sputtered forth—"that a *collection!*—mere rubbish, sir—irredeemable trash. What do you think, sir?—a set of the common quarto edition of the Delphini classics, copies of Newton's works and Bacon's works, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and so forth—nothing better, I declare to you: and to call *that* a collection!" Whereas, had it contained *The Pardoner and the Freer, Sir Clyman and Clamides, A Knack to know a Knave*, or the works of those eminent dramatists, Nabbles, May, Clapthorne, Peapes, or Chettle, then would the collection have been worthy of distinguished notice. On another occasion, the conversation turning on a name of some repute, the remark is ventured, that he is "said to know something about books," which brings forth the fatal answer—"*He* know about books!—Nothing—nothing at all, I assure you; unless perhaps, about their insides."

All these are, after all, mild and comparatively innocuous cases; and indeed such is the general tone of the malady, though it has its noxious and even dangerous types also. It is liable to be accompanied by an affection, known also to the agricultural world as affecting the wheat crop, and called "the smut." Fortunately this is less prevalent among us than the French, who have a name for the class of books affected by this school of collectors in the *bibliotheque bleue*. There is a sad story connected with this peculiar frailty. A great and high-minded scholar of the seventeenth century had a savage trick played on him by some mad wags, who collected a quantity of the brutalities of which Latin literature affords an endless

supply, and published them in his name. He is said not long to have survived this practical joke; and one does not wonder at his sinking before such a prospect, if he anticipated an age and a race of book-buyers among whom his great critical works are forgotten, and his name is known solely for the spurious volume, sacred to infamy, which may be found side by side with the works of the author of *Trimalcion's Feast*—"par nobile fratrum."

There is another failing, without a leaning to virtue's side, to which some collectors have been, by reputation at least, addicted—a propensity to obtain articles without value given for them—a tendency to be larcenish. It is the culmination, indeed, of a sort of lax morality apt to grow out of the habits and traditions of the class. Your true collector—not the man who follows the occupation as a mere expensive taste, and does not cater for himself—considers himself a finder or discoverer rather than a purchaser. He is an industrious prowler in unlikely regions, and is entitled to some reward for his diligence and his skill. Moreover, it is the essence of that very skill to find value in those things which, in the eye of the ordinary possessor, are really worthless. From estimating them at little value, and paying little for them, the steps are rather too short to estimating them at nothing, and paying nothing for them. What matters it a few dirty black-letter leaves picked out of that volume of miscellaneous trash — leaves which the owner never knew he had, and cannot miss—which he would not know the value of, had you told him of them? What use of putting notions into the greedy barbarian's head, as if one were to find treasures for him? And the little pasquinade is *so* curious, and will fill a gap in that fine collection so nicely! The notions of the collector about such spoil are indeed the converse of those which Cassio professed to hold about his good name, for the scrap furtively removed is supposed in no way to impoverish the loser, while it makes the recipient rich indeed. Those habits of the prowler which may gradually lead a mind not strengthened by strong principle into this downward career, are hit with his usual vivacity and wonderful truth by Scott. The speaker is our delightful friend Oldenbuck of Monkbarns, the Antiquary, and it has just enough of confession in it to show a consciousness that the narrator has been over dangerous ground, and, if we did not see that the narrative is tinged with some exaggeration, has trodden a little beyond the limits of what is gentlemanly and just.

"See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the *Complete Syren*, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaynt of Scotland* I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who in gratitude bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St Mary's Wynd—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, lest by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! How have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then Mr, Lovel—the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy; shrouding, meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and dexterity;—these, my young friend—these are the

white moments of life, that repay the toil and pains and sedulous attention which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands."

There is a nice subtle meaning in the worthy man calling his weakness his "profession," but it is in complete keeping with the mellow Teniers-like tone of the whole picture. Ere we have done we shall endeavour to show that the grubber among book-stalls has, with other grubs or grubbers, his useful place in the general dispensation of the world. But his is a pursuit exposing him to moral perils, which call for peculiar efforts of self-restraint to save him from them; and the moral Scott holds forth—for a sound moral he always has—is, If you go as far as Jonathan Oldenbuck did—and I don't advise you to go so far, but hint that you should stop earlier—say to yourself, Thus far, and no farther.

So much for a sort of clinical exposition of the larcenous propensities which accompany book-hunting. There is another peculiar, and, it may be said, vicious propensity, exhibited occasionally in conjunction with the pursuit. It is entirely antagonistic in spirit to the tenth commandment, and consists in a desperate coveting of the neighbour's goods, and a satisfaction, not so much in possessing for one's self, as in dispossessing him. This spirit is said to burn with still fiercer flame in the breasts of those whose pursuit would externally seem to be the most innocent in the world, and the least excitive of the bad passions—namely, among flower-fanciers. From some mysterious cause, it has been known to develop itself most flagrantly among tulip-collectors, insomuch that there are legends of Dutch devotees of this pursuit who have paid their thousands of dollars for a duplicate tuber, that they might have the satisfaction of crushing it under the heel. This line of practice is not entirely alien to the book-hunter. Dibdin warmed his convivial guests at comfortable fires, fed by the woodcuts which had been printed from in the impression of the *Bibliographical Decameron*. It was a quaint fancy, and deemed to be a pretty and appropriate form of hospitality, while it effectually assured the subscribers to his costly volumes that the vulgar world who buy cheap books was definitively cut off from participation in their privileges.

Let us, however, summon a more potent spirit of this order. He is a different being altogether from those gentle shades who have flitted past us already. He was known in the body by many hard names, such as the Vampire, the Dragon, &c. He was an Irish absentee, or, more accurately, a refugee, since he had made himself so odious on his ample estate that he could not live there. How on earth he should have set about collecting books, is one of the inscrutable mysteries which ever surround the diagnosis of this peculiar malady. Setting aside his using his books by reading them as out of the question, he yet was never known to indulge in that fondling and complacent examination of their exterior and general condition, which, to Inchrule and others of his class, seemed to afford the highest gratification that, as sojourners through this vale of tears, it was their lot to enjoy. Nor did he luxuriate in the collective pride—like that of David when he numbered his people—of beholding how his volumes increased in multitude, and ranged with one another, like well-sized and properly-dressed troops, along an ample area of book-shelves. His collection—if it deserved the name—was piled in great heaps in garrets, cellars, and warerooms like unsorted goods. They were accumulated, in fact, not so much that the owner might have them, as that other people might not. If there were a division of the order into positive, or those who desire to make collections, and negative, or those who desire to prevent them being made, his case would properly belong to the latter. Imagine the

consternation created in a small circle of collectors by a sudden alighting among them of a *helluo librorum* with such propensities, armed with illimitable means, enabling him to desolate the land like some fiery dragon! What became of the chaotic mass of literature he had brought together no one knew. It was supposed to be congenial to his nature to have made a great bonfire of it before he left the world; but a little consideration showed such a feat to be impossible, for books may be burnt in detail by extraneous assistance, but it is a curious fact that, combustible as paper is supposed to be, books won't burn. If you doubt this, pitch that folio Swammerdam or Puffendorf into a good rousing fire, and mark the result. In the days when heretical books were burned, it was necessary to place them on large wooden stages, and after all the pains taken to demolish them, considerable readable masses were sometimes found in the embers; whence it was supposed that the devil, conversant in fire and its effects, gave them his special protection. In the end it was found easier and cheaper to burn the heretics themselves than their books.

No—it is still probable that, stored away in some forgotten repositories, these miscellaneous relics still remain; and should they be brought forth, some excitement might be created; for, ignorant as the monster was, he had an instinct for knowing what other people wanted, and was thus enabled to snatch rare and curious volumes from the grasp of systematic collectors. It was his great glory to get hold of a unique book and shut it up. There were known to be just two copies of a spare quarto, called *Rout upon Rout, or the Rabblers Rabbled*, by Felix Nixon, Gent. He possessed one copy; the other, by indomitable perseverance, he also got hold of, and then his heart was glad within him; and he felt it glow with well-merited pride when an accomplished scholar, desiring to complete an epoch in literary history on which that book threw some light, besought the owner to allow him a sight of it, were it but for a few minutes, and the request was refused. "I might as well ask him," said the animal, who was rather proud of his firmness than ashamed of his churlishness, "to make me a present of his brains and reputation."

It was among his pleasant ways to attend book-sales, there to watch the biddings of persons on whose judgment he relied, and cut in as the contest was becoming critical. This practice soon betrayed to those he had so provoked the chinks in the monster's armour. He was assailable and punishable at last, then, this potent monster—but the attack must be made warily and cautiously. Accordingly, impartial bystanders, ignorant of the plot, began to observe that he was degenerating by degrees in the rank of his purchases, and at last becoming utterly reckless, buying, at the prices of the sublimest rarities, common works of ordinary literature to be found in every book-shop. Such was the result of judiciously drawing him on, by biddings for valueless books, on the part of those whom he had outbid in the objects of their desire. Auctioneers were surprised at the gradual change coming over the book-market, and a few fortunate people obtained considerable prices for articles they were told to expect nothing for. But this farce, of course, did not last long; and whether or not he found out that he had been beaten at his own weapons, the devouring monster disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Such reminiscences bring vividly before the eye the scenes in which they took place long long ago. If any one in his early youth has experienced some slight symptoms of the malady we are discussing, which his constitution, through a tough struggle with the world, and a busy training in after life, has been enabled to throw off, he will yet look back with fond associa-

tions to the scenes of his dangerous indulgence. The auction-room is often the centre of fatal attraction towards it, just as the billiard-room and the *rouge-et-noir* table are to excesses of another kind. There is that august tribunal, over which at one time reigned Scott's genial friend Ballantyne, succeeded by the sententious Tait and the great Nisbet. More congenial, however, in our recollection, is the more remote and dingy hall where rough Carfrae, like Thor, flourished his thundering hammer. There it was that first we marked, with a sort of sympathetic awe, the strange and varied influence of their peculiar maladies on the book-hunters of the last generation. There it was that we first handled those pretty little pets, the Elzevir classics, a sort of literary bantams, which are still dear to memory, and awaken old associations by their dwarfish ribbed backs like those of ponderous folios, and their exquisite, but now, alas! too minute type. The eyesight that could formerly peruse them with ease has suffered decay, but they remain unchanged; and in this they are unlike to many other objects of early interest. Children, flowers, animals, scenery even, all have undergone mutation, but no perceptible shade of change has passed over these little reminders of old times. There it was that we first could comprehend how a tattered dirty fragment of a book once common might be worth a deal more than its weight in gold. There it was too, that, seduced by our bad example, the present respected pastor of Ardsnishen purchased that beautiful Greek New Testament, by Jansen of Amsterdam, which he loved so, in the freshness of its acquisition, that he took it with him to church, and, turning up the text, handed it to a venerable woman beside him, after the fashion of an absorbed and absent student who was apt to forget whether he was reading Greek or English. The presiding genius of the place, with his strange accent, odd sayings, and angular motions, accompanied by good-natured grunts of grotesque wrath, became a sort of household figure. The dorsal breadth of pronunciation with which he would expose "Mr Ivory's *Erskine*," used to produce a titter which he was always at a loss to understand. Though not the fashionable resort, where all the thorough libraries in perfect condition went to be hammered off, and though it was a place where very miscellaneous collections were sold, and therefore bargains might be expected by those who knew what they were about, yet sometimes extraordinary and valuable collections of rare books came under his hammer, and created an access of more than ordinary excitement among the denizens of the place. On one of these occasions a succession of valuable fragments of early English poetry brought prices so high, and far beyond those of ordinary expensive books in the finest condition, that it seemed as if their imperfections were their merit; and the auctioneer, momentarily carried off with this feeling, when the high prices began to sink a little, remonstrated thus, "Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen, —this curious book—so low as thirty shillings—and *quite imperfect!*"

Those who frequented this howf, being generally elderly men, have now nearly all departed. The thunderer's hammer, too, has long been silenced by the great quieter. One living memorial still exists of that scene—the genial and then youthful assistant, whose partiality for letters and literary pursuits made him often the monitor and kindly guide of the raw student, and who now, in a higher field, exercises a more important influence on the destinies of literature. We passed the spot the other day—it was not desolate and forsaken, with the moss growing on the hearth-stone; on the contrary, it flared with many lights — a thronged gin-palace. When we heard the sounds that issued from the old familiar spot, it occurred to

us that, after all, there are worse pursuits in the world than book-hunting.

Perhaps, by the way, it would be a good practical distinction in the class of persons we are dealing with, to divide them into private prowlers and auction-hunters. There are many other modes of classifying them, but none so general. They might be classified by the different sizes of books they affect—as folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos—but this would be neither an expressive nor a dignified classification. In enumerating the various orders to which Fitzpatrick Smart did not belong, we have mentioned many of the species, but a great many more might be added. Some collectors lay themselves out for vellum-printed volumes almost solely. There are such not only among very old books, but among very new; for of a certain class of modern books it frequently happens that a copy or two is printed on vellum, to catch the class whose weakness takes that direction.

It may be cited as a signal instance of the freaks of book-collecting, that of all men in the world Davoust, the rough soldier, who by his cool courage rose from the position of sergeant to be Prince of Eckmuhl, had a vellum library—but so it was. It was sold in London for about £1400. "The crown octavos," says Dibdin, "especially of ancient classics, and a few favourite English authors, brought from four to six guineas. The first virtually solid article of any importance, or rather of the greatest importance, in the whole collection, was the matchless Didot *Horace* of 1799, folio, containing the original drawings, from which the exquisite copperplate vignettes were executed. This was purchased by the gallant Mr George Hibbers for £140. Nor was it in any respect an extravagant or even dear purchase."

Some collectors may be styled Rubricists, being influenced by a sacred rage for books having the contents and marginal references printed in red ink. Some go at flowered capitals, others at broad margins. These have all a certain amount of magnificence in their tastes; but there are others again whose priceless collections are like the stock-in-trade of a wholesale ballad-singer, consisting of chap-books, as they are termed—the articles dealt in by pedlars and semi-mendicants for the past century or two. Some affect collections relating to the drama, and lay great store by heaps of play-bills arranged in volumes, and bound, perhaps, in costly russia. Of a more dignified grade are perhaps those who have lent themselves to the collection of the theses on which aspirants after university honours held their disputations or impugnments. Sometimes out of a great mass of rubbish of this kind the youthful production of some man who has afterwards become great turns up. Of these theses and similar tracts a German, Count Dietrich, collected some hundred and forty thousand, which are now in this country.

Collectors there have been, not unimportant for number and zeal, whose mission it is to purchase books marked by peculiar mistakes or errors of the press. Several editions of the Scriptures are valuable for blunders which do not contribute to edification in the perusal; and many a witticism has been launched at the test which distinguishes the genuine Elzevir edition of *Cæsar* from the spurious imitations of it—viz., an error in the paging. A collection of errors of the press, old and new, would be a volume full of ludicrous coincidences; for, generally, a resemblance in sound, carrying with it a ludicrous incongruity of meaning, has been the cause of the slips. There have been cruel instances of printers' blunders in our own days, like the fate of the youthful poetess in the Fudge family:—

> "When I talked of the dewdrops on freshly-blown roses,
> The nasty things printed it—freshly-blown noses."

A solid scholar there was, who, had he been called to his account at a certain advanced period of his career, might have challenged all the world to say that he had ever used a false quantity or committed an anomaly in syntax, or misspelt a foreign name, or blundered in a quotation from a Greek or Latin classic — to misquote an English author is a far lighter crime, but even to this he could have pleaded not guilty. He never made a mistake in a date, nor left out a word in copying the title-page of a volume; nor did he ever, in affording an intelligent analysis of its contents, mistake the number of pages devoted to one head. As to the higher literary virtues too, his sentences were all carefully balanced in a pair of logical and rhetorical scales of the most sensitive kind; and he never perpetrated the atrocity of ending a sentence with a monosyllable, or using the same word twice within the same five lines, choosing always some judicious method of circumlocution to obviate reiteration. Poor man! in the pride of his unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a *Canadian* vessel. The victim of this calamity had undergone minor literary trials, which he had borne with philosophical equanimity; as, for instance, when inconsiderate people, destitute of the organ of veneration, thoughtlessly asked him about the last new popular work, as if it were something that he had read or even heard of, and even went so far in their contumelious disrespect as to speak to him about the productions of a certain Charles Dickens. The "Canadian vessel," however, was a more serious disaster, and was treated accordingly. A charitable friend broke his calamity to the author at a judicious moment, to prevent him from discovering it himself at an unsuitable time, with results the full extent of which no one could foresee. It was an affair of much anxiety among his friends, who made frequent inquiries as to how he bore himself in his affliction, and what continued to be the condition of his health, and especially of his spirits. And although he was a confirmed book-hunter, and not unconscious of the merits of the peculiar class of books now under consideration, it may be feared that it was no consolation to him to reflect that, some century or so hence, his books and himself would be known only by the curious blunder which made one of them worth the notice of the book-fanciers.

An odd accident occurred to a book lately published, called *The Men of the Times*. It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the forme. Those in whose hands the accident happens, generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance we refer to. A few lines dropping out of the "Life of Robert Owen," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbour—"Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence is, that the article begins as follows:—

"OXFORD, THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF, was

born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic, as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements."

Whenever this blunder was discovered, the leaf was cancelled; but a few copies of the book had got into circulation, which some day or other may be valuable.

So much for the specimens of books with blunders in them, as attracting after them a special class of collectors. We return to our old opinion, that these incidental divisions are too numerous and complex for a proper classification of book-hunters, and that their most effective and comprehensive division is into the private prowler and the auction-hunter. The difference between them is something like, in the sporting world, that between the stalker and the hunter proper. Each function has its merits, and calls for its special qualities and sacrifices. The one demands placidity, patience, caution, plausibility, and unwearied industry—such attributes as those which have been already set forth in the words of the *Antiquary*. The auction-room, on the other hand, calls forth courage, promptness, and the spirit of adventure. There is wild work sometimes there, and men find themselves carried off by enthusiasm and competition towards pecuniary sacrifices which at the threshold of the auction-room they had solemnly vowed to themselves to eschew. But such sacrifices are the tribute paid to the absorbing interests of the pursuit, and are looked upon in their own peculiar circle as tending to the immortal honour of those who made them. This field of prowess has, it is said, undergone a prejudicial change in these days, the biddings being nearly altogether by dealers, and gentlemen-collectors gradually moving out of the field. In old days one might have reaped for himself, by bold and emphatic biddings at a few auctions, a niche in that temple of fame, of which the presiding deity is Dr Frognal Dibdin; a name familiarly abbreviated in that of Foggy Dibdin. His descriptions of auction contests are perhaps the best and most readable portions of his tremendously overdone books. Conspicuous beyond all others stands forth the sale of the Roxburghe library, perhaps the most eminent contest of that kind on record. There were of it some ten thousand separate "lots," as auctioneers call them, and almost every one of them was a book of rank and mark in the eyes of the collecting community, and had been, with special pains and care and anxious exertion, drawn into the vortex of that collection. Although it was created by a Duke, yet it has been rumoured that most of the books were bargains, and that the noble collector drew largely on the spirit of patient perseverance and enlightened sagacity for which Monkbarns claims credit. The great passion and pursuit of his life having been of so peculiar a character—he was almost as zealous a hunter of deer and wild swans, by the way, as of books, but this was not considered in the least peculiar—it was necessary to find some strange influencing motive for his conduct; so it has been said that it arose from his having been crossed in love in his early youth. Such crosses, in general, arise from the beloved one dying, or proving faithless and becoming the wife of another. It was, however, the peculiarity of the Duke's misfortune, that it arose out of the illustrious marriage of the sister of his adopted. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Though purchased by a sacrifice of regal rank, yet there would be many countervailing advantages in the position of an affluent British Duchess which might reconcile a young lady, even of so illustrious a descent, to the sacrifice, had it not happened that Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales selected her younger sister to be the wife of George III. and the Queen of Great Britain, long known as the good Queen Charlotte. Then

there arose, it seems, the necessity, as a matter of state and political etiquette, that the elder sister should abandon the alliance with a British subject. So, at all events, goes the story of the origin of the Duke's bibliomania; and it is supposed to have been in the thoughts of Sir Walter Scott, when he said of him that "youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither wealth nor rank possess a talisman, cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and gave to one splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gaiety." Dibdin, with more specific precision, after rambling over the house where the great auction sale occurred, as inquisitive people are apt to do, tells us of the solitary room occupied by the Duke, close to his library, in which he slept and died: "all his migrations," says the bibliographer, "were confined to these two rooms. When Mr Nichol showed me the very bed on which this bibliomaniacal Duke had expired, I felt—as I trust I ought to have felt on the occasion." Scott attributed to an incidental occurrence at his father's table the direction given to the great pursuit of his life. "Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day with the second Duke of Roxburghe, when their conversation happened to turn upon the *Editio Princeps* of Boccaccio, printed in Venice in 1474, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of." It so happened that the Duke remembered this volume having been offered to him for £100, and he believed he could still trace and secure it: he did so, and laid it before his admiring friends at a subsequent sitting. "His son, then Marquess of Beaumont, never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, and used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library." And this same Boccaccio was the point of attack which formed the climax in the great contest of the Roxburghe roup, as the Duke's fellow-countrymen called it.

The historian of the contest terms it "the Waterloo among book-battles," whereto "many a knight came far and wide from his retirement, and many an unfledged combatant left his father's castle to partake of the glory of such a contest." He also tells us that the honour of the first effective shot was due to a house in the trade—Messrs Payne and Foss—by whom "the Aldine Greek Bible was killed off the first in the contest. It produced the sum of £4, 14s. 6d. Thus measuredly, and guardedly, and even fearfully, did this tremendous battle begin." The earliest brilliant affair seems to have come off when Lord Spencer bought two Caxtons for £245, a feat of which the closing scene is recorded, with a touching simplicity, in these terms:—"His Lordship put each volume under his coat, and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph." As every one does not possess a copy of the three costly volumes of which the *Bibliographical Decameron* consists; and further, as many a one so fortunate as to possess them has not had patience and perseverance enough to penetrate to the middle of the third volume, where the most readable part is to be found, let us here give a characteristic extract, describing the heat of the contest:—

"For two-and-forty successive days—with the exception only of Sundays—were the voice and hammer of Mr Evans heard with equal efficacy in the dining-room of the late Duke, which had been appropriated to the vendition of the books; and within that same space (some thirty-five feet by twenty) were such deeds of valour performed, and such feats of book-heroism achieved, as had never been previously beheld, and of which the like will probably never be seen again. The shouts of the victors and the groans of

the vanquished stunned and appalled you as you entered. The striving and press, both of idle spectators and determined bidders, was unprecedented. A sprinkling of Caxtons and De Wordes marked the first day, and these were obtained at high, but, comparatively with the subsequent sums given, moderate prices. Theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and philology chiefly marked the earlier days of this tremendous contest; and occasionally during these days there was much stirring up of courage, and many hard and heavy blows were interchanged; and the combatants may be said to have completely wallowed themselves in the conflict. At length came poetry, Latin, Italian, and French: a steady fight yet continued to be fought; victory seemed to hang in doubtful scales—sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other side of Mr Evans, who preserved throughout (as it was his bounden duty to preserve) a uniform, impartial, and steady course; and who may be said on that occasion, if not 'to have rode the whirlwind,' at least to have 'directed the storm.'"

But the dignity and power of the historian's narrative cannot be fully appreciated until we find him in the midst of the climax of the contest—the battle which gradually merged into a single combat—for the possession of the Venetian Boccaccio. According to the established historical practice, we have in the first place a statement of the position taken up by the respective "forces."

"At length the moment of sale arrived. Evans prefaced the putting-up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated on its extreme rarity, and concluding by informing the company of the regret, and even anguish of heart, expressed by Mr Van Praet that such a treasure was not to be found in the Imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer; a little lower down, and standing at right angles with his Lordship, appeared the Marquess of Blandford. Lord Althorp stood a little backward, to the right of his father, Earl Spencer."

The first movement of the forces gives the historian an opportunity of dropping a withering sneer at an unfortunate man, so provincial in his notions as to suppose that a hundred pounds or two would be of any avail in such a contest.

"The honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. *A thousand guineas* were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquess added *ten*. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing wellnigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard—and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand."

But even this exciting sort of narrative will tire one when it goes on page after page, so that we must take a leap to the conclusion. "Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds," said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. The Marquess quietly adds his usual *ten*," and so there an end. "Mr Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a short pause—and indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended in the mid air. However, at last down dropped the hammer."

Such a result naturally created excitement beyond the book-collectors' circle, for here was an actual stroke of trade in which a profit of more than two thousand per cent had been netted. It is easy to believe in Dibdin's statement of the crowds of people who imagined they were possessors of the identical Venetian Boccaccio, and the still larger number who wanted to do a stroke of business with some old volume, endowed with the same rarity and the same or greater intrinsic value. The general excitement created by the dispersal of the Roxburghe collection, proved an epoch in literary history, by the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, followed by a series of others, which, along with it, have contributed to literature a class of

books deserving of separate attention and examination. The Roxburghe began in some festive meetings, in which the minor competitors at the sale seem to have assembled to fight all their battles over again with the decanters before them. We are told that, after duly commemorating their great Duke, their next toast was "The immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer, of Sweynheim and Pannartz, Fust and Schœffhir." These toasts must have had a peculiar fascination for Dibdin, for it happens oddly enough to be within our knowledge, that with a glass of the potent *vin du pays* of the Highlands in his hand, he uttered them on the top of Benlomond, requiring his guide forthwith to do them honour. The Celt cordially quaffed to the proper names, deeming them to be those of respected landed gentry, though not of his own neighbourhood; but no temptation would induce him to pledge to the other toast, which he suspected to have some savour of diablerie in it.

Of the great book-sales that have been commemorated, it is curious to observe how seldom they embrace ancestral libraries accumulated in old houses from generation to generation, and how generally they mark the shortlived duration of the accumulations of some collector freshly deposited. One remarkable exception to this there was in the Gordonstoun library, sold in 1816. It was begun by Sir Robert Gordon, a Morayshire laird of the time of the great civil wars of the seventeenth century. He was the author of the History of the Earldom of Sutherland, and a man of great political as well as literary account. He laid by heaps of the pamphlets, placards, and other documents of his stormy period, and thus many a valuable morsel, which had otherwise disappeared from the world, left a representative in the Gordonstoun collection. It was increased by a later Sir Robert, who had the reputation of being a wizard. He belonged to one of those terrible clubs from which Satan is entitled to take a victim annually; but when Gordon's turn came, he managed to get off with merely the loss of his shadow; and many a Morayshire peasant has testified to having seen him riding forth on a sunny day, the shadow of his horse visible, with those of his spurs and his whip, but his body offering no impediment to the rays of the sun. He enriched the library with books on necromancy, demonology, and alchemy.

The geratest book-sale probably that ever was in the world, was that of Heber's collection in 1834. There are often rash estimates made of the size of libraries, but those who have stated the number of his books in six figures, seem justified when one looks at the catalogue of the sale, bound up in five thick octavo volumes. For results so magnificent, Richard Heber's library had but a small beginning, according to the memoir of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is said, that "having one day accidentally met with a little volume, called *The Vallie of Varietie*, by Henry Peacham, he took it to the late Mr Bindlay of the stamp-office, the celebrated collector, and asked him if this was not a curious book. Mr Bindlay, after looking at it, answered, 'Yes —not very—but rather a curious book.' This faint morsel of encouragement was, it seems, sufficient to start him in his terrible career, and the trifle becomes important as a solemn illustration of the *obsta principiis*. His labours, and even his perils, were on a par with those of any veteran commander who has led armies and fought battles during the great part of a long life. He would set off on a journey of several hundred miles any day in search of a book not in his collection. Sucking in from all around him whatever books were afloat, he of course soon exhausted the ordinary market; and to find a book obtainable which he did not already possess, was an event to be looked to with the keenest anxiety, and a chance to be seized with promptitude, courage, and decision. At last, however, he could not sup-

ply the cravings of his appetite without recourse to duplicates, and far more than duplicates. His friend Dibden said of him, "He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed or stamina to a plant; and therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or a triplicate collector." He satisfied his own conscience by adopting a creed, which he enounced thus: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

This last necessity is the key-note to Heber's popularity: he was a liberal and kindly man, and though, like Wolsey, he was unsatisfied in getting, yet, like him, in bestowing he was most princely. Many scholars and authors obtained the raw material for their labours from his transcendent stores. These, indeed, might be said less to be personal to himself than to be a feature in the literary geography of Europe. "Some years ago," says the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "he built a new library at his house at Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabecchi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom—every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street, leading to Great James's Street, Westminster, laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany."

But it is time to have done, at least for the present. It has been our function in the preceding pages to expound the nature, illustrated by examples, of a curious human frailty; and it appears to us, on a general retrospect, that we have performed the duty without favour or compunction. And yet we would fain hope that our exposition may occasion more of general sympathy than of scorn or antipathy. To this end we would request each reader to lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself whether there lurketh not somewhere in his nature a memento of his appertaining to the frail and fallen race of men, which perchance to a severe censor might be not less reprehensible than the weakness of the book-hunter, at least in its milder forms — some enthusiasm, fancy, weakness, hobby, or by whatever gentler name you call it, excluding the word vice, or any term that infers such a thing; and if it be not so, may not the absence be accounted for by a moral ossification of the heart, which might be, beneficially for all parties, exchanged for some gentle failing. So let us be charitable and sympathetic with each other, rather looking for the soul of goodness that is in things evil, than measuring all the world by the criterion of our own virtues, and denouncing all who do not possess them exactly of the like quantity and quality—neither more nor less. This frame of mind will be a due preparation for estimating a scheme we have in view, of showing that the book-hunter is not altogether a noxious animal on the face of the earth, but, like other hunters, has his useful function in the great scheme of Providence. Thus may we be taught to apply to his case, after the modern system of treating other mental alienations and hallucinations, that lenient treatment which, by developing the gentler forms of the malady, may divest it of its mischievous characteristics, and turn it even to good account in promoting the welfare of mankind.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST.

THE great majority of writers interest the world chiefly on account of the books they have written; and it gives a piquant addition to literary fame when the position is reversed, and books have a prior claim upon the attention of the public on account of their author. Such is the case with all the works of M. de Montalembert. If it were possible for him to write with dullness or without grace, his own position and character are so striking and remarkable, that it would be worth while getting at his views, even through a very imperfect medium; and with all the charms of eloquence to recommend them, few people can refuse to be interested in the studies and conclusions of the brilliant Frenchman. A man so liberal and yet so one-sided; so enlightened and yet so limited; so open to all the hopes of the future, yet so devoted to all the prejudices of the past; a man who is at once a Legitimist and a Constitutionalist, a Peer of France and fervent son of the Church, yet a warm admirer of English ways and politics, is one of the most striking and attractive figures in the wide landscape of contemporary history. It is interesting to know what occupies such a detached and individual person in the midst of those tumults and turmoils of nations which excite the world. Amid hosts of vulgar partisans and badgered statesmen; amid all the parties into which gregarious human creatures naturally range themselves, the sayings and thoughts of such an exceptional man come with a fresh reality and distinctness. There are no Montalembertists possible under the glimpses of the moon: perhaps, in all the ages of history there have not existed enough of such men to make a party; but the one Montalembert stands distinct upon this continental map, which the autocrats hold so tight among them, that nobody can tell when the sudden shriek with which it rends asunder, may echo through the world. Such an observer, standing aside like the high-minded, clear-sighted, blinded optimist he is, must doubtless have thoughts about these matters well worth hearing; and to one whom the public gaze can identify so clearly, and who holds his own way with such distinct yet graceful emphasis, never losing his personality, the public ear is naturally inclined.

It is not, however, with any intention of adding to the plentiful literature of the moment that his latest production has been given to the world. M. de Montalembert has drawn back from the busy public platform, where things go little to his liking, and out of the modern world which he has criticised so brilliantly, has returned to the life-long studies of a strangely different complexion, which seem to have formed a constant background to his more visible life. The extraordinary contrast between his present work and that which immediately preceded it, must strike the most cursory observer. From the destinies of England, Protestant and prosaic as she is, to the history of the ancient monks, stretching back into obscure antiquity—what a leap is there! M. de Montalembert takes the leap with the calmest steadiness. Nobody can doubt that he is profoundly unconscious why a partisan of the cloister and the Papacy should not be a champion of freedom, or in what respect his devotion to the Church should hinder his warmest efforts for the liberties and social progress of man. He is one of those men, always few, and generally appearing alone; who, taking up their creed

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The Monks of the West, from St Benedict to St Bernard.—Authorised Translation. W. Blackwood & Sons.

in its highest superlative meaning—seizing upon the heart and soul of truth in it, its spotless primitive principles, its martyrdoms and sacrifices—carry their faith and hope clear over the most sordid reality, and with a high unconsciousness of interpretations less noble than their own, find such types of self-denial, charity, and mercy in the darkest of dark times, as warrant them in regarding every advance in goodness, and every real development of freedom, as but so many imperfect evidences of what might be accomplished, were these present ages, with all their advantages, but ages of faith. It is a sentiment not peculiar to Catholics; but no body of Christians has need of so high an ideal faculty to carry the nobler souls among its children over the soils and contradictions of its actual life, as has the church of Rome. M. de Montalembert has given his award of praise to England, with a clearer appreciation of her real advantages than any man of his nation; and with an equal sincerity and openness, and full personal conviction, which gains our hearts while we smile at its conclusions, laments and marvels that her blessings are not crowned by that system of religion which, according to our view, would subvert all our liberties. The greatest secret of our freedom lies in the fact, that we have been thoroughly emancipated from all papal interference; but how we should be so free, and so great, while separated from the ancient religion, is a standing wonder to M. de Montalembert. With a faith too strong to be affected by any practical inconsistency, or visible inharmonious result, and an understanding much too clear to be blinded, even by his faith, he is a man who never will satisfy any party, but who cannot fail to attract to himself the interest of all readers who are not extreme partisans on one side or the other. The Protestant Reformation Societies, and Ultramontane brotherhood, will alike eschew M. de Montalembert; but these inconsistencies, which do but reveal more distinctly the old-world devoutness of faith which gives at once a contradiction and a charm to his clear perceptions and honest opinion, will commend him to a much wider audience. At the present crisis of affairs, few other men could have appropriately uttered in English the dedication to Pope Pius, which prefaces the *Monks of the West*. This dedication is in perfect keeping with the work to which it is prefixed; but it is curiously inconsistent with that love of freedom and free institutions which its writer holds in conjunction with his devotion to the Church; and at such a moment as the present, when that papal chair in which Gregory and Julius once swayed the world—stands so sad a piece of lumber in the way of better things, it is startling to hear the filial inscription, which, coming from a liberal and enlightened mind, the mind of a man, in many respects, undoubtedly in advance of his fellows—addresses the luckless Pius who has fallen upon such evil days, in so exalted a strain as the following:—

"It is solely in consideration of the melancholy and singular circumstances in which we are placed, that you will deign, most holy father, to hear, and perhaps to grant, the desire of one of your most devoted sons, ambitious of imprinting upon the labour of twenty years the seal of his affectionate veneration for your person and your authority. What Catholic could, in our days, give himself up to the peaceful study of the past, without being troubled by the thought of the dangers and trials by which the Holy See is at present assailed, without desiring to offer up a filial tribute to him in whom we revere, not only the minister of infallible truth, but also the image of justice and good faith, of courage and honour, shamefully overpowered by violence and deceit?"

Strange conclusion to be thus solemly recorded, not by an ignorant believer, but by a speaker so thoroughly well informed and able to judge! Justice and good faith, courage and honour, have been long dissevered from the papal government, in the opinion of the majority

of observers. Perhaps a little unconscious magnanimity, and the romantic impulse of double respect and loyalty to the holder of a falling power, may have mingled with the devotion which suggested such a *hommage*. But a few addresses like this might almost make up to poor Pope Pius for the desertion of those more vulgar subjects, whom hard everyday experience has disabled from such a view of ecclesiastical affairs as that taken by M. de Montalembert; and it is not surprising that the little priestly court, so stimulated, should hold out tenaciously against all possibilities, and still believe in the miracle which is to save the Church.

The work which is thus inaugurated has little more than a beginning in the two handsome volumes now before us. A history of monks and monastic institutions from the times of Benedict to those of Bernard is, in fact, from a peculiar point of view, a history of the civilised world in all the early tumults and gradations of progress which have formed, in imitation of the volcanoes and convulsions of nature, the world that now exists. Extending into every country in Christendom, closely connected with all the secular systems of government which have swayed men, popular instructors, consolers, and physicians in some quarters, colonists and agricultural apostles in others, there is no element in the ancient world more important, more picturesque and interesting. Out of a chaos of war and tumult, the very exaggeration of the contrast produced by their ascetic lives and homely labours was influential in re-establishing the balance of nature, and their subsequent services to religion, to literature, to art, to agriculture, to the intellectual life of man in all its developments—services which have been too much lost sight of in those corruptions which the Protestant imagination has identified with the cloister—can scarcely be exaggerated. It is not, however, in this calmly historical point of view that M. de Montalembert will permit us to contemplate his *Monks*. We must cease to patronise these early labourers, pioneers of civilisation, as even philosophy allows them to be. When we enter this world, upon the threshold of which our author stands, we must consent to leave such ideas behind, and follow upon the rugged track, with silent respect at least, if not with devotion. If sacrifice is the essence of Christianity, as one of the most popular of modern divines assures us —if the vulgar idea of one atonement is to be wiped out by that of universal self-abnegation, here is surely the perfection of that belief. Here, on the very entrance of this sombre existence, fall all the possessions most prized of man. Not wealth and rank alone, but will and individuality; not only outside enjoyments and occupations, but the loves of life, the locks of youth, the consolations of kindred—everything that makes man or woman endurable to themselves. As they approach towards us barefoot, through heat and cold, over snowy Alps and Eastern sands, from inaccessible solitudes, or from the midst of listening crowds, the grave retinue deserves no half attention. M. de Montalembert opens up to us this long succession: he throws a passing light over the Eastern deserts, in which the idea originated, and reveals to us the mountain gorges of Subiaco and the savage glades of ancient Gaul, in which it took definite form; he shows us how difference of race has modified its action, but how all the races adopted this extraordinary novelty of existence. In the dismal times when the old world died, and before the new world was born, he displays this new race rising amid slaves and barbarians to the help of human nature. The landscape is full of a strange, savage novelty; flashes of characteristic romance break into the stirring scene; and individual manifestations of that human character which in all its varieties is always the same, light

up the unfathomable woods and primitive wildernesses. It is virgin soil, so far as the English public is concerned; and the story is one which cannot be told in the best and most graphic manner, except as M. de Montalembert tells it, with a warm and hearty belief in all its marvels and miracles, and reception of its heroes not merely as men "before their age," according to the cant of the day, but with all the reverence and admiration due to canonised saints.

It is now more than twenty years since the author of the *Monks of the West* produced that exquisite monograph of *Sainte Elizabeth*, which must always hold a high place in Christian poetry. A picture more beautiful and touching was never given to the world. The sweetness of its absolute youthful piety has been strangely travestied in the *Saint's Tragedy* of Mr Kingsley; and no greater contrast can be imagined than between the self-questioning metaphysical heroine of that popular poem and *la chère Sainte Elizabeth*, the sweet, undoubting, predestined saint, the holy child, bride, and widow—to her last breath and throughout all her sorrows still surrounded with an ineffable infantine perfection—who beams upon us from the beautiful legend of M. de Montalembert. The story of Saint Elizabeth, as he himself explains, directed his thoughts to the monastic orders in general, and the great persons whom they had produced; and among these illustrious men, to Bernard, the most illustrious of all, whose life, a larger and broader illustration of the action of the Religious upon the world than the sweet idyll of the woman-saint, he had accordingly resolved to write.

"But," continues this explanation, "in proceeding to study the life of this great man, who was a monk, we find that the popes, the bishops, and the saints, who were then the honour and bulwark of Christian society, came, like him, all, or nearly all, from the monastic orders. What were they, then, those monks? Whence came they? And what had they done to bring them to so high a place in the destinies of the world? It is necessary, first of all, to resolve these questions.

"And still further. In attempting to judge the age in which St Bernard lived, we perceive it is impossible either to explain or to comprehend it, without recognising it as animated by the same breath which had vivified an anterior epoch, of which this was but the direct and faithful continuation.

"If the twelfth century did homage to the genius and virtue of the monk Bernard, it is because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated by the virtue and the genius of the monk who was called Gregory VII. Neither the period nor the work of Bernard should be looked at apart from the salutary crisis which had prepared the one and made the other possible. . . . But even that is not enough. Far from being the founders of the monastic order, Gregory VII. and Bernard were but produced by it, like thousands more of their contemporaries. That institution had existed more than five centuries when these great men learnt how to draw from it so marvellous a strength. To know its origin, to appreciate its nature and its services, it is necessary to go back to another Gregory—to St Gregory the Great, the first pope who came from the cloister; and further still, to St Benedict, legislator and patriarch of the Monks of the West. . . . . It would be cruel injustice and ingratitude to pass by in silence twenty generations of indomitable labourers, who had cleared the thorns from the souls of our fathers as they cleared the soil of Christian Europe, and had left only the labour of the reaper to Bernard and his contemporaries."

Such is the origin of this book. It involves a scheme of continuous labour, which will yet call for many volumes, and promises, as the climax of all this research and historic narrative, to be the great companion picture to that tender and beautiful study of his youth which the author looks back to fondly, and which few people, we imagine, could contemplate without giving it a place in their hearts. But as yet we are far from having arrived at that portrait of "the life of a great monk," by which M. de Montalembert desires to contribute "to the rehabilitation of the monastic orders." The volumes now before us are but the

very preface to this conclusion. In the general rage for rehabilitation which has domesticated the word among us, nobody has taken so wide a field or found so picturesque a subject. We presume there are but very few people in England who will be qualified to dispute M. de Montalembert's decisions as to the action of the monks upon the Merovingian courts, or their power over the mixed races of Frankish Gauls. And the share they had in forming Christendom—not to speak of their important aid in evolving the idea of the *Grande Nation* out of that savage junction of the conquered and the conquerors—told, not in abstract march of history, but, like every primitive narrative, in individual lives, grows into a tale full of interest and adventure—a story rich with incident and variety, and in which the most rigid Protestant may forgive the object of the narrative for the sake of the knowledge so pleasantly conveyed.

It is not, however, in the nature of a French historian, however gifted or judicious, to fall upon his work straightway without further preamble. The *Monks of the West* does not depart from the established precedent of Gallic history. A long and eloquent introduction, very brilliant as a piece of writing, and sometimes highly original and amusing as an argument, interposes between the reader and the tale. This introduction is, in one sense, the most interesting portion of the book. In it we have the writer himself at the bar, pleading with an intensity of conviction and earnestness, rare enough in forensic exhibitions, for the clients whose cause he has taken in hand. His partisanship, eloquent and fervent; his anxious attempts at impartiality; the skill with which he turns upon all imaginary objectors; and the *naïve* application of the *argumentum ad hominem* with which he silences his adversaries, make this special pleading as characteristic as it is brilliant. The way in which he flashes his dazzling sword over those cowled heads, defies accusations, turns aside blows, and conciliates the observer with the skill of his fence and the transparent simplicity of his artifices, cannot be more than indicated by such quotations as our space will afford. It is the impassioned apology of a speaker confident of his subject, not timid, or feeling any need to adopt a cautious defensive style of operations; on the contrary, taking the highest ground, and quite convinced (however his readers may be) of his own judicial calmness and absence of bias; breaking into solemn rebukes with the dignity of a Brutus when the occasion requires; and turning from that mournful necessity with additional relish to seize upon the admiring opponent, and, with a hand upon his throat, demand, "What do *you* dare to say against them?" In a pastoral and idyllic strain, he tells us of the friendships of the cloister, the peace, the happiness, the meditative perfect life, enlivened even by gaiety, the *hilaritas* of monkish chronicles, which the Anselms and Bernards found in that refuge from the world; and anon thunders forth the anathemas of his heart against the "civilised Vandals" (and let them be anathema!) who have turned Clairvaux and Cluny into a prison and a stable, and who repair their roads with broken capitals and columns from the nearest abbey. M. de Montalembert's grief and anger on this point may be in some degree consolatory to the souls of Englishmen, or even of Scotchmen, sons of the iconoclasts. It appears that we are not the only or the worst desecrators of places once sacred. *He* "has been denied admittance at the gate of the Chartreuse of Seville by a Belgian Vandal, who had built therein a china manufactory. He has found swine installed by German Lutherans in the cells of Nothgottes, and by French Catholics under the admirable sculptures of the cloister of Cadouin." From this indignant lamentation, it would appear that things are not much better managed

on the Continent than they are with ourselves in respect to the relics of antiquity, even when doubly sanctified by popular faith. Such outrages upon the sanctity of the past, would wake all England to a quiver of self-shame and mortification; and it is not wonderful if the voice which denounces them takes a tone of passion and resentment. But it is in defence of the general character of the monks that M. de Montalembert speaks out most warmly. He allows that they did wrong by times, only to insist, with double vehemence, upon the good which they did always, and carries his readers along with him in the impassioned strain of his defence, till one feels with shame that one has done the most cruel injustice to the great fraternity, and that, of all men, the monks have been the most unfairly dealt with. Whence came these popular, too popular, universal ironies? How can that fat brother, the traditional jest of ages, be accounted for? M. de Montalembert allows that he did exist somewhere amid that dazzling band of pale heroes, who conceal his rotundity from pious eyes; but the acknowledgment acquits his conscience, and carries him clear off into glowing bursts of panegyric, to which, indeed, it would be a narrow and ungenerous mind which should refuse to say Amen. Honour to the primitive cowl that covered so much Christian courage, faith, and patience! The praise, if a little exaggerated, is noways undeserved; and it is a pleasure to meet with an advocate whose plea evidently stirs the blood in his own veins and makes his own heart beat. But the high strain of this generous apology does not preserve it from the most amusing subterfuges. After a general and vague confession of the growth of evil in the monasteries, which our author takes great credit to himself for making, with solemn declarations that "I do not write a panegyric, but a history," and references to Gregory the Great, Baronius, Fénélon, and Bossuet, in support of the boldness of his admission against "those who may accuse me of an excess of severity," M. de Montalembert thus turns round upon his startled opponents and defies them:—

"But even now we have a right to say to the habitual detractors of the monks, who are at the same time the apologists of their proscription, Do you know what is the only reproach which you can justly address to them? It is that of resembling yourselves. What is this degradation, this sensuality, this falling away, of which you accuse them as a crime, if not too exact a conformity to your own manner of life?

"And from whence do these strange censors come? What! is it amidst the joys and freedom of secular life, its wealth and its leisure, that you have learned to judge so strictly the different degrees of mortification and austerity, of fasts and vigils? Is there not enough in history of one Henry VIII., a king himself so temperate, so just, and so chaste, that he might well despoil and ruin monasteries under pretext of punishing their incontinence and irregularity? Is it you, who perhaps have never been seen to bend the knee in a Christian temple since your childhood, who thus sit in judgment on the regularity of prayers and of the canonical office? Have you so scrupulously repressed in yourselves all the desires and weaknesses of the flesh, that you are entitled to weigh in the balance of the sanctuary the irregularities, more or less established, of certain monks? 'Tell us your own efforts,' said Bossuet to some rigorists of his time. Ah, if you would begin by trying the most relaxed rule, by constraining yourselves to follow the observance of the most degenerate order, you might ascend with some authority the tribunal of history, and your bitter censure would inspire some confidence. What! the Benedictines eat meat! the barefooted Carmelites wear shoes! the Cordeliers do not encircle their loins with a cord! Indeed! and you who accuse them, what have you done of all that? They do not practise discipline upon themselves so often as formerly. But how many times a-week do you practise it? They do not devote so many hours to prayer and labour as they ought. But where are the fields which you have fertilised by your sweat, or the souls which you have saved by your supplications? After all, the most criminal, the most depraved, live

only as you live: this is their crime. If it is one, it is not your part to chastise it. Ah! let the faithful, the zealous, and the pure indignantly mourn the monastic downfall; let a Bernard, a Pierre Damien, a Charles Borromeo, a Francis de Sales, a Catherine of Sienna, a Theresa, denounce them to God and to posterity. That we can conceive. We could not, indeed, imagine them to be silent. But you, the heirs or panegyrists of the authors of that evil which has corrupted the monks, as well as of the spoliation which they have sustained,—you ought to be the last to express astonishment or regret; for in so doing you pronounce judgment against your fathers, or against your own selves."

Let us take breath; such a refreshing application of the primitive practical argument is too unusual in modern English not to strike the reader with wonder and admiration. If his conscience does not prick him, certainly it is not the fault of M. de Montalembert. The misfortune is, that this famous *argumentum* entertains more than convinces the people to whom it is addressed. Few men in these days, we suspect, will feel it necessary to use "the discipline" before venturing to give an opinion touching monastic institutions. M. de Montalembert might as well turn upon his critics, and ask whether they have written or could write such a book as the one before us ere they venture to give judgment upon it. Alas, no! the critic has but a moment's advantage over the author. When posterity has forgotten all that his contemporaries advanced against him, his book will stand intact for another judgment; but in the mean time let us rejoice in the glorious liberty of the republic of letters; nobody who can put two sentences together but may take his full fling at the most brilliant of authors. "Let the fellow build a house himself!" said an indignant architect, sore from the strictures of an art critic; but, unfortunately, the practical test, however fully it may demonstrate the incompetency of the objector, has very little effect upon the subject in hand. This skilful device, however, carries the advocate of the monks triumphantly over the necessity of accounting for the evils he allows. After such a cross-examination, where is the daring and unabashed sinner who will venture to ask anything further? M. de Montalembert does not believe in such audacity; he goes on, scornful but satisfied, to the final conclusion:—

"We will not deny that the monks—not all, indeed, but too generally—were unfaithful to their duties, to their mission, and to their oaths; but did it belong to secular power, or, above all, to triumphant revolutions, to punish them? Were the disorders, abuses, and scandals of which they are accused, and which are too often proved against them, a crime against social order, that they gave that right of repression, and even of suppression, which has been arrogated? No: the Church alone has the right of exercising against them her sovereign and infallible justice, and Christians alone are entitled to mourn or complain that she did not exercise it in time. . . . In the midst even of their degeneration, the most lawless monks have been guilty only in the eyes of God and the Church. Whatever may have been their sins against their own rule, against their condition, against their conscience, they have committed none against their fellow-creatures, or against society."

We submit with humility that this is treating us somewhat shabbily. If the culprits all along were to be removed from our tribunal, why turn upon us before-hand with such an alarming defiance? why take such pains to convince us that we are unfit to judge? The argument altogether is of the most novel description: a breeze of primitive freshness, out of a region happily superior to vulgar evidence and private judgment, blows in our fatigued Protestant faces as we read. We are grateful to M. de Montalembert for the high hand with which he carries his point. It is infinitely more picturesque than better reasoning, and no doubt quite as convincing; and in this age of universal liberal-mindedness, a man who does not feel himself called upon to be doubly respectful to "honest doubt," and to attribute to it all the virtues, is a public benefactor.

There are, however, many readers to whom the suppressed sighs of the disappointed patriot, bursting out here and there through the veil of an argument carefully withdrawn from the region of contemporary politics, will be still more interesting. These are chiefly to be found in that chapter of his Introduction which M. de Montalembert entitles *The True and False Middle Ages*, and in which he defends the ages of faith against their blind admirers as well as their assailants, and especially against those who make their example an excuse for modern despotism. Justice, he acknowledges, has already been largely done to that once contemned and now exalted period; but "the result is already compromised by that disastrous fickleness which belongs to the French character, and which extends even into the sphere of religion."

"Men have passed from one excess to another, from a contempt founded upon ignorance to a blind, exclusive, and no less ignorant admiration. They have made an imaginary *moyen age*, in which they have placed the ideal of those daring theories and retrograde passions which have been brought to light by the downfalls and recantations of our last times. The school of literature which has launched a decree of proscription against the great works of classic antiquity, comes to swell the ranks of that school of politics which has returned with a desperate confidence towards force, as the best ally of faith, which has placed religion and society under that humiliating guardianship, and which takes a perverse pleasure in crushing human conscience and human dignity under strange and insupportable pretensions. Disdaining the reality of facts, and of all the authentic monuments of the past, both take delight in seeking weapons against the rights of reason and of freedom in recollections of those middle ages which their own imagination has falsified. . . . The error common to both admirers and detractors of the middle ages consists in seeing there the reign and triumph of theocracy. It was, they tell us, a time distinguished for ever by human impotence, and by the glorious dictatorship of the Church. I deny the dictatorship, and I still more strongly deny the human impotence. Humanity was never more fertile, more manful, more potent. . . . Worthy people, relying upon a master who undertook to defend all by silencing or enchaining their adversaries, were not to be seen there. . . . This ancient world was bristling with liberty. The spirit of resistance, the sentiment of individual right, penetrated it entirely; and it is this which always and everywhere constitutes the essence of freedom. That freedom had established everywhere a system of counterpoise and restraint which rendered all prolonged despotism absolutely impossible. . . . Further, our proud ancestors ignored the very idea of that unlimited power of the State which is now so ardently appealed to, or easily accepted everywhere. What have been called 'the necessary evils of unlimited monarchy' were nowhere recognised among them. Since then, the unity and absolute independence of sovereign power have replaced in the world the sentiment and guarantees of personal liberty. The better to attain and secure equality, we have applied ourselves to the work of suppressing all little states and local existence, of breaking every link which unites us to ancient freedom. All connection has been cast aside with the traditions of dignity and right which she has produced. A dead level has been regarded as a mark of progress, and identity of yoke as a guarantee. It has been said in so many words, that the triumph of the despotism of one is better than the maintenance of the liberty of many. People will put up with a master in order to have no chiefs; and have voted the death of right, in fear of aiding the resurrection of privilege. They have succeeded; an equality like that of China has been attained; and we know too well what price must be paid for that acquisition, and how much honour and liberty it leaves behind to the nations which have yielded to its sway. *Receperunt mercedem suam, vani vanam.* God forbid, despite the appearances and melancholy teachings of this actual time—God forbid that we should assert equality to be incompatible with liberty; but up to the present time the act of making them live and last together has not been discovered in any of the great countries of the European continent. . . . I do not think that I ignore either the rights or necessities of my time. I accept without reserve and regret the social condition which is the product of the French Revolution, and which, un-

der the name of democracy, reigns, and will reign more and more in the modern world. I hail with joy that inestimable advantage of equality before the law, which is a thousand times more precious to the vanquished than to the victors, provided hypocrisy does not confiscate it to the profit of the strongest. When political freedom, under the sole form which it can wear in our country, reigned among us, and seemed likely to spread through Europe, I loyally served and practised it, and, thanks to Heaven! never feared its reign for the truth. If that freedom should ever reappear, far from feeling alarm, I should bless its return. The powers of the day teach us that it is incompatible with democracy, which is the inevitable law of the New World, and that this can only live and prosper along with equality and authority. Let us hope that they deceive themselves. And even if they are right, let us entreat democracy not to benumb and enervate democratic nations, not to render them incapable of self-government, self-defence, and self-respect. Let us hope that, after having bowed down every head, she may know better than to enslave every heart."

These "broken lights" of the best and highest independent thought in France are pathetic in their reserve, and melancholy but dignified cautiousness. However well we may be aware of the restrictions imposed by an absolute government, it is only in some such demonstration as the above that a people so fully licensed to say forth all the wisdom or folly that is in them as we are, can really appreciate the bonds of iron which confine the steps of others. Let us follow M. de Montalembert as he turns aside proudly silent from that political platform which has no place for such as he, and hastens to his solitude under the shades of Jura, where "the august resuscitated forms of the glorious and unappreciated Past" adjure him, in a voice noble and plaintive, to avenge their memory. "No apology, no panegyric," say the saintly ghosts—"a simple and exact tale: the truth, and nothing but the truth—justice, nothing but justice. Let this be our sole revenge!" And under this inspiration, stifling the sigh that will still remind him how, in more stirring scenes, and with other labours, he and his fathers have served their country, the champion of the monastic orders begins his laborious task.

Having already followed M. de Montalembert's example by lingering over this Introduction, we will not detain our readers further from the real subject of the book by entering into the prelude which still remains. This second introduction consists of a picturesque panoramic view of the earliest institutions of monkhood, from the time when Anthony and Paul betook themselves to the desert, and filled the eastern wildernesses with early prodigies of a faith as rude, as naked, austere, and unadorned, as the place of their voluntary banishment. Asceticism has always been contagious, and seems to possess a charm almost as strong as its antagonist vice in certain corrupt stages of society. No society could be more corrupt than that of ancient Rome, then crumbling into dust and ruin; and as the world trundled heavily downwards into the abyss of anarchy and degradation, from which only the sharpest crisis could revive it, hosts of disgusted souls, sick of the corruption round them, thronged to the burning sands of the Thebaid, to find purity and wholesome life in contact with the modest facts of nature, in solitude and prayer. From that wild retreat, from the caves and mountain cells, unadorned by any romantic graces, great figures rise to vivify the savage landscape. Anthony himself, a father of the faithful; great Athanasius seeking refuge from that world against which he stood so boldly; wise Basil, the earliest lawmaker of the great fraternity; Gregory of Nazianzus; John Chrysostom;—names under which the pages glow. From the Thebaid set out that silent savage-heroic martyr the monk Telemachus, who, leaving the depths of his desert when he heard the proclamation of public games to be held at Rome, made his lonely stubborn way up to that declining capital of the world, burst

through the crowds of the Coliseum, threw himself between the gladiators, and died on that memorable arena, where, thanks to a dumb protest so solemn and awful, gladiator never struggled again. Softer figures, veiled and shadowy, glide over the arid wastes: Pelagia: Magdalenes, of beauty such that even monkish eyes dwell on it wistfully with human pity for its degradation, and rejoice over its penitence; and stoic Euphrosynes, disguising themselves from the pursuit of their friends, lest the veil should not suffice, in cowl and frock. Such are the monastic precursors in the East. In the West, the prelude swells into more recognisable regions. Jerome, with a crowd of patrician disciples bearing the noblest names in Rome, occupies the foreground, leading back to the cradle of Christianity a saintly emigration; and at Milan, in the Lombard plains, where Ambrose chants his immortal hymn, rises Augustine with his *Confessions*, to whom an African soldier-countryman tells that strange tale of what happened in the garden at Treves, waking unawares the slumbering heart of the future Father of the Church; and knightly Martin, like a true soldier hating all wanton bloodshed, even of heretics, but remorseless to the Druid groves and Pagan temples. Worthy predecessors, of whom any community might well boast themselves. M. de Montalembert traces the links of succession with a light and graceful touch: he presents these early leaders, one by one, in solitary or congregated figures, spreading over the tumultuous continents, and handing down to later generations the traditions of a life which was not of this world. From Jerusalem and Egypt, from Milan and Treves, from Lerins, where an isle of serpents grew into a garden of flowers at the touch of the saintly colony, and from inaccessible Alpine Condat, where savage Lupicin, rudely scornful of the daintiness of the brethren, threw into one indiscriminate mess the fish and herbs and roots which had been prepared for their dinner, and by that last aggravation wore out the patience of the self-denying heroes, the still irregular and unconnected bands of monasticism increase and gather. In that life of innocence restored, M. de Montalembert delights to record how the original curse lightened and the lower creation returned to its allegiance. A raven, more provident and considerate than that of Elijah, brought Paul the hermit a *half*-loaf every day, but took care to provide a *whole* one when Anthony visited his brother-saint. A monk, crossing the desert, peaceably offered dates to a lion whom he met by the way, and the innocent fare was accepted with equal friendliness; while, in a later chapter of the wonderful history, stags present themselves for the service of the primitive monkish plough, and wolves and bears become the purveyors of the solitaries. The very frogs, who had unhappily disturbed the meditations of the Breton saint Herve, committed universal suicide when they became aware of the distressing inconvenience of their presence. The thing which we call miracle was a law of nature in those days—everything gave way to the security and even convenience of the beloved of heaven. Before them brigands and wild beasts alike yielded up their old domain. Such a visible suzerainship must have made up for a few earthly losses; and compensation for many mortifications must have lain in that power of confounding their persecutors, and changing scorn into awe, which always attended the saints at the crisis of their fate. We do not doubt that, for a recompense so wonderful, even for a *chance* of making a miraculous vindication of themselves before they died, and overwhelming their enemies with confusion, there are few men, even in the nineteenth century, who would not risk the hardships of the desert.

It was, however, only when

Benedict put the stray bands of monasticism into shape and form, by establishing the rule which bound them together, that the new order became visibly influential upon the world. M. de Montalembert sets forth its organisation and the real beginning of its career by means of the three great personages who occupy his second volume. Benedict, Columbanus, and Gregory the Great—two of them the founders of orders, the third, one of those great popes who made the papacy, and to whom England in particular is said to own a special gratitude.

The first of these eminent monks is Benedict, founder of the great Benedictine order, a noble Roman of the darkest times of Rome. Born at a period when little comfort in his country could have been possible to one of that race, the young patrician, stimulated, no doubt, by the example of others of his noble house who had followed Jerome to the east, fled from the world and his own great prospects into the gorges of the Sabine hills; and finding, upon an almost inaccessible ledge of rock overhanging the Anio, a little cave into which the sun never shone, took up his habitation there. His dwelling was known to none except to another anchorite called Romanus, who kept the young hermit in existence by conveying to him daily, by means of a cord, which, when he heard the tinkle of the bell attached to it, Benedict drew up the precipice, a portion of his own meagre fare. Temptations troubled the lad, as was to be supposed, in that seclusion: the face of his early love haunted him. But, most primitive medicine! "there was near his grotto a clump of thorns and briers; he took off the vestment of skins which was his only dress, and rolled himself among them till his body was all one wound." This counter-irritation saved Benedict. He became so renowned that his cavern was surrounded by disciples, and he was obliged to found no less than twelve monasteries for their accommodation. That sacred cave and thicket is now enclosed within the boundaries of the Sagro Speco near Subiaco. But, illustrious as he has made the place, Benedict, out of regard for the souls of his children, who were subject to all kinds of temptations and assaults from his enemies, left his earliest retirement to build the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, where he organised the great community which afterwards bore his name. There he laboured at the head of his monks, building the convent, cultivating the ground, and driving out such remains of paganism as were still in the country; and unawares, without making any pretence to authority over them, became the protector and tutelary saint of the peasant population round. Indoors, he laid the yoke of monastic discipline, judicious but inexorable, upon noble and plebeian, Goth and Roman, alike, and directed the efforts of the strangely-varied crowd around him to all the personal help and succour which, in such a state of public affairs, were doubly necessary. The convent became the medium of every kind of help and charity. We quote the following instance of the miracles wrought by St Benedict, not for the miracle, in which many a lesser saint could match him, but for the noble primitive appearance which the patriarch himself makes in the tale:—

"A peasant, distracted with grief, and bearing in his arms the dead body of his son, came to the monastery and demanded to see Father Benedict. When he was told that Benedict was in the fields with the brethren, he threw down his son's body before the door, and in the transport of his grief hastened to seek the saint. He met him returning from his work, and immediately on perceiving him began to cry, 'Restore my son!' Benedict stopped and asked, 'Have I carried him away?' The peasant answered, 'He is dead, come and raise him up.' Benedict was grieved by these words, and said, 'Go home, my friend, this is not a work for us; this belongs to the holy apostles; why do you come

to impose on us so tremendous a burden?' But the father persisted, and swore, in his passionate distress, that he would not go till the saint had raised up his son. Benedict, when he arrived at the spot where the body was, fell on his knees, and then laid himself down, as Elijah did in the house of the widow of Sarepta, upon the body of the child, and, rising up, extended his hands to heaven, praying thus—'Lord, look not upon my sins, but on the faith of this man, and restore to the body the soul Thou hast taken away from it.'"

The miracle was wrought of course, but the prayer of Benedict redeems it from among common prodigies. There is nothing monkish, popish, or self-confiding in these sublimely simple words.

The Goths were in Italy during the latter period of Benedict's life. There were, indeed, Goths among his monks, silently repairing with patient spade the ravages which themselves or the countrymen had made on that victimised soil. One of these fierce invaders, led up the steep ascent of Monte Cassino by a poor labourer, whose instinctive trust in the saint brought him there in the extremity of his terror, was struck powerless by the look cast upon him by Father Benedict as he sat in the evening calm at the door of the monastery, and lifted his eyes from his book to inquire the stranger's errand. The victorious Totila, the king of that warlike race, turned aside, in his triumphal progress to Naples, to ascend the same sacred hill, and hear what message there might be for him; and, prostrating himself before the saint, was raised up, reproved, and blessed by Benedict himself, and went upon his way an altered man. Among his own disciples, Benedict's power was so great, that Maur, at his bidding, is said to have done what Peter himself, at his Lord's bidding, failed to do—walked on the lake to rescue Placidus, another brother, who had fallen in. But it would be hard upon tradition if it were not allowed to transcend the modest details of Scripture. Benedict's sister, Scholastica, was the superior of another monastery in the valley, under the shade of Monte Cassino; but we have no space for the curious primitive account of their annual meeting, or even of that last memorable occasion, when Scholastica prolonged the interview by praying for a storm, which came at her entreaty. The rule of Benedict was, according to Gregory, "an exact reproduction of his own life in the cloister." It was written for the guidance of his own disciples, to preserve regularity among them, and builds up monastic life on the two great principles of constant occupation (one of the particulars of which was manual labour for seven hours a-day) and absolute obedience—principles which rigorously excluded personal property and personal will as entirely incompatible with the cloister. But the government, though absolute, was not despotic. The abbot was the elect of the community. He was bound to consult the monks in full chapter on all important business, and had a permanent council of the elders of the brotherhood for his advisers in all matters. Besides, the laws, penalties, and regulations were still more absolute than the government. The abbot had a license of softening punishments in especial cases, but never of going beyond the code. Thus the novice knew, in their utmost severity, the details of the life on which he was about to enter. He was to obey absolutely, yet was himself to have a voice in all the undertakings which he might be commanded to execute. He himself could hope to be abbot in his turn. It was a democracy, while it was a despotism; and the supreme sovereign, as in all wise human governments, was not the individual, but the law—not the abbot, but the rule.

When he had thus efficiently organised the vague monastic life, hitherto wavering between uncertain eastern codes and compound traditions, Benedict's work was over. His sister was dead, and he had seen a consolatory vision, in which

the world appeared to him as a great mote in one ray of sunshine—emblematic representation, says tradition, of the splendid future awaiting the Benedictine order, which was to embrace and illuminate the entire universe. He had nothing more to wait for. "A violent fever having seized him, he caused himself to be carried into the chapel consecrated to John the Baptist. He had before ordered the tomb in which his sister already slept to be opened. There, supported in the arms of his disciples, he received the holy *viaticum;* then, placing himself at the side of her open grave, but at the foot of the altar, and with his arms extended towards heaven, he died standing, murmuring a last prayer. Died standing! Such a glorious death became well that great servant of God."

In whimsical and piquant contrast to the judicious and sober Benedict, there appears suddenly, undisguisable by the utmost graces of the narrative, too characteristic and national to be smoothed down into a dignified historical outline, a new and strange apparition bursting into this cloistered world. It is a genuine live Irishman who breaks forth, all fiery and dauntless, among M. de Montalembert's saints. A saint himself—do not venture to doubt it—out of that injured island of saints, for whose wrongs French sympathy is so tenderly excited. It is true St Columbanus comes before us with a crozier instead of a shillelah in his hand; but it is wonderful what an amount of execution may be done by the consecrated staff when clasped in vigorous Celtic fingers, and flourished round the head of a genuine Irish patriot. We respect St Benedict from the bottom of our hearts; but it is not to be supposed that we can hail the grave Italian with such a rejoicing welcome as that which we bestow upon our fellow-subject, beyond all question the best Irishman who has been given to the world for many a day. Hibernian valets, fox-hunters, and tipsy captains, shrink into contempt before this delightful picture of an Irish saint and gentleman. His quarrels, his arrogance, his love, his pathos, his failures and successes, are all perfectly national and characteristic: they are still more, they are inimitably true, real, and lifelike. If he has not the dignity of Benedict, he has a full vital force to which Benedict can make no pretension; he does not always, to be sure, strike opponents dumb: by reason of the most delightful rashness, temerity, and presumption, on the contrary, he gets himself into undeniable scrapes, out of which he scrambles not without damage, and has various encounters in which he does not come off triumphant. But the narrative never flags while concerned with this natural, faulty, brilliant, Celtic individual; he has nothing like dulness belonging to him. He flings himself, a penniless invader, upon the shores of Gaul, and leaps into the confidence of the long-haired Merovingian kings only to rate them with prophetic vehemence for their sins and shortcomings. Worse than that, he enlists a flood of Gauls and Franks in his new monastery, with national obstinacy tonsures them all in the Irish fashion, and dauntlessly stands out against the whole bench of bishops, ready to go to the stake, had stakes been in fashion, rather than celebrate Easter on any other than the Irish anniversary of that great festival. After enlightening and advising the bishops with true Celtic humility, Columbanus takes upon him to counsel the Pope himself on a subject, M. de Montalembert admits, which he knew nothing about; and after some piquant vanities in the way of private quarrels and malediction, passes over the Alps into Italy, and perpetuates himself in a rule of the wildest ascetic character, diversified by penances and flagellations over which judicious Benedict would have lifted his pious hands in horror. It is an amusing episode in the old-world unfamiliar land-

scape. To see this well-known figure appear out of the savage antique forests, courageous, boastful, tender—at one time writing letters full of tears and the profoundest pathetic affection, at another going off abruptly in the heat of passion from one of his most faithful friends, pronouncing by way of farewell a hasty sentence only to be reversed on his deathbed—has a magical illusive effect which cannot be described. Perhaps it is with a consciousness of the amusing individuality of his hero that M. de Montalembert identifies the *Irlandais* so often by that national appellation. Nobody can have the slightest doubt upon the subject. After the lapse of fourteen centuries, he stands as fresh and distinct as if he had launched but yesterday from the saintly pugnacious isle. Religious biography itself could not deaden down the blithesome force of Columbanus into anything but an Irishman. He has no saintly abstractness in him. What the historian of the monks thought of him for a subject we will not venture to imagine. He has certainly not made a model saint of his restless hero, but he has made a most recognisable man.

A greater contrast than that which exists between the dignified secluded existence of Benedict and the tumultuous fighting life of Columbanus could not be imagined. Awe and reverence were not the sentiments inspired by the Celtic saint. He was the object of devoted affection and unrelenting rage, as became his daring, arrogant, impulsive character. It is a changed atmosphere from that rural mountain air of Monte Cassino, where the very Goths fall on their knees before the patrician monk at his convent door. Amid the savage politics of the Merovingian kings, the figure of the *Irlandais* plunges out and in through the din and confusion in congenial restlessness. To hear him defying, denouncing, threatening, haranguing, keeping everything round him in a perpetual ferment, makes it difficult to believe that it is fourteen hundred years since he stumbled over the Roman remains in the Gaulish forest, and set up his cross at Luxeuil. His rule was as extreme, uncompromising, and violent as his own character: prodigious fasts, labours, and penitences, without any latitude for individual weakness—a self-willed, arrogant system of mortification and punishment, in which silence, toil, and hunger were enlivened by a course of flogging for the minutest faults—composed the code of his administration. During his lifetime crowds of monks submitted themselves to this ascetic discipline, as, indeed, the extremities of monastic severity seem always to have had a morbid attraction for the minds of the faithful; but the influence did not last. The broader rule of Benedict, with its individual alleviations and milder wisdom, prevailed over the momentary success of the Celt's exaggerated fervour. The sons of Columbanus died out, and left no second generation to succeed them; and almost before the burning trace of his footsteps had cooled out of the startled country, the Irishman's attempt at lawmaking had fallen into forgetfulness. The austerities of the hotheaded apostle who indemnified himself for mortifications of the body by the most ungovernable freedom of temper and spirit, could never have been practicable for the guidance of any great body of men. We are reminded of the plaintive remonstrance of a still earlier band of Gaulish monks, whom their leader attempted to maintain, like the hermits of the Thebaid, on boiled herbs and barley loaves—a regimen to which their European stomachs objected loudly. "Fasting is the food of angels," said the abbot, in the words of Athanasius. "But," answered the monks, with inimitable prosaic pathos, "it is ridiculous and cruel to attempt to make us live like angels: we are not angels; we are only Gauls." An unanswerable argument. M. de Montalembert

takes the trouble to examine into the reason why Columbanus was everywhere superseded by Benedict; and can only account for it by the fact that the rule of Benedict had the sanction of the Papacy. A better reason may probably be, that, so far as nature has anything to do with monastic institutions, the wise Italian had received *her* sanction in preference to the hot-headed Celt.

While the principal action of the picture is carried on by these remarkable figures, the canvass is crowded like a Campo Santo fresco with innumerable secondary groups, enclosed in niches of the framework or in glades of the forest scenery. Here honest Karilef rescues his favourite buffalo from King Childebert, cowes the disappointed Merovingian hunter to such a pitch of humility that he meekly drinks the hermit's bad wine and kisses the hand that bestows it; and afterwards refuses to receive a visit from Queen Ultrogoth, declaring, with quaint rudeness, that he does not know what harm might come of it, and that the temptations which made Adam lose Paradise must be resisted even in the desert. In another corner of the picture, the same Karilef, working in his little vineyard, hangs his frock upon a tree till he has finished work; and on taking it down again, finds, to his amazement and delight, that a wren has nestled in it, and laid an egg there! at which "the holy man was so moved with joy and admiration that he passed the whole night in praising God." In another niche stands the noble young Herthenfried, who has left the court of Clotaire to build a monastery on his own lands; and, who officiating at his humble altar, stoops, with beautiful child-like pity and reverence, to kiss the toil-worn hands of the ploughmen, to whom he gives the sacramental bread; and here is Brittany, wildly picturesque, and doubly Celtic, with miraculous breakwaters rising on her gloomy shores, and the sweetest traditions lingering about the soil, which can scarcely yet be regarded as common prosaic territory. One of these legendary incidents cannot be passed over. We know nothing more exquisite than the tender pathos of the following:—

"A mother had taken her only son to the monastery of Agaune dedicated to St Maurice, where he became a monk, especially instructed and skilful in chanting the liturgical service: he fell sick and died; his mother, in despair, came to bury him, and returned every day to weep and lament over his tomb. One night she saw St Maurice in a dream attempting to console her, but answered him—'No, no; as long as I live I shall always weep my son, my sole child.' 'But,' answered the saint, 'he must not be wept for as if he were dead: he is with us—he rejoices in eternal life; and to-morrow at matins in the monastery thou shall hear his voice among the choir of the monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as thou livest.' The mother immediately rose and waited with impatience the first sound of the bell for matins to hasten to the church of the monks. The precentor having intoned the response, when the monks in full choir took up the anthem, the mother immediately recognised the voice of her dear child. She gave thanks to God; and every day for the rest of her life, thus deluding her grief and maternal tenderness, the moment she approached the choir she heard the voice of her well-beloved son mingle in the sweet and holy harmony of the liturgical chant. And to us too it seems to echo across the ages that voice of the child, *vocem infantuli*, the purest, the dearest, the most heaven-like melody that the human ear can receive."

Another variety in the aspect of monastic life is disclosed to us in the person of Radegund, "the lovely lady, queen, and saint," with whom M. de Montalembert further embellishes his rich and varied narrative. Here it is no longer the rude forces of nature or the wild freaks of semi-savage assailants which break in upon the cloistered quiet. A refined and pious woman, forced by hard fate to become one of the wives of King Clotaire, and, in the momentary reaction of remorse which followed some cruelty of his more dreadful than usual, escaping

from him, and getting herself made a nun by a stroke of desperate feminine daring—it is impossible not to draw a long breath of relief at sight of that refuge from her tyrant which opens its peaceful arms to Radegund. It must have been a new life for the escaped wife of the Merovingian savage. She built her convent amid the acclamations of all Poitiers, gathered round her a little company of nuns, some of them already her faithful attendants and companions, and received nearly two hundred young girls of the highest ranks in Gaul to cheer a solitude which must have been doubly delightful after the court of Clotaire. Here her life passed in all the occupations of that innocent household government which was dignified to her own eyes, as to those of others, by the holy gravity attached to it; and no doubt she enjoyed her happiness all the more from the conviction that she was renouncing the world and mortifying the flesh. An Italian poet, wandering that way, was received with friendly hospitality by the lettered queen, and after a while became a monk, and attached himself to the elegant female community as its man of business and the manager of its external affairs. M. de Montalembert anxiously deprecates the graceful description given by Augustin Thierry of this graceful and poetic society, and takes great pains to describe the private austerities by which the royal nun made up for the harmless pleasures of her life. She "went so far as to heat a metal cross in the fire and stamp it upon her flesh, which was still too delicate to satisfy her;" and, "till her death, wore round her body, under her dress, an iron chain;" but even M. de Montalembert allows that, "full of indulgence for her companions, she permitted them frequent intercourse with their friends outside, repasts in common, and even dramatic entertainments, the custom of which was then introduced and long maintained in the learned communities of the middle ages." If Radegund had not been a saint, and necessarily an ascetic, M. Thierry's pleasant sketch of that little elegant fantastic society at St Croix, with its verses and compliments, might have been taken into the picture with advantage; but red-hot crosses and iron chains notwithstanding, it is difficult to believe that Radegund made a wonderful sacrifice in embracing monastic life, or that the peaceful monastery, full of loyal attendants and admiring children, with its charities, its literature, its friendships and correspondence, its reverential poet and Della-Cruscan conferences, was not the most paradisaical refuge, worth a world of penances to the wife of Clotaire. On the whole, it must be granted that there are circumstances which might make a convent a highly desirable refuge for women. Though we confess we do not believe much in Radegund's austerities, it is pleasant to contemplate her escape into such a refined and peaceful shelter. It is an admirable relief to the sterner aspect of monastic life.

The canvass, however, is so full, that it is impossible to enter into a tithe of its riches. It is like one of those old Italian pictures, which, in every detail of its background, includes a little secondary drama, so that one is never sure of having exhausted the varieties of the composition, or safe of not having passed over some especially charming corner. M. de Montalembert has executed his work as Orgagna or Gozzoli might have done it. The trees of his landscape half disclose and half reveal the most picturesque of sylvan figures. The rocks of his desert scenery open into unsuspected caves, each with its romantic dramatic group. Nothing in all this plenitude disturbs the main action of the picture or interferes with the principal figures. It is the wealth of primitive art which does not pause to consider how lavishly it is using up the virgin materials, which might fill a whole gallery with pictures. And it is

wonderfully homogeneous to the subject—a treatment consecrated to such use by those masters of antique art who have made us already in some degree familiar with the early Religious in those far distant primeval ages which open up in picturesque perspective around the *Monks of the West.*

The history, however, full and varied as it is, does not extend very far beyond the formal outset of the monastic orders. From Monte Cassino, in the south of Italy; from Rome, where the great Gregory, himself a monk, gave it his warmest countenance; from Bobbio, in Lombardy, where Columbanus ended his inquiet days, and Luxeuil, among the Gaulish forests, where he began his course; from the schools of Seville and Toledo, among the Goths of Spain; from the wandering Cymry fugitives and Celtic-Scot missionaries from the far western seas, this great influence rose into fuller and fuller action. Into the forests and desolate solitudes of the whole Continent, the thrill of life began to penetrate in the persons of those saintly adventurers. To resuscitate the dying world, and bring life and order out of corruption and anarchy, "two invasions," says M. de Montalembert, "were necessary—that of the barbarians from the north and that of the monks from the south. . . . The Roman empire without the barbarians was an abyss of servitude and corruption; the barbarians without the monks was chaos. The barbarians and the monks, united, recreated a world which was to be called Christendom." But the story of this re-creation has still to be told. M. de Montalembert has but brought his soldiers on the ground, and afforded us some glimpses of early conquest, when this first instalment of the picturesque history breaks off. We cannot better conclude our own hasty survey of the ground he has already gone over, than by wishing the brilliant historian health, leisure, and good fortune for the conclusion of his laborious task.

MISS BREMER IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

Two years in Switzerland and Italy! Then, of course, says the reader, with an incipient yawn, we are to be told again for the hundredth time of the sublimity of the Alps and the beauty of the plains of Italy; we are to be dragged across glaciers and to be hung over frightful precipices, or to be floated deliriously upon lakes of Como and bays of Naples. We refuse, oh Fredrika Bremer! we refuse, even in your company, to be paraded through these marvellous scenes, which, to hear of only, is either provokingly tantalising or unsufferably wearisome. When we ourselves have travelled, and seen any of the marvels of art or nature, the greatest penalty we had to pay was the presence of the guide or cicerone. What are books of travels but the cicerone *without* the marvel—the guide without the scene?

The alarm is natural; we felt the same recoil on reading the title of Miss Bremer's two volumes, and were slow to open them. But having opened them, we found ourselves soon relieved from this fear of being compelled to listen to the incessant raptures of the tourist (raptures which may have been perfect happiness to the tourist himself, but which are almost always a perfect nuisance to the listener)—we found ourselves entertained, if not much edified, by gossip on a variety of subjects, amongst which descriptions of scenery, buildings, and paintings do not greatly preponderate. The book takes the form of a diary, which of course admits of the introduction, at any moment, of any topic. Our traveller has her mind full of religious and social problems, and she has also the quick eye and ready sympathies of the novelist, open to every incident that betrays character and emotion; and thus she carries us along, discussing, observing, narrating, speculating, and of course occasionally describing. But the book is one of general talk quite as much as a book of travels. And the talk, to our mind, is pleasant, is good-natured, is intelligent; and if, on certain topics, the lady treads very insecurely, as it seems to us, there is still an honest blundering, and a sort of kindly bewilderment, which is anything but offensive. She sallies forth with a large heart, and with a head not a little puzzled. We can understand that any one taking up such a book as this, and expecting from it accurate, consistent statements on the speculative matters it touches upon, would be sorely exercised in his patience. There is twaddle enough in it to keep his anger alive for a fortnight. But a good-natured man, who does not require of every one that he should have the precision and steadfastness of a professor of logic or a doctor of divinity—who is quite willing that we should all speculate or philosophise a little, according to our capacities—will find no difficulty in tolerating our travelling authoress, even when she shows herself least surefooted. Such a one will probably discover something worth reflecting upon in the very inconsistencies, the strivings, the half utterances of a mind like Miss Bremer's. Sincere, emotional, open to conflicting influences, it exhibits to us, by its weakness as well as its strength, the various currents of opinion that may be floating around us.

In this book of travels, the greatest curiosity, to our thinking, is Miss Bremer herself. One would imagine we were living in those olden times when men went forth to the remotest ends of the earth in search of wisdom; when, instead of

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Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

turning over the leaves of books which bring home to our fireside the subtlest ideas or last discoveries of every quarter of the world, the inquirer after truth took a pilgrimage to consult some distant oracle. Miss Bremer packs up her travelling-bag and goes in search—of ideas! —of religious ideas—of speculative truth! Such truth lies hidden in some valley of Switzerland; it falls from the lips of some village oracle. There was a M. Vinet who held it in his hand; he, unhappily, has departed from this world, but his widow and disciples who heard him teach, are still alive—from them she will glean something of the truth. "It was for this purpose I came to Switzerland."

M. Vinet was the principal founder of a Free Church of Switzerland, which originated in the year 1845, in some contest between the civil and the clerical powers. The clergy were required to read (such is the account we have here of the dispute) a proclamation from their pulpits, touching the government then lately modified by some revolutionary process. This a number of them refused to do, either because they resisted the authority which would impose such a function on them, or because they dissented from the proclamation itself. The new government presented to these dissentients the alternative of obedience or resignation; "whereupon," we are told, "upwards of eight hundred ministers retired from their office, although the greater number did not know at the time how they should find bread or the shelter of a roof for themselves and their families." We seem to be reading the history of a transaction nearer home; and, as in the case of the Free Church of Scotland, the people, charmed with an act of heroism, rushed forward with their contributions, their sympathies, and their faith. These only were the true pastors! A severance from the State was accepted as proof of spiritual graces; an act of self-sacrifice was a demonstration of the truth. New churches arose beside the old. And here, now, is our excellent friend, Miss Bremer, journeying into Switzerland to catch some rays of the new light that must surely be beaming from these new churches!

At Lausanne she attends a service of the Vaudois Free Church, and pronounces that the sermon delivered by a M. Bridet, "a young man of great talent, could not have been better or more awakening." All this, she says, "was very satisfactory to me. I missed, however, the liturgy, and the public confession of faith." The last omission must to her inquiring mind have been a peculiar disappointment; and indeed, although Lausanne was the head-quarters of M. Vinet, yet she thinks the true spirit of the Vaudois Free Church must be sought for amongst the rustic valleys of the Canton de Vaud. *There* must be the oracle; for, after all, this excellent and awakening sermon of M. Bridet is very much like other sermons heard nearer home. The new light of this free protesting church has not yet dawned upon her.

"What is it," she says very gravely, "that lies beyond the mere outward protest? Is there here a higher, more vitalising principle? And how does it stand with regard to the Bible and the principle which is the basis of Protestantism? Does this new Free Church contain the seed of a church of the future—one actually universal, like the sun and the Gospel?

"*These are questions which I shall be better able to reflect upon in the high valleys*, where indeed the Free Church has its highest life, and where I shall have sufficient time and leisure. *These are the questions which have brought me hither.*"

Such questions generally keep people at home. However, we readily accompany Miss Bremer to the valley of Rossinière to discover the church of the future—yet a seedling, we presume—growing up in this pastoral seclusion. Our kindly traveller finds some very good people, hears more awakening sermons, attends a sort of camp-meeting or "revival," where

there is "a popular preacher of the right sort," who pours forth "a rushing torrent of spiritual eloquence altogether wonderful." But somehow she does not seem to be nearer to the church of the future than she was at Lausanne, or would have been in Sweden or Norway. In the torrent of spiritual eloquence that was flowing round her, she could discover no answer, strange to say, to her speculative questions; and in the living men and women of these pious valleys she could detect no new form of Christian life. She is even compelled to declare that here also there is a dark side as well as a bright side in the character of the inhabitants. Very industrious and very pious are these peasantry of the Free Church. But she has to take notice of "the moody quarrels and grudges which, when they once have begun between individuals or families, live on, like gnats in stagnant water, and continue sometimes till death." She has also to observe that these favoured people are liable to "a depression of mind which not unfrequently overpowers the soul, and which usually takes the form of religious melancholy, terrors of the judgment, &c., and which sometimes even leads to suicide." Upon the whole, she values very highly this free church. "It is good—very good; but it has also become clear to me"—that, in fact, these good peasantry of the Canton de Vaud are neither better nor worse than other Christian folk, and they have by no means solved the problem of the church of the future.

"It is not *my* free church, *my* church of the future. It is too exclusive for that, too stagnant, adheres too much to the letter. My church—that in which I believe, that which I seek for, that in which I already, in the depth of my soul, live and worship—is one in which differences in certain dogmas and forms would not separate men who are united in the same highest love. My church is that in whose lofty choir Fénélon and Channing, François de Sales and Herman Franke, Hildebrand and Luther, Washington and Vinet, St Brigitta and Elizabeth Fry, may offer prayer and sing praises together—nay, from the broad temple-courts of which none are excluded who earnestly seek and love the supreme good, be its name Lao-tseu, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, or Spinoza."

All which may be "good—very good;" but how—in the names of St Brigitta, Luther, and Spinoza!—how happens it that a disciple of such a church as this sits complacent and delighted under the eloquence of camp-meetings? Or how can we understand that one who has aspirations like these really sought for their confirmation amongst a knot of fervent sectarians—a section of a sect pre-eminently distinguished for its bitter attachment to the severest dogmas in its creed? What would the ghost, or the widow, of M. Vinet have said to all this? Or did our clever novelist really think that she had discovered some method by which the founder of that hitherto impossible church, which is to embrace every note in the scale of religious thought from Hildebrand to Spinoza, could still sit contented and sincerely devotional in her pew in a Free Church—still retain, in all its fervour, her old Calvinistic piety?

As we have touched upon this topic, which is indeed the most conspicuous—the dominating topic of the book—we may as well follow our traveller at once into Italy, where her indefatigable search after the true church, or the church of the future, assumes a new direction. Why not try the Catholics? It has become clear to her that the very latest and purest of the sects of Protestantism has not "yet comprehended in its deeper sense the fundamental principle of Protestantism and the future." What if the Catholics, after all, should be better Protestants? Or what if they should be in possession of some fundamental principle which should answer quite as well as this entirely uncomprehended Protestantism?

She is at Rome: many conver-

sions to Catholicism had occurred about that time; she is resolved to submit herself to be experimented upon; let priests and nuns do their utmost to convert her. By subjecting herself to this process she will at least obtain a thorough insight into the Catholic faith, if she does not find in that faith the universal truth which is to bind all mankind together throughout all ages to come. She will also by such a process "become thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her own soul." "The thing," she writes, "is now therefore decided; and as soon as I have paid sundry visits, and have arranged my small worldly affairs, I enter, for an undetermined period, the convent *Sacré Cœur*, where Sœur Geneviève will become my instructress, and Père Marie Louis, the Carmelite monk, my spiritual teacher."

She might safely assure her friends, Catholic and Protestant, that the experiment would fail—that she would not be converted. Out of this convent or *rétraite* she could walk whenever she pleased. As soon as the controversy became wearisome, when the fervent exhortations of Sœur Geneviève and the subtle arguments of Père Marie Louis ceased to interest her, she could liberate herself entirely from their control. She could seek the upper air. There was no power to hold her enthralled in the sort of prison-house she had voluntarily entered, till her eye had grown accustomed to its obscurity, and she no longer pined for light and freedom. No reader of the diary will feel the least alarm for the result of the experiment. Miss Bremer's "fundamental" and incomprehensible Protestantism will doubtless stand the shock of all the eloquence of Sister Geneviève and the Carmelite monk. But did ever woman in her senses perform an act more thoroughly nonsensical than this? What an ignorance it displays of the mental process by which we discover truth, or form a rational conviction? If you doubt of the power of mesmerism, or wish to test this power, you may sit down in the chair of the mesmeriser, and say, "Try your force on me!" In such an experiment you are the recipient, or the person acted on. But the discovery of truth is an active process of your own intelligence, and (the materials for your judgment being given) the most perfect freedom of spontaneous activity is that which, above all things, you should endeavour to secure. To sit down here in the chair of the enchanter with a predetermination to resist his enchantment all you can, is as little favourable to rational investigation as to give yourself up as far as you can to the power of the enchanter. In the one case you reduce yourself to a state of passivity, in the other case you fix yourself rigidly in the attitude of resistance.

The only penalty Miss Bremer pays, or was likely to pay, was that of an insufferable weariness. To be talked at incessantly—hardly can one conceive a greater martyrdom. Here is an extract from her diary at this time:—

"*Sacré Cœur, Trinità di Monte, April* 14.—And now I am here, in this so-called *Rétraite*, but which is considerably more like a battle than a quiet life devoted to serious reflection, exposed as I am, morning, noon, and night, to the fervent zeal and the torrent-like eloquence of Sister Geneviève, regarding my conversion to the only true church; whilst, in the mean time, my forenoons are occupied with the 'Exercises' of Ignatius Loyola, which she allows me to go through. It would most assuredly be less difficult to pass through ordeals by fire and water than a continued ordeal of talk. Hence, I cut a poor figure in this, and often grow impatient, especially in the evening, when Sœur Geneviève's fervour of conversion increases sometimes to an actual storm, and occasions a tumult in my brain in comparison with which that of the Corso and the Carnival is nothing. The result of this is, that hitherto I have found myself every evening more and more Protestant, and have resolved, the following morning, to leave the convent for ever. In the morning, however, I find my courage again renewed, and think that I ought still to remain, and I do so accordingly."

With Père Louis she gets on better. He is an agreeable man, a gentleman, and a scholar, and wisely makes his conversation entertaining. The discussion with him is rather enlivening than otherwise. "He himself," she writes, "seems amused by it as well as I do." Nay, she has persuaded herself that he is perfectly candid, "and, like myself, alone wishful to discover the truth."

Who knows but that Miss Bremer might have converted the Carmelite monk? However, she does not give herself the requisite time for such an enterprise. Her patience breaks down before the termagant piety of Sister Geneviève. "Every time she enters my room I am obliged to prepare myself for a regular storm. She talks incessantly; does not listen to what I reply, or does not trouble herself about it; argues, declaims, exhorts, conjures, and prophesies my exaltation, which would be 'colossal,' if I would but be converted to the Catholic Church, and bend my knee in confession to a priest!" Of course this becomes intolerable: even the bland, instructive, enlivening conversation of Père Louis can be no adequate compensation for such an affliction. If the Carmelite monk made the least impression, it was plain that this too zealous sister more than counteracted all his efforts. It was time that this solemn farce should end. She bade farewell to the convent, not less a Protestant than before, but better informed—so she assures us—of the spirit and doctrines of Catholicism.

"Not less Protestant than before!" yet to us it appears that she issues from the convent with a manifest bearing to some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. At all events it is just here, when she bids farewell to Father Louis and Sister Geneviève, that she records her approval of the doctrine of purgatory, and of the practice of prayers for the dead. To the stanch Protestantism of a North Briton, she does not come out of the ordeal quite scathless. She even has a kind explanatory word to say upon indulgences. We think we remember that in her former book of travels, *apropos* of religious matters in the island of Cuba, she has some very severe remarks upon certain Catholic practices, and especially on these indulgences. Her stay in the convent, or say generally her residence at Rome, has enabled her to see these practices in a more favourable point of view—at least to regard them as more harmless.

As to these indulgences, which have made so much noise in the controversial world, one cannot help asking one's self—supposing they were what we ignorant Protestants are accused of believing, positive licences to commit all manner of crimes—one cannot help asking one's self what value they really would be to the poor pious people who are induced to purchase, or in any other way to acquire them. No one ever imagined that they could be pleaded at the Old Bailey, or put in as a valid defence in any court of criminal jurisdiction. To be hanged with one's indulgence round one's neck would be small gratification. Even in those cases when the sin is not a crime punishable by law, the man whose conscience prompts him to purchase an indulgence would find his conscience very uneasy when he came to commit the sin. Our belief is, that these indulgences are altogether a cheat and a delusion, and that no sin, no sweet morsel of transgression, can be extracted out of them. People who, by the aid of the confessional, have coined trifles into fictitious sins, may, by the aid of indulgences, obtain an equally fictitious pardon. An ecclesiastical penance, which is a mere affair of ritual, is dispensed with. The faith that makes the pardon makes the sin.

When Miss Bremer was travelling in Cuba, she saw in the house of a poor peasant woman a picture of the Virgin and Child, underneath which was written, that who-

ever bought such a picture (we presume for purposes of devotion) should obtain forgiveness of sins for forty days. Thereupon she exclaims, Forgiveness of sins for forty days for about the fourth of a dollar! and expresses her wonder that any virtue or piety should remain in such a country. But now, supposing such a thing were really granted, what boon could it be to a poor peasant woman to have an indulgence for sin for forty days? What extraordinary thing could she do in those forty days? Say the whole decalogue were put under her feet, what one act would this poor peasant woman proceed to commit in virtue of her indulgence? Which of the commandments would she immediately set herself to break? Would she murder or steal? She would find it very difficult, and a very terrible business to do either. She would covet her neighbour's goods it is very likely, but this she would do with or without the indulgence. She covets her neighbour's goods, but she also covets their good word, their protection, their amity. Miss Bremer is not the only person who has written under the momentary delusion that you have but to give people the licence to do evil and they will forthwith do evil. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to do evil would be extremely disagreeable.

Our traveller has an interview with the Pope. On the side of the Pope nothing but courtesy, urbanity, and a priestly benevolence. The lady carries with her into the presence of the Holy Father her little air of controversy. Very respectfully she has a question to ask. This question had been long ago prepared. In her debates with Catholics, when any of her opponents had asserted that there was no salvation out of the pale of the Catholic Church, she was in the habit of saying, rather absurdly as we venture to think, that on that point she would appeal to the Pope himself. She would ask the Pope if she, a Protestant Christian, could not be saved. Accordingly, when admitted into the presence of the infallible head of the Church she asks the question. She receives—what else could she expect?—a gentle, hesitating answer. A good little woman, held generally in kind estimation for her amusing writings, appears before the Pope, and after assuring him that she has the love of Christ in her heart, asks his Holiness whether she, although a heretic, has not a chance of salvation. His Holiness does not send the little woman forthwith to the infernal regions; and therefore she thinks she has obtained, through the Head of the Church himself, a triumph over her Catholic opponents! All this is very childish.

We respect every inquirer after truth, but this running over Europe to find it with this man or with that congregation, is nothing better than egregious trifling. Our peripatetic is in search of "a last word, a master-key to certain innermost questions of life's innermost chambers," and she goes to a M. Secrétan, at Neufchatel, to find her master-key; or she fancies that "at the sources of the Rhine" she shall discover "the primeval word of Protestantism." If she had stayed at home and disciplined her mind to attach a distinct meaning to the language she uses, she would have advanced her purpose far more than by all this endless chatter, which she seems to have poured out to any divine or clergyman she could take by the button. What can she mean by the "primeval word of Protestantism?" One thing is quite clear, that in seeking for some profundity she overlooks the plain meaning and manifest character of the actual Protestantism of Europe. But it would not be very profitable to enter, on this occasion, into any theological controversy. Let us rather, on our part, try to forget, for a moment, that Miss Bremer is travelling in quest of truth, and the church of the future, and glance over these volumes as if the authoress were an ordinary mundane

traveller, journeying, like the rest of us, to see men and things, towns and countries, and not to discover fundamental principles which, after all, are not to be picked up on the highway, or to be captured in the sources of the Rhine.

We open the chapter, or, as it is called here, the *station*, which depicts our traveller in Brussels. Here she has an interview with King Leopold, who, in a conversation of three hours' duration, explained to her "the principles of his system of government." The principles of his Majesty she approves of in a general way, and pronounces them "correct and excellent;" but when the King ventured on some reference to "the hope of the rewards of heaven" as a prime motive of conduct, she felt herself bound to protest. "Virtue ought to be its own reward." The King smiled, and thought her a little too strict on poor human nature. Miss Bremer, on her part, doubts "whether King Leopold comprehended this reward in heaven in its highest significance;" doubts even whether his Majesty has "comprehended the life of the state and of the human being, according to the highest ideal." Perhaps kings are not exactly the persons who concern themselves about highest ideals.

Here, at Brussels, she attended by especial invitation a meeting of the *Congrès de Bienfaisance*—a congress which resembles our Social Science Association in the subjects it takes under its consideration, but which is composed of deputies from all parts of the world. Nothing can be more cosmopolitan. England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, the Scandinavian kingdoms, the United States, Brazil, Algeria, and Poland, all state their various experiments and various views on the improvement of society. It must be a very mixed heterogeneous assembly. We should not, we confess, augur any very great results from such a congress. We find that its discussions are not always conducted in the calmest mood. Philosophers and philanthropists are not invariably the mildest of their race; and on an occasion of this kind, when they meet together, each one prepared rather to teach than to be taught, one may imagine there would be, as Miss Bremer assures us there is, a considerable "fermentation," and frequent outbreaks. These were controlled, however, by the President, a Count Arrivabene, an Italian nobleman, who is described as possessing a remarkable tact and power of conciliation. He it was who, by his timely interposition, "prevented the combat of words from becoming like a cockpit." "Sometimes," continues Miss Bremer, "the contest between two hot-headed opponents assumed such a threatening character that a challenge, a duel, bloodshed, and a tragical ending, were feared. But no. In the hour of need Count Arrivabene stepped in with the right word, or the right measure, which pacified the combatants; and his handsome person and refined manner contributed in no small degree to give weight to his talent for reconciliation." Miss Bremer adds, that the assembly nevertheless was composed of "gentlemen," which she gravely says was "proved by the fact, that a vote of thanks to the ladies present" was moved and carried. We should not for a moment think of questioning the gentility of the members of a *Congrès de Bienfaisance;* but we are a little startled at the nature of the proof. Let it be remembered by all who have occasion to meet together for public purposes, that the test of being "gentlemen" is a vote of thanks to the ladies present.

At this congress she is introduced to the well-known M. Ducpetieaux, whom she describes in very exalted style. "In manner and expression of countenance he possesses," we are told, "the peculiar combination of the energy and gentleness of the lion and the lamb, which I have seen only in one other man—our great Geijer." Alas, what is fame! Our great Geijer! Of all our

readers, we doubt if there is one who knows anything about this great Geijer; and we, the critic, who are bound to know everything, cannot assist them. He is not to be confounded with the Great Geyser —which is something still farther north—but this is all that we can hazard upon the subject.

Whilst this beneficent congress is discussing at Brussels all manner of social questions from a quite mundane point of view, and with the rigid scientific views of the political economist, there proceeds, in the very same city, and with unabated vigour, the old clerical and monastic methods of beneficence. Charity, in the shape of almsgiving, has been the great good and the great evil that, civil society has derived from the Catholic priesthood. Miss Bremer gives us an interesting account of a new form of charity, lately instituted by some zealous pastor. A society of young girls, called *Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*, undertakes to provide for a certain number of poor old men and women. Provision by a poor-law seems a very harsh and prosaic measure when contrasted with this quite poetic scheme; but the operation of a poor-law is universal, while the "little sisters" can only adopt and cherish a small proportion of those who need their help. In default, however, of a good poor-law, such institutions must be gratefully received. The account of these "little sisters" will be read with interest. We can only extract a portion of it:—

"I will now say a few words about a sight in Brussels which delighted me more than all its palaces and parks. I saw one day about a hundred old people of both sexes—the men on their side, the women on theirs—in a handsome and spacious building, cared for and waited upon by nice-looking young girls, like aged parents by their daughters. These young girls belong to an order which was established a few years ago, and which at this moment is greatly on the increase: it is called *Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres.*"

Here, on one side, are poor old men and women who have no one to look after them; on the other, a number of young girls who have nothing to do, no parents to wait upon, or none who need their attendance. Let the young girls look after the old men and women. But how are they to obtain the requisite funds? Some of them must go into the streets, or go from house to house, and beg alms. The Catholic religion has almost sanctified the act of begging. And begging for others, or for a public charity, even Protestant ladies and gentlemen feel no hesitation about, but, as we all know, carry the bowl, or the subscription-book, without any sense of shame whatever—not to say sometimes in a very shameless manner.

"The young girls had to encounter at first hard language and petty ridicule; but when they endured all with great patience, and continued to persevere in the spirit of self-sacrificing love, the derision was changed into admiration, and the hard language into gifts. . . . In many large houses and hotels 'the little sisters' were ordered to call on certain days in the week, to receive such provisions as had been put aside for the old *protégés*.

"Amongst them there is now a young lady from one of the best families in Brussels. She had long hesitated about becoming one of the 'little sisters,' from the fear of being elected a *sœur quêteuse* (a begging sister), for whose labours she felt a great repugnance. She was not able, however, to withstand the inward impulse; she entered into the order of this little sisterhood, and became—that which she dreaded—denominated immediately one of the begging sisters. Her pleasing appearance, retiring and refined manners, peculiarly qualified her to excite general goodwill.

"One day I saw from the window of my excellent hotel, 'the Windsor,' a little low carriage drawn by a donkey, standing before the door, with the words 'Petites Sœurs des Pauvres' printed upon the linen covering which was stretched over the carriage. A young girl, dressed in a costume similar to that worn by the French Sisters of Charity, stepped lightly from the little vehicle and entered the hotel. I hastened down, certain that she was precisely the 'little sister' whose history I knew. I found her sitting silently, waiting by a door in a large saloon. No one could imagine a more pleasing exterior, a more modest or

attractive demeanour. Her call at the hotel that day was expected, and a subscription had been made there preparatory to it. Her silent presence sufficed as prayer and exhortation, and her little donkey went away, no doubt, heavily laden for the aged."

Thus one sees side by side, in the same city, the charity of the nineteenth century, represented by a congress of beneficence anxious to promote, by sound legislative measures, the wellbeing of the lower orders, anxious to induce and educate those lower orders to take care of themselves; and the charity of the middle ages, very partial in its operations, but full of pious emotion at every step of its progress.

From Brussels we proceed to Paris. Miss Bremer misses the melodramatic life of the Paris she beheld thirty years ago. Perhaps the thirty years ago has something to do with the change in the aspect of Paris. She, novelist and observer, wishes to see something of what she calls the *Mystères de Paris.* But we suspect that Miss Bremer would find it easier to obtain an interview with the Pope, or conversation with a crowned head, than to get introduced into the wickedness of Paris, or to avail herself of any such introduction. At the lowest stage she is able to descend she finds nothing more interesting than dirt and ugliness. A ball she attends exhibits all the dulness and decorum that had ever afflicted her in the higher or respectable orders of society. In a large uncleanly saloon, to the sound of loud thundering music, a number of very ugly women, most of then with bonnets on their heads, and dressed up to the throat very dingily, were dancing with all their might. It was all she saw of the mysteries of Paris. Her curiosity, we may be sure, was soon extinguished.

In a comparison she draws between London and Paris, she pays a compliment to the metropolis of England, which we are sorry to say it does not deserve. Remarking on the improvements which have lately been made in the city of Paris, she says they had been carried on, "as it appears to me, in a way quite different to what I had seen in London a couple of years before."

"In London, the most miserable quarter, the darkest streets of the city, had been pulled down—its most wretched dens, dens of crime and poverty, had been broken into, and light and air poured into them; whilst at the same time dwellings of a better kind had been built for the labouring class, and no expense spared to provide the artisan with a wholesome dwelling, good water, fresh air, light, and whatever else might aid in elevating him. In Paris the object had been, first and foremost, to beautify the principal quarter of the city."

What Miss Bremer saw in London, were a few most laudable attempts to introduce a better kind of dwelling-houses for the artisan, but they had no direct connection with projects for the improvements of the streets of London. Those who pulled down the wretched houses of the poor, built better houses for a quite different class of people. We lay no blame upon them, nor do we call upon the law to impose restrictions or conditions on commercial enterprises of this kind; but most assuredly, as the motion of Lord Derby in the House of Lords testifies, the same evil that Miss Bremer points out as existing in Paris exists also in London. The poor are driven into narrower compass by those very improvements which, in general, advance the sanitary condition of the metropolis. The remedy that naturally suggests itself is, to build large houses to be let in apartments to the working population. These would *pay* as a building speculation, and would be quite compatible with architectural and sanitary improvements. We are sometimes met with the objection, that the working man prefers, whenever he can obtain it, a small house to himself. But if the working men find by experience (and already experiments of this kind are being made) that they can secure,

in apartments in a large building, with arrangements something in the manner of a club, a number of advantages which they cannot obtain in a small dwelling-house of their own, we may depend upon it that they will come to prefer the apartments, and that a change will take place in their tastes and habits.

We ought perhaps to be in Switzerland by this time, wandering with Miss Bremer among the mountains; but in these days of Alpine tourists it will be excusable if we do not choose this lady for our guide. Miss Bremer's descriptions, or rather her narratives, have all the appearance of candour and fidelity. Her expedition to Chamouni will be read with interest by all who have a fellow-feeling for a distressed pedestrian. We sympathise with her in her afflictions when she crosses the *Mer de Glace*. We are never, indeed, much alarmed for her safety; for all along her young companion, Louise, is represented as enjoying the expedition exceedingly; nevertheless, for one who is not strong and agile, to find herself struggling over a glacier is by no means agreeable. What, indeed, is the picturesque when one is trembling for dear life? "When I found myself midway," she says, "and was called upon to admire the brightness and width of the *Mer de Glace*, which is seen from this point up to the very top of the mountains, where it is born, I felt myself like one doomed to death, with the rope already round his neck, who is desired to notice the beautiful prospect!"

The readers of Miss Bremer's novels will remember how often and how heartily the good, simple, downright pleasure of eating and drinking was brought before them. There is the same characteristic here—the subject is not otherwise than pleasantly introduced; but if she describes the journey to Chamouni, "the good little dinner at Sallenches" will not be omitted. What has surprised us most in an authoress who has attained so much celebrity, is the singular puerility of her imagination, and her employment of metaphors and fantastical analogies, which could scarcely be forgiven in the youngest scribe. When she starts on the journey to Chamouni she says, "*The sleepy little maid-servants*, the morning winds, were up late; but at length, however, they came to sweep aside the masses of clouds," &c. If the morning winds are sleepy little maid-servants with their brooms, what are we to suppose these clouds to be which they are sweeping up? A little after, "Mont Blanc *doffs his cloudy nightcap* for the sake of Louise's lovely eyes." Very polite to Louise; but was this just the place to allude to that natural horror which every mortal man has of being seen in his nightcap?

We pass from Switzerland to Italy. When at Lausanne our traveller amuses herself with reading some of the later Italian poets. She is fired with the love of freedom, and grows enthusiastic in the cause of Italy. It is not the fine arts, the buildings, the pictures, the statues, that carry her across the Alps: it is Italy struggling for its freedom that attracts her with irresistible power. "I resolved to set out this very year to Italy, to search into its hidden life, to lay my hand testingly upon its heart."

The same puerility of imagination or fancy that interferes in her descriptions of natural scenes, mars her account of churches and public buildings. Architecture to her must be symbolic, and her notion of symbolism is any childish comparison that occurs to her. A church with two towers is like the body of a Christian praying with uplifted hands. St Peter's is a *Pontifical* church rather than a *Christian*, because the dome is a magnified tiara! Pisa is the first station at which she has an opportunity of displaying her peculiar views of architecture. She finds that people have been mistaken all this while about its celebrated lean-

ing tower. It does not lean as in the act of *falling*, or so as to suggest the possibility of falling; "it leans as if in the act of raising itself. It is a form which erects or raises itself. Hence the agreeable rather than painful impression." But as towers have been known to fall, and no tower was ever known to raise itself from a recumbent position on the earth, we rather think that the popular notion will hold its ground. Miss Bremer has further discovered that this tower erecting itself from the earth is a symbol of the sinner recovering his moral rectitude.

"One has not the slightest uneasiness," it is thus she expatiates upon the subject, "lest the tower should fall, nor any sense of a desire to have it propped up. One can see that it sustains itself, or rather is drawn upwards as by some power above, and victory is already visible.

"All the higher art of building is to me symbolical, and is interesting merely from the divine or human life which it represents. Thus the body of the ecclesiastical structure appears to me like an image of the supplicating or worshipping congregation: the church tower or towers are its extended hands. The interior of the church, especially the interior of the large Catholic churches, corresponds to the inner world of Christianity, and to the spiritual organism—in conformity with their deeply significant type, the Mosaic ark of the testimony. Every individual Christian finds also in it an image of the temple of his own soul, with an outer court, a sanctuary, and the holy of holies, where the cherubim watch over the word of the eternal God, and where the awakened eye can read in the symbolic plastic writing of the church the doctrine of revelation. The tower of Pisa is to me like a word from this doctrine—no longer a leaning tower, but an image of a sinner who raises himself, or is raised up by the Invisible, who dwells above and in the light."

Perhaps our readers would prefer that we should leave these symbols for some of the realities of Italy. The most striking reality that Miss Bremer is brought in contact with is the Prime Minister of Victor Emmanuel, Count Cavour. And a very *realistic* portrait it is which she gives us of the great minister—for such undoubtedly he is, whatever Garibaldi or the French bishops, Mazzini or the Ultramontanists, may say to the contrary.

"I confess," she says, "that at the first glance he reminded me more of an English red-complexioned country squire, who rides and hunts, eats good dinners, and takes life easily and gaily, than of a deep-minded statesman who, with a secure glance and hand, steers the vessel of the state towards its destined port, over the stormy political sea. But very soon was that countenance lit up for me, and the more I studied it, during my tolerably long conversation with Cavour, the more significant and agreeable it seemed to me. They who have painted Cavour's portrait have not understood this countenance nor the character of this head. It has a *something in it almost square*,* but at the same time refined. The complexion is fresh and delicate, the forehead magnificent, open, *with room in it for both lofty and broad ideas*; the glance of the light-blue eye is clear, lively, and penetrative; the nose and the mouth remind me of those of Napoleon the Great, as does also the form of the countenance. They have his firmness and delicacy of outline. In the play of the muscles about the nose there is an arch expression, and the smile has the graciousness of the South. The figure is not tall, but strong and well built, and has something particularly solid and robust about it. The manners are calm, easy, very agreeable, and evince natural self-government."

Count Cavour has the reputation of bearing with ease the burdens of his post: the cares of the state are said to sit lightly on him. When this was remarked, he replied, with a smile, "Oh, it only appears so! but behind, in the depth, are many cares, and it is not easy to keep alight the sacred fire." In the

* Are odd expressions like this due to the translator or to the original author? All the world knows that the translator *can* perform her task perfectly well; but on the present occasion there are many appearances of great haste. Why should the "something almost square" be opposed to refinement? A square countenance is not necessarily a coarse one.

little which the minister said of his own views and position, our complacent traveller is convinced that he "expressed his innermost thoughts;" nor does she forget, seeing that she has her foot within the cabinet of a minister, the cause of her own sex. "On parting, I seriously impressed it upon him to bring about more just laws for the women of Piedmont, who, as regards the right of inheritance, now stand a long way behind the men." The Count laughed, and gave some evasive reply. She leaves him with "an extremely refreshing sense of his words and whole character."

She gravely adds: "I have heard from persons who knew M. de Cavour more intimately, that his happy temperament, both of body and soul, cannot save him *from an annual attack of inflammation of the chest!*" Very possibly. Inflammation in the lungs is a disorder to which the most amiable men are liable. But although we hear, on this good authority of intimate friends, that a cheerful temper is no preservative against the effect of cold winds on a susceptible lung, we are glad to think that it shields him against attacks of another description, or renders them innocuous. Cavour, in spite of all his assailants, is calm, or appears so.

"He may be seen wandering along the promenades, whistling carelessly, and playing with his cane—kindly greeting his acquaintances, and with an appearance as if he had nothing else in the world to do but to go out and look about him. Such ought a statesman to be—if he can. Work, it is said, has always been his pleasure; and at this time it is his only love. Not even slander has been able to attack his morals or his character. His friends speak warmly of the goodness of his heart. His enemies have never experienced his hatred."

From Piedmont we pass to Rome. Here our traveller sees all that travellers generally see, and does, as we have already intimated, what very few have the opportunity of doing—converses with the Pope, and enters a convent. Her thoughts here seem given up to polemics. On leaving Rome, she writes us a *résumé*—not of the wonders or antiquities of Rome, but of her own thoughts on Catholicism and Protestantism, and that "primeval word" or fundamental principle yet to be developed. Miss Bremer does not pass the Rubicon—she is faithful to the Christian revelation—but she seems to desire, so far as we can comprehend her language, a church which shall have the unity of the Catholic (or that unity which the Catholic proclaims to be theoretically inseparable from the very principle of revelation), and the freedom of thought and individual inquiry of Protestantism. We say this seems to be her rather unreasonable aspiration; but it is with great diffidence that we should venture to interpret Miss Bremer's meaning. There is something here about "a third eye"—a phrase that she tells us she has borrowed from Plato—a third, or inner eye, which has especial cognisance of religious truth. As everything turns upon this "third eye," and as this branch of optics is very obscure to us, we had better leave our author's *résumé* to explain itself.

From Rome we of course proceed to Naples. Here we are greeted by an eruption of Vesuvius, which is of sufficient violence to create general alarm. But, thanks to the Madonna and St Januarius! the lava is stayed. Yet this is not a subject of thankfulness to all. There are forty thousand villains, it is said, in Naples, who are disappointed of their hopes of plunder by this interference of Madonna and the saints. "They have watched, it is asserted, with avaricious longing glances, the increasing eruption, which promised them the opportunity of plunder, and of enriching themselves during some great and general devastation."

Apropos of St Januarius, we have here a more complete account of the celebrated miracle—the mysterious liquefaction of his blood—than we remember to have encountered elsewhere. Our indefatigable tourist tells us that she had witnessed the

miracle three times; and on one, if not on all of these occasions, she stood near the sacred relic, and took sharp note of the mysterious bottle which holds the blood of the saint. She observed a very suspicious tube that runs through the bottle, and which seems capable of some manipulations by the officiating priest. But we may as well quote the author's own words.

"At length a number of priests made their appearance, bearing the bust of the saint in silver-gilt, which was placed upon the altar, and his blood, preserved in an oval, greenish glass bottle, enclosed by a massive silver ring fastened to a shaft, which a priest held in his hand, and by which he swung, in the view of all, the bottle backwards and forwards, in order to let them see that the black-red mass, which more than half filled it, was hard-set and immovable. A small mysterious tube passes through the bottle, and is held above and below by the thick silver rim—at least one cannot see anything, and one involuntarily asks one's self why not? But one must not be too inquisitive.

"The prayers now begin. The priests mutter softly; those who kneel round the altar do the same; the whole chapel rushes into a low chorus of prayer; but the old women—the relations, as they are called, of the saint—lift up their shrill piercing voices. This screaming and noise rises and sinks, and rises again like a storm; but still through it all the priest continues to swing the bottle up and down, and from one side to the other, showing it between whiles to the spectators, who see that the dark mass remains immovable. . . . These vehement outbursts become more and more volcanic, and actually threatening, when all at once every countenance brightens, and a pause ensues. A movement is observable in the mass of blood. It begins to slide, first to one side then to the other; it seems to become loosened from the glass. The priest continues to swing the bottle, the rim of which it seems to me that he clasps with a secret manipulation! The old women scream and the priests mutter. Yet another five minutes and the miracle is complete. The blood is wholly liquefied, and flows on all sides. The old women exult, many of the ladies weep, and all the pious press forward to kiss the glass bottle which contains the blood of the martyr, and which is now extended to their lips and their foreheads by the priests."

It was, of course, before the late revolution that Miss Bremer was in Naples and witnessed the miracle. Will this piece of jugglery continue to be enacted in the most populous city of the new kingdom of Italy? Who can say? He is a bold man who would venture to predict even the political destiny of Naples; and a much bolder who would prophesy the course which religious opinion is likely to take amongst its headstrong and ignorant population. The next ten years may witness in this stronghold of superstition the triumph of Atheism — succeeded by the restoration of St Januarius and his green glass bottle. And if this should be the case, there is one prediction we will hazard. The glass bottle will be broken in the period of revolt, and the clot of blood destroyed; and when the happy restoration takes place, the fragments of that green glass bottle will miraculously come together again, and again enclose that identical clot of blood, which will have been miraculously recovered.

The latter part of Miss Bremer's Diary is enlivened by what reads like the fragment of a novel. A love affair between a young girl, who is for a time the companion of her travels, and a gentleman who passes under the name of *Hercules*, is very skilfully and very amusingly told. We suppose these friends of hers consented to *sit to the artist;* otherwise, this narrative of their courtship and description of their several characters would be very strange. In any case, it is a curious method of enlivening a book of travels; but, as the story is very well told (for is not the writer here on her own ground, and where she is, indeed, an admirable artist?), it is not for us to make any murmur of complaint.

May we soon again meet Miss Bremer in the exercise of her great and undoubted talent of the novelist! And with this wish we will close our notice of her present book of Travel and Theology.

FROM THE FATHERLAND.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

"Apud quos plurimum hiems occupat."—TAC., *De Mor. Ger.*

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—I think you will agree with me that that useful luminary the sun ought to be always of the masculine gender. I happen to inhabit at present a country where the sun is feminine. The Germans gallantly say, that because the sun is more beautiful than the moon, their chivalrous forefathers inverted the classical notion of their genders, and made him a lady and her a gentleman. But I suspect that, in spite of them and Tacitus and his highflown tribute to the woman-worship of the old Teutons, the sun was made a goddess instead of a god, in the first instance to express comparative weakness. And we can bear abundant witness to the bashfulness of the German sun, which has veiled his or her face, since we have been in the country, nearly as constantly as a Turkish odalisque when she walks abroad. On April 15th last year there was snow on the roofs; and since the 1st of May this year we have seen the same thing more than once. We had a short summer in March, and the north-east wind has brought us a new winter from the ice-packed shores of the Baltic. The climate of Great Britain, it appears to me, has been made the subject of much unmerited abuse, although Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, said that there were more days on which one could go out in the year in England than on the Continent. It is fair to compare places of the same latitude. We are about in that of Southampton, and we have had winter from the end of October to the beginning of May; nor have we, probably, seen the last of it yet. Our sole advantage is probably that we have no muggy weather. The wind is bleak and brisk, and catches at delicate throats with the grip of a tiger. We must be thankful for the Gulf-Stream, that Inverness cape of the British Islands, and take a little sea-fog with the warmth, for without the Gulf-Stream Great Britain would be as Labrador. And at least no foreigner can deny that we ascribe the masculine gender to our sun, when in our language it is a favour to bestow any gender but the neuter on inanimate objects. We make the moon feminine because the sun must have a wife, and we make a ship feminine because that is one of the things which is nearest to the heart of an islander. Beyond this, we observe the strictest neutrality.

If national character be formed, as Mr Buckle and others have observed, in a great measure by climate, it would be curious to investigate how far the national character of the Germans is formed, or at all events affected, by their having a feminine sun. The question arises at starting, what people I mean by the Germans. Do I mean all people speaking the tongue which was formerly called High Dutch, and therefore to be comprehended under the nationality; or do I only mean the Germans who inhabit the remainder of Germany after the deduction of Austria and Prussia? Without refining too much, I will suppose that Germany is most German at its centre, somewhere between the Hartz and Thuringian forests; while at its circumference it is modified to a certain extent by the people surrounding it, and with whom it has most intercourse. For instance, the northern towns assimilate to the English, including Berlin, whose inhabitants are named by other Germans, not very flatteringly to our noble selves, the *tame English*; while the lively people of Vienna

and Munich are like the Italians and southern French.

Those ancient Germans, to whom Tacitus ascribes all the cardinal virtues except temperance, must have lived under conditions very different from the present children of the Fatherland. In the first place, it is as well to remark that they were probably not the ancestors of the present race, except to a limited extent. For those ancient Germans were of the Low German stock,—at least those to whom belonged the national hero Arminius the Cheruscan, and thus were more nearly related to those Angles, Jutes, and Saxons who pushed across into Britain. So that, in fact, the English have quite as much right to claim Arminius or Hermann as the modern High Germans have,—a right similar to that by which the Welsh may claim King Arthur. The habits of Tacitus's friends were in many respects thoroughly English. They used to affect separate houses in preference to flats, which the modern Germans prefer; and on the whole they liked the country better than the town. Does he not say—"It is well known that no tribes of the Germans dwell in cities—that they cannot, indeed, bear houses joined to one another; they live separate and apart, according as some spring, or field, or grove suits their taste"? Again: "They are contented with one wife a-piece, except a very few"—which was true of us before the days of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, but not so exactly of the modern High Germans in the Protestant countries, whom the facility of the law of divorce enables to shuffle their wives, if they please, like a pack of cards. *We*, however, can no longer throw a stone at them in this matter.

It must be remembered that in the earliest times a vast proportion of Germany was covered with forest, and that the Hartz, the Thuringian, and the Black forests only are remnants of what was then one vast continuous Hercynian Wood; and most of that which was not wood was swamp and salt-marsh. As one descends from the hilly country about Warburg, in Hesse-Cassel, to the plains of Westphalia, on arriving at the limit of the hills they seem to wear the aspect of the shores of an enormous sea, which has in process of time become land; and the same may be said of the descent from the Hartz into the great northern plain. Holland, in early times, must have been neither land nor water, but sometimes one and sometimes the other; yet it bred the Batavi, one of the most warlike of the Low German races. The whole country, except that about the Rhine, must have worn a singularly grim and ghostly look in the Roman times; and it seems hard to think what motive the warriors from the sunny Welsh-land (as the Germans called Italy) could have had to wish to penetrate it, except the sheer love of giving and taking hard knocks. But, in some respects, those ancient Germans, spectral and squalid as the look of their country must have been, were better off than the modern occupiers of their holdings. They had unlimited wood to light their fires with. No one who can keep up, in season and out of season, a good roaring wood-fire, cares much about climate. Wood has now become so scarce and expensive in central Germany that Berlin stoves have been invented for the express purpose of economising it; and a German fire of the present day is the reverse of what children are told to be—seen and not heard. The railroads are bringing coal and civilisation everywhere, but coal is but an unclean substitute for an unlimited wood-fire. This paucity of fuel has no doubt a pernicious effect on the habits of the people of a cold country. A room is once for all heated; then all apertures by which the air can enter are carefully stopped, and then it is supposed to be in a fit condition for any dozen human beings to eat, drink, and sleep in, with the addition to its own atmosphere of as much tobacco-smoke as you please. This accounts for the

sodden pallid looks of a large part of the population, and for the general torpidity of their dispositions. Even in a higher class there is a very general indisposition to take exercise except when obliged. A walk of half an hour out to a well-known "kneipe," two hours of "beer, billiards, and tobacco," and half an hour back, constitute a handsome batch of exercise, and enough to last half a week. Now, the old Germans, although, like the Red Indians, they passed half their time in violent exercise and the other half in doing nothing, were probably healthy enough; for they had fresh air in their houses, and roaring open fires, except when intense cold drove them into those unsavoury hot-beds described by Tacitus, in which they occasionally hid under ground. Then they bathed every day, and allowed themselves plenty of hot and cold water. Now, to us present inhabitants of Germany, hot water is always a difficulty, and cold water a cruelty. To avoid Tacitean condensation of sentences, I must explain that hot water is a difficulty to ourselves, as the domestics seem astonished at a request for it; and cold water is a cruelty to others—namely, to the domestics themselves. Often and often, in running about the Continent, have I admired the picturesque fountains, and wished we had them in all the towns of Great Britain; but it never struck me that they were intended entirely to supersede pumps. Here all the water is brought from the fountains on the backs of women in a long deep tub—a piece of hard labour for which an hour's gossip at the fountain about their "Herrschaft" can scarcely indemnify them. And far less is the great luxury known of water laid on and coming through pipes. The only pipes our worthy burghers are aware of are those they carry in their mouths. Thus, knowing that every drop of water one uses has been borne on the back of a woman, a feeling man will naturally, in the first place, cease to drink the element; in the second, be tempted to use it very sparingly for washing. The first is easier for an Englishman than the second; for light wholesome beer is indigenous everywhere here, which is more than can be said of the water, impregnated as it is with carbonate of lime and other chemicals.

If you ever go to Eisenach and the Wartburg, Irenæus, to lionise Luther's relics, you may as well just inquire at the railroad refreshment-room if that tap of superb beer from Hof, in Bavaria, is exhausted yet. The beauty of our beer is, that it seems impossible for any one to get drunk upon it. The utmost harm that a ploughboy can do himself with it is to increase a little his natural specific gravity. The drunkards here have universally recourse to "schnaps;" for there are drunkards here, and drunkenness is quite as common as in Britain, but it is not so noisy. An English peasant, when he sings, is generally drunk; a German is generally sober. Drunken men are best known here by a silent gravity of deportment, joined to a general tendency to hold on by the walls.

I cannot help thinking that the universal and constant use of tobacco tends to produce in cold countries a kind of Oriental apathy, such as the climate produces elsewhere. Tobacco is notoriously a sedative; and the possession of it strikes me as a decided boon to the fiery Frank or Italian. But in Germany it may have tended, with the causes I have mentioned before, to damp the energy of the national character. England is not a cold country, except by fits and starts. When we are cold in England we feel it in our persons and houses; but we put on an overcoat and defy it, or sit by the fire with the air in the same room down to freezing-point. The Germans object to the sensation altogether: in very cold weather they walk and drive (for they do not ride as a people) in heavy fur coats, which preclude exercise, and sit in their clothing in close rooms, warm to

suffocation, afraid to open doors or windows for fear of wasting the fuel. Thus their feminine sun appears to have done them more mischief than would appear at first sight; its weakness having induced a kind of lethargic effeminacy of temperament in the masses of the people. Summer revolutionises for a short time only the habits of the people; for, as Tacitus observes, "Winter engrosses the greatest share with them." Is it not snowing now on the 7th of May, and was it not snowing last year about the 15th of October? We certainly wear such white favours in Britain, but not quite so often. We ought to be indeed thankful for the Gulf-Stream, which warms our atmosphere, on the hot-water-pipe system on a large scale, just as her Britannic Majesty's castle of Windsor is pleasantly warmed on a small.

The indisposition of nearly a whole people — one of the most highly civilised and highly cultivated on the face of the globe—to rapid and energetic action, is a singular fact in physiology and psychology; the evils which it produces appear at once on the face of things. The deepest and most original thinkers in the world are the slowest and least capable of doers. The most prolific of theorisers are the greatest laggards in execution in all matters of practical life. For instance, the country which enunciated in early times the principles of civil and religious liberty, with a grasp and acumen second only to that of the old Greeks, which gave birth to a Luther, failed woefully when put to the test in its revolution of 1848, of which the sole result appears to be the abridgment of some inconsiderable privileges of some of the minor princes. The country which has studied the depths of sanitary science in all its bearings, which produced Homœopathy and Hydropathy, Hahnemann and Preissnitz, and every imaginable theory, orthodox and heretical, on the art of healing sickness and preserving health, still rejoices in draining arrangements of medieval simplicity, and towns whose unsavoury miasmata are a perpetual invitation to typhus and cholera. With the most eminent writers on social science, Germany still tolerates monopolies; and in spite of a complete railway system, and every facility for intercommunion, delights in separate coinages and currencies, and even separate weights and measures, in its several states. If we compare this people with the ancient Greeks, we find Athenian shrewdness and originality, Athenian philosophic subtlety and love of argument, joined to Spartan unreadiness, dilatoriness, and social conservatism. The French and Germans, in fact, divide the Athenian character between them—the French having it in matters practical, the Germans in matters theoretical; while the British character has more of the Roman type, being naturally aggressive, world-conquering, and less artistic than massive and magnificent in the works of its hands.

In one particular, the typical Germans, those of the centre and north, have realised their theories, and this is owing to the peculiar circumstances of the pacification which followed the Thirty Years' War. Protestant Germany is probably the only country in the world which enjoys unbounded liberty of thought and speech in matters of religion. Whether this be, on the whole, a good or an evil, I am not prepared to discuss at present, but the fact *is* patent. In England, and still less in America, can the same be said. As long as a man does not offend against the laws, he may print and publish, and even preach, in Protestant Germany, without detriment to his social position, the most extreme views of any kind on theological matters. A volume has appeared lately in England called *Essays and Reviews*, which has drawn upon it the denunciation of nearly the whole bench of bishops, and set the hair of British orthodoxy gene-

rally on end. The Germans simply remark concerning it, that its statements are as old as the hills with them, and regard the official opinion of the bishops much as they would the opinion of as many old generals on a question of military reform. It is impossible to deny that this extreme liberty of opinion not only fosters indifference to dogma, but neglect of the externals of religion. The churches in Protestant Germany, with all the national love of painting, music, and architecture, are nearly all of them the greatest æsthetic solecisms. The outside shell is often of a noble Gothic of the very best period, while the internal fittings are of the worst days of the *Renaissance*, or of the period which produced what is called in England the churchwarden style: heavy galleries, for instance, cross the finest arches, while the organ-loft blocks up the nave, and the people hear the Gospel in glazed rooms, wrapped in furs and cuddling into muffs. I have an interior in my eye now. There are four galleries, all whitewashed, the three upper tiers being appropriated to men, the lower, with the body of the church, to women. Ugliness and inconvenience is the most marked feature of the whole. At the end where the altar stands in an Anglican church is a pulpit and screen in debased Roman style, the whole being surmounted with a gilded cast of Thorwaldsen's Christ, larger than life. The preacher appears dwarfed by this figure in the centre of the screen, or rather so much of him as can be seen; for, his gown being black, as well as the drapery at the back of the screen, little more appears of him than a face and a pair of hands, giving the head of the reverend gentleman the appearance of an elderly cherub. It would be difficult to excite for the restoration, or simply for the cleaning and warming, of the churches, a hundredth part of that zeal which, originating in the so-called Puseyite movement, but by no means confined to a party, in the Establishment or out of it, has sown South Britain broadcast with new and beautiful religious edifices, while it has restored and chastely decorated old ones, and which has even begun to have considerable influence in the severer atmosphere north of the Tweed. That the Rongè movement of some years ago towards a German Catholic Church, taken up at first with so much fervour, should have ended in smoke, is a consistent illustration of national character. I recollect some years ago, after the *table-d'hôte* of the Hollândischer Hof at Heidelberg, being almost forcibly carried off by some Rongè neophytes to hear their service. Such enthusiasm I have never seen in a crowded church before. The service was a mixture of Roman Catholic chants and Protestant hymns; the doctrine of the officiating priest was liberal, and his dress expensive in the extreme. But the movement has evaporated. Protestant Germany has relapsed into its normal latitudinarianism, and Catholic Germany into its normal superstition. Here, in this nineteenth century, in a country speaking the language of Luther, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, I witnessed last summer, in the beautiful valley of Ammergau, in Alpine Bavaria, the decennial Passion-play — the history of the most touching events in the New Testament acted by the peasants of those parts, who are trained from childhood to take a part in it. Impious as the whole affair appears to Protestant eyes, there was no impiety in the actors or the spectators. It was universally looked upon as a grand and solemn service, to which all within a certain distance were bound to go at any sacrifice; and the collection of different orders of religious persons, priests, friars, and sisters of charity, all countenancing the spectacle by their presence, proved how far that part of Germany is in the rear of the kind of intelligence which the rest of Northern Europe possesses.

The operation of commercial restrictions, which have long ago become obsolete in theory, is practically

felt in all the smaller matters of life in the town where we reside. The *nonchalance* with which the shopkeepers attend to their business is something incredible. They have often to be rung for to come into their shops, often to be sought for in the floor above; and the execution of all orders is so very dilatory, that it is a matter of wonder how they manage to exist. But it is undeniable that this practical procrastination, which is the vice of the nation, may have its advantages. Improvements which have been adopted in the first instance by others are carried to the greatest perfection by those who avail themselves of them the latest. In England the railway battle, the question as to whether railroads were to be allowed to exist, was settled at a price which will carry its consequences in superior fares and inferior accommodation through many years; while the countries which have been latest in following the lead are able to avail themselves of all the newest improvements. The German railways pay, I believe, handsome dividends to the shareholders, and yet the accommodation is superb: the third-class carriages being equal to the English second-class generally; the second-class better than the English first; and the comforts of the first-class attaining the maximum of vehicular luxury. That accidents to passengers are comparatively unknown is owing, less to any superior device for their prevention, than to the fact that a people to whom time is not the first object in life are content with an average speed of twenty miles an hour; so that, should any train be accidentally retarded, the delay is easily atoned for by increased speed in proportion to it.

What is, however, most interesting to foreign nations, is the manner in which the constitution of a people affects international relations. German contemporary politics are a subject most involved and intricate, and on the bearings of which it is most difficult for an external observer to form a correct opinion. It has been ever so throughout the whole history of the Fatherland. Have you ever had the misfortune, Irenæus, when out fly-fishing, to get your cast of flies entangled in a bough? There is no Roman road out of your difficulty: if you poke at the tangle with the end of your rod, you will only make it worse; you must keep your temper, cut a forked stick from the hedge, and pull the bough within your reach, and unravel the mischief at your leisure. Time and patience alone will do your business. And time and patience alone will furnish a clue to the entanglements of the most complicated political history in the world. You may try to draw the line out, but it will snap if you do, as it did in the hands of the sublime theorists of 1848. Austrian, and Prussian, and small German interests stick their barbed hooks into the bough, and refuse to let matters be made straight and easy. There is, undoubtedly, in the present day a strong feeling abroad in favour of the unity of Germany, expressing itself in a society which is called the *National Verein*, whose proceedings are allowed to be published in the more liberal states. If this body would content itself with the advocacy of two or three practical reforms, such as the amelioration of the postage, the establishment of a common coinage, and the adoption of the *Zoll Verein*, or common tariff, in those states which have not yet adopted it, some real ground would be gained. But the national heart seems still set on putting the cart before the horse, and on making such humble measures the consequences of, instead of the first preliminary steps to, a great general unification. While, as yet, Germany as a whole does not exist, the Germans are demanding of Denmark the cession of Holstein, if not of Schleswig, and most illogically adducing Venetia as a parallel case, which province a German state clings to, in the teeth of an Italy which now may be confessed to

have a realised existence.* The notorious complications of that Schleswig-Holstein question alone are sufficient to make any ordinary person despair of getting to the bottom of German politics. This fact is at least certain, that many persons of good family and substance have emigrated from Holstein into central Germany as a means of escape from real or fancied Danish persecution. But England and France will be acting very foolishly if they suffer the peace of the world to be broken, till the case is made somewhat more clear by the interested parties. Certainly, Prussia has no right to claim Holstein for herself; and if Germany as a totality claims it as part of itself, Germany as a totality ought to drop, not only Venetia, but Hungary and Galicia, and perhaps Bohemia and Posen. Germany can only act as a political whole, or have legitimate aspirations as such, by reducing the Emperor of Austria to a German duke, and limiting the King of Prussia, as a German prince, to his strictly German dominions. The financial and other embarrassments of the Austrian Empire seem to render it not improbable that some such state of things may occur with respect to Austria before long; but the time is not yet come; and Prussia will probably, for a long time to come, be able to hold her own. It is certainly a great inconvenience for the small German states to be crushed and paralysed from political action between these two great monarchies. Their citizens often complain, with reason, that a mere German has no political status out of his own country; that they have no consuls or ambassadors abroad to whom to complain in any difficulty; and a large proportion of them are inclined, as a *pis aller*, to throw themselves heartily into the arms of Prussia, and give that state the political and military leadership of the whole confederation. In the event of a break-up in the Austrian Empire, and at the same time of the preponderance of the constitutional party in Prussia, the assimilation and absorption of the rest of Germany by Prussia would come naturally to pass, much as Sardinia has assimilated or absorbed the rest of the states of Italy, excepting Venetia and Rome. But in Prussia itself there is a strong party which presents every possible obstacle to such an arrangement, the party known by the name of the *Junker-partei*, or the party of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. This party, whose headquarters are at Berlin, has its ramifications in all the small German states, and is the most determined opponent of the German unity movement. It is easy to account for this opposition. The party is composed of the senior and junior members of the feudal noblesse, and is by no means to be despised for its numbers, from this same cause, that many of its members are without wealth or individual influence—that is, that every son of a nobleman inherits equally the title and pretensions, and in many cases equally divides the possessions, of his father. This party are excluded by their traditional feelings from trade, and most of them compelled to live in a gentlemanly poverty. They would naturally, thus, be opposed to any general increase in the commercial prosperity of their country, or exaltation of the trading classes in the social scale. And were Germany to become united according to the schemes of her theorists, their social and political influence would become *nil*. We may suppose such an arrangement adopted as the following: It is found impossible to reconcile the conflicting claims of the great and small monarchs in any other way

* The Horatian aspiration —

"O si angulus iste
Proximus accidat, qui nunc deformat agellum"—

must weigh for the existence of the "agellus," or little ring-fenced estate, before it can find its legitimate expression.

than that devised by the University of Oxford for settling the rival claims of the colleges to appoint the vice-chancellorship and proctorships—namely, a cycle, by which the sovereign prince of each state should reign supreme as emperor or protector, for a certain time in turn, giving the larger states more turns than the smaller ones. The executive of the United Government, somewhat similar in constitution to that of the lately United, but now disunited, States, would be concentrated in the hands of this chief, whatever his title might be. Then the present independent sovereigns, still retaining their independent sovereignty in their separate states, would become a splendid aristocracy, the peers of the empire; while the popular element would be represented, in all probability, by delegates from the parliaments of the several states. No place would be left in such a scheme for the small fry of the German aristocracy, and their occupation would be manifestly gone. In the present divided state of Germany, they are able to hold their heads above their neighbours, and arrogate to themselves the social position and privileges of a patrician caste, although it is hard to see what solid advantages are gained by the retention of such a position, in comparison with those which they would gain, in common with all their fellow-countrymen, by an increase of national dignity and strength. I imagine that there are few Englishmen or Frenchmen who would not prefer being simple citizens of their own countries to being airy noblemen of a country which is not even sure of its own existence. That this party has still so much influence seems astonishing; but its position of privilege of admission to the courts of the princes tends to give it a factitious importance. Princes are men, and men do not like to be disliked by those who surround their persons; and from this cause it doubtless happened that the late weak and good-natured King of Prussia was so much in the hands of a *camarilla* of the "Junker" party.

From this party, doubtless, emanates all that petty hostility to England and the English which is so unaccountably prevalent in Germany, and which showed itself in so marked a manner in connection with the affair of Captain Macdonald and the officials of the Rhine Railway. Not that the anti-English spite confines its expression to one class. We constantly hear England spoken against from those who have every interest the other way; but this is easily explicable on the ground that the majority of mankind do not think for themselves, but only repeat, like parrots, the sentiments of others, and that this habit is most chiefly indulged in by vulgar minds in international cases. The envy that a people, not a nation, feels for a people that has long since become one, seems to me insufficient for the mass of ill-natured remarks that one constantly hears of us; and I cannot thus help thinking, that they have arisen from artificial instigation. The German aristocracy—in which I by no means wish to include the sovereigns—is naturally aware, that were Germany in any respect centralised, its own importance must diminish in proportion; and were Germany ever centralised as France is, it would lapse into the merely nominal condition of the aristocracy of France. The law of primogeniture has been found by experience to furnish the only means by which an old nobility can preserve its continued life, and adapt itself to the changing circumstances of the times; and the absence of this law will cause, in case of political amalgamation, the nobles of Germany to die a natural death; while its existence, in the case of the princes, will preserve the princely houses, and constitute their leading members into peers of the empire, somewhat more splendid in position than peers of the realm are with us, each being still a sovereign in his own state; it being always sup-

posed that all the princes are not so pig-headed as the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, and that there are a sufficient number of sensible men among them to avert any second violent political convulsion. For ourselves it is doubtless desirable, provided such a consummation could take place by fair means, that Germany should be able to consolidate herself into one great nation. Germany united would constitute a military power able to laugh to scorn that of France. The present state of things in southern Europe seems to render such a change every day more desirable. Only a stone or two is now wanting to complete the edifice of Italian unity. Napoleon has it in his power, by a stroke of his pen, to give the Italians their much-longed-for capital. He may give or withhold; but if he gives it, will he give for nothing? There is a natural affinity between the Italian and French peoples. The French, notwithstanding the double-dealings of their government, have undoubtedly laid Italy under an obligation by giving the first blow to the power of Austria. Italy will have an army, and, what is more to our purpose, a fleet, and that fleet might possibly be united to that of France for French purposes. Again, because Spain has fallen from the Spain of Charles V. to what she is now, we must not imagine that a nation is not capable of even partial resuscitation. Lately she has been giving signs of life in the war with Morocco, and the recovery of St Domingo. Her sympathies of race and religion lie with France rather than with England. She is under great obligations to England, but obligations do not always produce good feeling, and she has still the thorn of Gibraltar sticking in her side. There has been talk of a union with Portugal, more probable if Spain, as England has done with respect to Scotland, accepts a monarch from the smaller state. A great alliance of the Latin nations of the south to monopolise the Mediterranean, and shut up our passage to India, would not be a pleasant prospect for our statesmen to contemplate. Our French alliance hangs on the life, and still more on the circumstances, of Napoleon III. His personal policy is apparently one of friendship with England, but he would not sacrifice his dynasty to our alliance; and unless he succeeds in making himself enduringly popular, which he has not done yet with the intelligent classes of the French nation, he must be, to a certain extent, in the power of the army and the caprices of the unintelligent classes. Contingencies might arise which would lead us to look forth anxiously for foreign alliances; and no alliances seem more natural than those which might be formed with people and races of the same kith and kin with ourselves. Such are the Germans and Scandinavians. It ought to be, in the first instance, a main object of our policy to prevent these two races from quarrelling, and to do everything in our power for a peaceable adjustment of their differences. Were Germany united as one nation, we might have a military power closely connected with us, capable of counterbalancing France; and were Denmark, Sweden, and Norway united and in alliance with us, we might be able to count upon a navy, manned with some of the best seamen in the world, as a supplement to our own. The Holstein question is a peculiarly delicate one. Until Germany is united, the King of Denmark cannot fairly be asked to give up Holstein; and it would appear that the present differences of the Danish Government with that province would admit of an easier solution. At any price, France must be prevented from interfering, and least of all must opportunities of action be given to a Franco-Russian alliance. As long as German unity remains a theory only, it behoves us to watch most carefully how we suffer the power of Austria to be further weakened. At present Austria presents a barrier, however imperfect, to the ag-

grandisement of Russia on the Danube, and France, through Italy, on the Adriatic. It is possible that the Emperor of Austria, listening to his better angel, may yet throw over the Pope and Jesuits, who have already ruined the King of Naples, conciliate the Hungarians, and consolidate his position by giving back their old constitutions to his several provinces; but, as a German prince, he must be content to be no more than a secondary member of the confederation, in consideration of the comparatively small number of German subjects over whom he rules. As it is, all the most intelligent and liberal minded men in Germany see the importance of keeping well with England; and it is right that the ill feeling which prevails in Germany against England should be traced to its true source, which I believe to be the "Junker" or Kreuz-Zeitung party. I verily believe that this party would rather throw themselves into the arms of Russia, and acquiesce in becoming slave-magnates of the Czar, than lose that feudal position of privilege which they now retain by so feeble a thread. There is no doubt that the influence of this party has been already much shaken in Prussia by that alliance with the English royal family which seemed a guarantee for constitutional sympathies on the part of the highest personages in Prussia; and the intended marriage of the Princess Alice with the Prince Louis of Darmstadt will be an additional tie, not without its political value, with the smaller states of Germany.

In spite of my observations on the slowness of the Germans, and my gibes at their feminine sun, which are consistent with the accidental definition of them given by the author of the *Life of Goethe*, "as the highly intelligent people who never sleep in a bed,"—they are a people who make sure of every step they take in advance, and may possibly realise in the end, as compared with some of their neighbours, the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Practical people are far too apt to despise theorists, as if all practice had not its first origin in theory. For a long time past, Germany has thought for the world. If it be true that Providence gave the land to France, the sea to England, and the air to Germany, it must be recollected that the land and sea would not be of much practical value without the air. A man has to breathe before he can walk or sail. Again, the area of the air, though less palpable, is less limited than that of the sea or land, and the frenzy of the elements display themselves in it to their fullest extent. No less true than noble is Schiller's boast—

"Mein unermesslich Reich ist der Gedanke,"

for thought, after all, is supreme over all the actions and inventions of man. It must never be forgotten, that though the people of England were often recalcitrant under the tyranny of Rome, the first great shock was given to the system by a German priest, and that the press, without which modern civilisation would never have existed except in a Chinese shape, was a German invention. It is impossible to read our popular literature at the present day, without seeing how much it owes to the original thinkers of Germany, whose very originality is perhaps owing to the fact, that the circumstances of their country have precluded them from much talking or acting, and obliged them to confine themselves to thinking. It is probable that the faster national civilisation goes ahead, the more does the action of thought suffer, for there is nothing so fatal to thought as business, bustle, hurry, worry, and precipitation. There is no doubt that Germany is a country containing material resources second to none in the world: each of its little capitals is a centre of civilisation in its own way, each is a nucleus of provincial wealth; and it is fair not to compare Berlin or Vienna separately with London or Paris, but the aggregate of the Ger-

man capital cities, small and great, with the monster metropolis of either France or England. What Germany can do when roused to action was shown in the Liberation War of 1813; and should the stimulus be sufficient, she will be able to do much more with her present strength. With respect to the value of Germany as a great military ally to England, it must be considered how little remains to be done to make her military organisation perfect. In no German state has the liability of any able-bodied man to military service been lost sight of as it has in England. At present the regular soldiers are generally, perhaps, inferior to those of France or England, because they are, in the strictest sense, to be considered as militia rather than as regular soldiers; they are not, in fact, professional soldiers, except the officers; nor is it desirable that they should become so, as Germany has no foreign empire to defend. A very little more training would make them everything that could be desired, and capable of coping with any battalions in the world. Even at present, they are used to act in large masses, and no exception can be taken, by a military eye, to the drill or discipline of the troops; only it would appear desirable, as a guarantee of their steadiness in action, that there should be more old soldiers among them.

With respect to ourselves, the question must soon arise how to make the volunteer rifle corps a permanent institution of the country, and permanent they ought to be, in some shape, as long as we wish to have national security. Their success hitherto has been almost miraculous, and only accountable for by the intense spirit of loyalty and patriotism which silently and unobtrusively pervades the whole being of the British nation. But if loyalty and patriotism feel no longer cause for special alarm, will the love of playing at soldiers keep up the movement? We shall have sooner or later to revert to the old constitutional militia chosen by ballot, while the volunteer corps may still exist as self-supporting *corps d'elite*. It has been lately discussed in Germany, whether some such corps might not be advantageously formed, and whether the time and trouble now given to rifle shooting and even cross-bow shooting at popinjays, might not be expended on the same kind of occupation or pastime in a shape more available for national purposes. None of the more liberal governments of Germany need fear the creation of such a force, as, in contradistinction to a mere national guard, its strength would lie in those classes who have some stake in the maintenance of political quiet. The spirit of the German people, on the whole, is quiet, sober, and conservative; they are, as a nation, the most imaginative people in the world. They have never fought, as yet, except on the side of England, with their own consent, and would be the safest allies we could possibly have; whereas the friendship of France, though doubtless very pleasant and desirable, inevitably suggests the kind of uncertainty which attends intimate domestic relations with a tame tiger.—Ever yours,

TLEPOLEMUS.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XVI.

CHAPTER LI.—MR POCOCK IS INTRODUCED TO REBECCA.

If, gentle reader, you ever chanced to witness a steeplechase over a well-watered and somewhat difficult country, you may have seen, emerging from the brook into which he has been pitched head foremost, some unfortunate rider whose once gay attire, now bedaubed with mud and slime, suggests the ludicrous comparison of a garden-wasp crawling out of a bottle of the stalest beer. In no less, sorry a plight was Mr Pocock, who looked as if he had been attempting to capture a Will-of-the-wisp, and been led by the nimble fugitive through pool, morass, and fen. From head to foot he was thoroughly bemired; and his usually rubicund countenance had assumed a ghastly hue, which hardly could be the result of mere bodily fatigue. Before uttering a word, he seized a glass, mixed for himself a large allowance of brandy-and-water, which he swallowed without drawing breath, and then sank into a chair with a dolorous groan, like the last sigh of an expiring walrus.

The surveyor was the first to break the silence.

"Gudesake, Mr Pocock!" he said, "what's this o't? What kind o' wark hae ye been after this day? I'se wager, now, ye had a tulzie wi' a wheen vagabonds, and brocht them to jail as cannily as a Hielander drives a herd o' nowt to the market. O man, but ye're ower bauld and venturesome! Ye should consider that a precious life like yours is no to be thrown away like a stoup o' dirty water."

"What's duty, is duty," answered Pocock. "I never was known to shirk it. I allers do what I can do; but there is such a thing as odds, and that no man can strive against. Worn't there a place that was called Fountain blue?"

"You mean, perhaps, Fontainebleau?" said I.

"In course I do," replied Pocock. "That's what I said—Fountain blue. It was there that Buonaparte kissed the eagle, which was a graceful way of saying that he had to give in, because he could show fight no longer. He know'd he was done for then, and he didn't scruple to say it. Tadcaster's my Fountain blue. I've been done for! It's a painful thing for a man at the head of his profession to allow it, but I've been regularly done for! 'What's the use o' pride?' as I once heard the Newgate ordinary say to a cracksman that was boastful of his doings—'what's the use o' pride? It makes a man hold his head so high that he doesn't see the ditch before him.' That's gospel truth; but I didn't think the day would come when I would have to take them observations as applicable to a gentleman of my calling, let alone experience. But," continued Mr Pocock, again replenishing his glass, "the very sharpest may be taken in; and so I kiss the eagle. As for ditches, I've had enough of them this blessed night to serve me to my dying day."

It cost me some trouble to extort from Mr Pocock the particulars of his adventure; for his recent discomfiture had rendered him somewhat morose, and he continued to harp with distressing monotony on the parallel between his case and that of the Emperor of the French, evidently suggested by some previous contemplation of an engraving after Horace Vernet, which was then popular in the printshops. At length,

MEMOIRS OF A TORY GENTLEWOMAN.

MANY of our readers who are now entering, or who have already entered, upon the grand-paternal state, or its coeval period of bachelor-life, may remember that in the days of their early youth, when George III. was king, they possessed a little volume, the gift, perhaps, of a venerable god-mother, or the prize of successful industry, or reward of moral conduct at school, on the back of which were inscribed the words RASSELAS AND DINARBAS. That these two worthies had, somehow or other, been associated together in life, was long our profound conviction. We classed them, in our boyish imagination, with Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, and other similar exemplars of antique friendship. But there was such a classical flavour about the names—they were altogether so redolent of Lemprière's Dictionary, that it was long before we ventured to make acquaintance with any part of the volume beyond the binding and the frontispiece, which latter, we remember well, was rather of the Oriental than of the classical type; but this might have been the taste of the artist. Driven, however, at last, to closer investigation by a long continuance of wet weather, we discovered that *Rasselas* and *Dinarbas* were not of common parentage, united on a single title-page; but that their connection was principally such as an enterprising publisher had been pleased to assign to them; that they were, in fact, two works by two different writers. It is no secret even to the present generation that *Rasselas* is a moral tale, written by the great Dr Samuel Johnson; but it is not equally well known that *Dinarbas* was written by Miss Ellis Cornelia Knight, whose Memoirs are now before us.*

Whether any one of those young people, for whose especial benefit it was considered in my younger days that these moral tales were written, ever made his way through the whole of *Rasselas*, so as to come upon *Dinarbas* at all, or to what extent, having accomplished that first victory, he may have succeeded in overcoming the second difficulty, is more than, after a confession of our own stumblings at the first stage, we can venture to determine. And we may be well content to leave the inquiry alone. People *do* read *Rasselas* nowadays in mature age, we believe; some as a pleasure, more as a duty. But *Dinarbas* has slipped out of its honourable companionship, and, except in old worn copies, is not to be found supplementing the Johnsonian classic. Miss Knight outlived her reputation as an authoress. But she did not outlive the esteem in which she was held by a very large circle of friends, including kings and princes, and the honourable of the earth of all ranks and degrees. Few people have had so extensive an acquaintance as Miss Knight; and when we say that her reminiscences extend over a line of European worthies, beginning with Oliver Goldsmith

* *The Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte; with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote-Books.* 2 vols. W. H. Allen & Co., London. 1861.

and ending with Benjamin Disraeli, no one will question that the most attractive book which such a person can write, is a plain record of her personal experiences.

And such a record we have now before us, in the shape of an unfinished autobiography, supplemented by the writer's journals from which the memoir was compiled. It is a trite remark, that any person of ordinary intelligence, with average social opportunities, writing down his experiences from day to day, can hardly fail to make, without meaning it, an interesting book. But Miss Knight's intelligence was not of an ordinary character, and her opportunities were unquestionably great. It may be briefly stated what they were. In her early youth she was noticed by Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other members of the same literary circle. When she was about eighteen, she went abroad with her mother, and resided principally at Naples and Rome, mixing on terms of intimacy with the chief people of those cities. In 1798 she made the acquaintance of Nelson at Naples, and in the following year accompanied him and the Hamiltons to England. In 1806 she became a member of Queen Charlotte's family, and resided at Windsor, attached to the Court, for six or seven years. She then, at the request of the Prince Regent, transferred herself to the establishment which he had formed for his daughter at Warwick House, and thus became "Lady-Companion" to the Princess Charlotte. When the Princess ran away to her mother's house, Miss Knight was involved in the common disgrace which overtook all the household, and was dismissed. From that time she flitted about from place to place, taking up her residence first in one European capital, then in another; paying visits to her friends, and always being in intimate relations with the first people of the cities she frequented. And so she went on up to the close of the year 1837, seeing a great number of distinguished persons, and jotting down in her journals and anecdote-books something or other that she had learnt about them, until she passed her eightieth year, when, with very little warning, she gently passed away from the scene, leaving behind her a boxful of papers, from which the volumes before us are compiled.

If such opportunities as these had been turned to good literary account, one of the most attractive works ever published might have been the result. But Miss Knight had more of the delicacy of the gentlewoman than the tact of the *litterateur*. Though it would appear that her autobiography had been written for publication, it is not seasoned as Madame d'Arblay or Lady Charlotte Campbell would have seasoned it. It is a plain recital of fact, modestly and unambitiously written, with a view rather to the information than the excitement of the reader. It is interesting principally by reason of its simplicity and directness of purpose; and, above all, by the unmistakable fidelity of the narrative. It is impossible to doubt, much more to disbelieve, the writer. If the lady's character were not an ample guarantee for the truth of her book, its style would be a sufficient voucher.

Cornelia Knight was but a child when her intercourse with celebrated persons commenced; but, verging close upon octogenarianism, she still vividly remembered her first experiences of literary society. "I recollect," she says in 1835, "being delighted with the conversation of Mr Burke, amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith, and disgusted with the satirical madness of manner of Baretti." "Of all these personages," she says, a little farther on, "the one whom I liked best was Mr Burke, perhaps because he condescended to notice me." Goldsmith, she says, was very

good-natured; his behaviour easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. "His buffoonery was a sort of childish playfulness." Of the mixture of vanity and simplicity, which was one of his most peculiar characteristics, Miss Knight gives an amusing proof, which we believe has escaped the biographers. On a certain occasion, being told that he must wear a silk coat, he purchased one secondhand, which had belonged to a nobleman, and wore it in public, not perceiving that there was clearly marked on the breast the place where the late owner's decoration had been worn. The mark of the star told plainly enough the history of the purchase, and Noll's vanity was sorely vexed.

There is a better story than this, one of Samuel Johnson, and which, as we may say with tolerable confidence, has not been told before. We give it in Miss Knight's own words:—

"He was very curious to see the manner of living and the discipline on board a ship of war, and when my father was appointed to the command of the Ramilies, of seventy-four guns, and to sail with the command of a squadron for Gibraltar, at the time when a war with Spain was expected, Johnson went to Portsmouth, and passed a week on board with my father. He inquired into everything, made himself very agreeable to the officers, and was much pleased with his visit.

"When he was conveyed on shore, the young officer whom my father had sent to accompany him asked if he had any further commands. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'have the goodness to thank the commodore and all the officers for their kindness to me, and tell Mr —— (the first-lieutenant) that I beg he will leave off the practice of swearing.'

"The young man, willing, if possible, to justify, or at least excuse, his superior, replied that, unfortunately, there was no making the sailors do their duty without using strong language, and that his Majesty's service required it. 'Then, pray, sir,' answered Johnson, 'tell Mr —— that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely required for the service of his Majesty.'"

The late Mr Croker would have given a good deal for this story, coming from so authentic a source. That very diligent editor appears to have had a notion that Johnson visited a man-of-war off Plymouth, and that he was much disgusted by the bad language he heard. But here we have the story in proper shape, from the daughter of the man whose ship the great moralist visited, and very characteristic it is. It may be added, that when Miss Knight first went abroad, Dr Johnson gave her his blessing, and exhorted her not to become a Roman Catholic, adding that, if she extended her belief, she might in time become a Turk.

We may pass over the earlier years of Miss Knight's residence. Both in the autobiography, and in the extracts from the journals and anecdote-books, there is a good deal of interesting information illustrative of the state of society in Rome towards the close of the last century, with many portraits of the most celebrated personages of the times. As far as possible, we shall confine our notice to those who are distinguished in the annals of our own country; and we may fitly begin the catalogue with Horatio Nelson. Miss Knight was at Naples when news arrived of the victory of the Nile. Their situation at that place had long been one of extreme danger, and, week after week, month after month, had the eyes of the residents been turned towards the sea, in the hope of catching sight of a white spot on the horizon that might prove to them that succour was at hand. They knew that an engagement between the two fleets was imminent, but they looked in vain for tidings of the result. At last, one morning, Miss Knight discerned through her glass a sloop-of-war in the offing, with a blue ensign hoisted, and presently a boat put off from the beach and pulled alongside the vessel, and two British officers dropped down her side, and were rowed to shore.

"We clearly distinguished," she writes, "a gold epaulet on the shoulder, and this was quite sufficient to convince us that one was the commander of the sloop, and the other a captain going home with despatches. News of a victory, no doubt." The two officers were Hoste and Capel—afterwards admirals and K.C.B.'s—and the news they brought was that of the victory of the Nile. Never was any news more welcome since the world began. All classes were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the excitement everywhere was boundless. One scene, in which Miss Knight herself had a part, may be given here as an illustration of the general joy with which these glad tidings were received:—

"Old General di Pietra, one of the few survivors of the gallant band who had assisted in the conquest of Naples during the war between Spain and Austria, lived in a house adjoining our hotel, and there was a door of communication between them. He had been very attentive to us, and we met excellent society at his table, for he delighted in giving dinner-parties. We knew his anxiety to receive the earliest accounts of the meeting of the two fleets, and my mother desired me to give him the first intelligence. I ran to the door, and the servant who opened it, and to whom I delivered my message, uttered exclamations of joy, which were heard in the dining-room, where the General was entertaining a large party of officers. The secretary was instantly sent to me, and I was obliged to go in and tell my story. Never shall I forget the shouts, the bursts of applause, the toasts drunk, the glasses broken one after another by the secretary in token of exultation, till the General, laughing heartily, stopped him by saying that he should not have a glass left to drink Nelson's health in on his arrival."

"The joy," says Miss Knight, "was universal, and the impatience for the arrival of the victors daily increased in intensity. Two ships of the line at length appeared in sight." These were the Culloden and the Alexander, commanded by Troubridge and Ball. The royalty of Naples went out to meet them. The English minister, Sir William Hamilton, and his beautiful wife, went out also, in another barge, taking Miss Knight with them. "The shore was lined with spectators, who rent the air with joyous acclamations, while the bands played 'God save the King' and 'Rule Britannia.'" The King of Naples did not go on board, but saluted the British officers from his barge; and when Sir William Hamilton pointed him out to the seamen, saying, "There, lads, is the King whom you have saved, with his family and his kingdom," Jack characteristically answered, "Very glad of it, sir — very glad of it!" not, perhaps, without some mental reservation engendered of a belief as to his being a "Mounseer."

A few days afterwards—that is, on the 22d September 1798—Nelson himself appeared. We give the account of his reception in Miss Knight's own words. It is interesting for more reasons than one:—

"Two or three days later (September 22), the Vanguard, with the flag of Sir Horatio Nelson, came in sight; and this time the concourse of barges, boats, and spectators, was greater than before. The Vanguard was followed by two or three ships of the line which had been in the engagement. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and animated scene than the Bay of Naples then presented. Bands of music played our national airs. With 'God save the King' they had long been familiar, but for the present occasion they had learned 'Rule Britannia' and 'See the conquering hero comes.' No Englishman or Englishwoman can hear those airs without emotion in a foreign land, however trifling may be the effect they produce in our own country; but under such circumstances as these they create a powerful excitement.

"We rowed out to a considerable distance, following the King, who was anxious to greet his deliverers, as he did not scruple to call them. Sir Horatio Nelson received his Majesty with respect, but without embarrassment, and con-

ducted him over every part of the vessel, with which he seemed much pleased, and particularly so with the kindness and attention shown to the wounded seamen, of whom there were several on board. The King afterwards sat down with us to a handsome breakfast, at which I remarked a little bird hopping about on the table. This bird had come on board the Vanguard the evening before the action, and had remained in her ever since. The admiral's cabin was its chief residence, but it was fed and petted by all who came near it; for sailors regard the arrival of a bird as the promise of victory, or at least as an excellent omen. It flew away, I believe, soon after the ship reached Naples.

"Just before we sat down to breakfast the Bailli Caraccioli made his appearance, and congratulated Sir Horatio on his victory with seemingly genuine sincerity. That unfortunate man, however, had before this conceived a jealous resentment against the hero of the Nile. We had been in the habit of meeting him at General di Pietra's, and some days before the arrival of the Vanguard he told me that in the engagement off Corsica, in which he, as commander of a Neapolitan frigate, had joined the squadron under Admiral Hotham, Nelson had passed before him, contrary to the directions previously issued. This he thought very unfair, because British officers had frequent opportunities of distinguishing themselves, which was not the case with his own service. He was a man of noble family, about fifty years of age, a Bailli of the Order of Malta, and a great favourite at Court, being charged with the nautical education of Prince Leopold, the King's second son, then nearly nine years old. After the King had taken his leave, Sir William Hamilton asked the admiral to make his house his headquarters, and accordingly Sir Horatio accompanied us ashore."

Our readers will not fail to note what is here said about Caraccioli. A second time it was Nelson's lot to take the wind out of the Prince's sails; and Miss Knight appears to have been convinced that jealousy of Nelson was the real cause of the Prince's desertion. The royal family were not safe at Naples, and it was necessary, therefore, to convey them to Palermo. This was an honour which Caraccioli coveted for himself, but it was conferred on the English admiral. There are some graphic touches in the concluding lines of this brief extract:—

"Like a dark cloud announcing a tremendous storm, the enemy kept gradually approaching. A very indifferent understanding existed between the Austrians and Russians in those parts of Italy where they were acting in assumed co-operation. The populace of Naples, and many of the higher orders, indeed, stoutly affirmed that they would never suffer their King and his family to fall into the hands of the enemy; but still it was thought more prudent to make preparations for departure. Unfortunately, there was no English ship of war then in the bay, except that which bore the flag of Lord Nelson, and a frigate with a Turkish ambassador on board, attended by a numerous suite. A Portuguese squadron, however, was lying there, and also a fine Neapolitan man-of-war, commanded by Prince Caraccioli, and likewise another ship of the line; but it was the opinion of the Court that although the Bailli himself was trustworthy, the same reliance could not be placed in his crew. It was therefore resolved that the royal family should go with Lord Nelson. How far these suspicions were well founded I cannot say, but I have no doubt that this step hastened the desertion of Prince Caraccioli. We met him about this time at a dinner-party at General di Pietra's, and I never saw any man look so utterly miserable. He scarcely uttered a word, ate nothing, and did not even unfold his napkin. However, he took the ships safe to Messina, where they were laid up in ordinary."

Miss Knight and her mother followed the royal family and the British minister to Palermo, and remained there when the King, Nelson, and the Hamiltons returned to Naples, to re-establish the authority of the first. During their absence from Palermo, Lady Knight died; and Cornelia took up her abode in Sir William Hamilton's house.

"When Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson came to take leave of her before their departure for Naples, she had particularly commended me to their care, and, previous to their embarkation, Sir William and Lady Hamilton had left directions with Mrs Cadogan that,

in case I should lose my mother before their return, she was to take me to their house. That lady came for me, and I went with her to our minister's, knowing that it was my mother's wish that I should be under his protection; and I must say that there was certainly at that time no impropriety in living under Lady Hamilton's roof. Her house was the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attentions paid to Lord Nelson appeared perfectly natural. He himself always spoke of his wife with the greatest affection and respect; and I remember that, shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life, he answered, 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'"

It is only right to infer from this that Lady Hamilton's conduct, during the period of her residence at Naples, was altogether blameless, and that she was regarded as a person with whom the most scrupulous might live upon terms of intimate relationship. A few pages further on, Miss Knight says of her, that "she made herself very useful in public affairs during the distressing circumstances which took place in consequence of the French Revolution. Altogether she was a singular mixture of right and wrong."

In April 1800, Miss Knight embarked, with the Hamiltons, on board Nelson's ship, the Foudroyant, bound for Malta, touching at Syracuse. They returned to Palermo, and thence sailed to Leghorn. From that place they proceeded by land to England. The account of this homeward journey is interesting, as an episode in Nelson's life whereof his biographers have not taken much account. One passage, at least, is worthy of quotation:—

"At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops—even the milliners giving his name to particular dresses; but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavourable to them; for although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded. We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of an ode I had composed after the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing-up of L'Orient:—

'Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
Obedient to his summons flames arise:
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the pond'rous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the land:
Earth, air, and sea, united groan;
The solid Pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock.'

"Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concerts given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the Prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that the next one would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy—so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience; and he had given orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished; all of which made such an impression upon the mind of the Prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts."

That the intimacy between Nelson and Lady Hamilton greatly increased during the time spent on board the Foudroyant, and on the journey to England, is well known. Miss Knight was no unconcerned spectator of their growing affection; and when she reached home she felt herself in a distressing position, and hardly knew what to do. It is right, however, to observe, that it appears to have been this lady's opinion that they neither of them foresaw the height to which their imprudence was fated to reach, but almost unconsciously drifted into the sea of danger, which at last en-

gulfed them. Such commonly is the downward course of evil. And then, too, Miss Knight says that matters were aggravated by the evil tongues of English society, and that Nelson, when he found Lady Hamilton's character assailed, clung to her all the more openly, for the purpose of supporting her. We may as well give the explanation in Miss Knight's own words :—

"I dined one day with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Nelson were of the party, and the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray came in the evening. Lord Nelson was to make his appearance at the theatre next day, but I declined to go with the party. I afterwards heard that Lady Nelson fainted in the box. Most of my friends were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance, but, circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed as to what to do, for things became very unpleasant. So much was said about the attachment of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, that it made the matter still worse. He felt irritated, and took it up in an unfortunate manner, by devoting himself more and more to her, for the purpose of what he called supporting her. Mischief was made on all sides, till at last, when he was appointed to the command of the squadron in the Downs, which was to sail for Copenhagen—his brother and sister-in-law, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, being with him at Deal —he wrote to Lady Nelson, *giving* her credit for perfectly moral conduct, but announcing his intention of not living with her any more. This was certainly not in his thoughts before he returned to England, for I remember his saying, while we were at Leghorn, that he hoped Lady Nelson and himself would be much with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that they would all very often dine together, and that, when the latter couple went to their musical parties, he and Lady Nelson would go to bed. Even at Hamburg, just before we embarked, he purchased a magnificent lace trimming for a court dress for Lady Nelson, and a black lace cloak for another lady, who, he said, had been very attentive to his wife during his absence."

We hear no more of Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons after this. Indeed, the record of the next four or five years is extremely slight. Miss Knight remained in England, mixed largely in society, and attracted the attention, among others, of Mr Pitt, who had a high opinion of her understanding, and desired to see her appointed to superintend the education of the young Princess Charlotte. Her intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern languages, her varied accomplishments, her rectitude of conduct, and her agreeable manners, seemed especially to qualify her for such a task. But instead of being attached to the person of a young princess, she was attached to that of an old queen. In 1805, Queen Charlotte gave her a situation at Court; but it does not very clearly appear from these volumes what that situation was. Whatever may have been its precise designation, it brought her into constant proximity to the Queen, to whom she read such works as Thomson's *Seasons*, Cowper's *Task*, Cicero's *Epistles*, and others, generally of a somewhat fatiguing kind. The journals kept by Miss Knight at this time, except when they record the progress of the poor old King's malady, are not of a very interesting character, and the extracts given are but few. It was probably the dreariest period of Miss Knight's life. And yet she subsequently declared her belief that she had acted unwisely in quitting her situation at the Queen's court for another, which, if it had greater charms, had greater dangers attendant upon it too. It is not only in money matters that high interest is bad security: in the respectable Three-per-cents of Queen Charlotte's Court Miss Knight had a safe investment, and it was not prudent to sell out and speculate in such a hazardous lottery as that of the Court of the Prince of Wales. But the temptation was very great. The good old Queen was certainly a less interesting personage than her granddaughter; and we are not surprised that Miss Knight deserted the former to become Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte.

The Queen was much hurt, and very angry; and she never looked

with complacency upon the deserter again. But this was hard upon Miss Knight, who appears to have acted in a manner distinguished by loyalty and gratitude towards the Queen. She admits that she had grown very weary of the tedium and monotony of her life at Windsor. "I could not find it in my heart," she said, "to devote myself till death to the Queen's service, sacrificing the pleasing idea of rendering happy the life of a persecuted young creature, whose talents and dispositions appeared to me to be worthy of a better lot than had as yet fallen to her share. Perhaps, also, my pride had been somewhat hurt by the Queen not always, as I thought, feeling properly my situation; and I will not say that I had not some wish for a more active and more important employment than that which I held at Windsor—dull, uninteresting, and monotonous—every year more and more confined, and even, from the kindness of the royal family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels. I certainly hoped to get honourably out of it, but I did feel attachment for the Queen." And as a proof of this, when the formal invitation came to her to enter the Princess's service, she had declined it; but the Prince Regent had renewed his request, and had at last persuaded her to consent, on the plea that her Majesty had withdrawn all her objections, and was in reality desirous of the arrangement. The fact is, that the Queen was afraid of her son. She very much wished Miss Knight to remain in her service, but she did not like to take upon herself the responsibility of thwarting the Prince's plans. She hoped that Miss Knight would take that responsibility upon herself, so as to relieve her Majesty of all odium in the transaction. But Miss Knight was disposed to do anything but this, and hence the Queen's undying resentment. "The last thing I did before I left my old lodging," says Miss Knight, "to enter on my new duties, was to write a respectful letter to the Queen, expressive of the deepest regret, and of the sincerest attachment. This letter was never answered."

For better or for worse, Miss Knight had now taken her line. She was the servant of the Prince Regent. The Prince called her his "dear chevalier," and for a time everything went well. The Princess Charlotte was domiciled at Warwick House, which was a sort of supplement or appendix to Carlton House, the Prince's residence, and which, Miss Knight says, was then "miserably out of repair, and almost falling into ruins." Nothing of it now remains. It was a dreary sort of place, "perfectly resembling a convent;" but such as it was, it was "a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte, compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor," where she had before resided, and which was, indeed, still to be considered the *chef-lieu;* the idea of the Princess having an establishment of her own being one which it was not, at that time, the policy of the Court to encourage.

It was impossible, however, to treat the Princess, who was already a woman in years, and still more so in character, any longer as a child. She was at the most critical period of her life—the very turning-point, for good or evil, of her career—and she required most judicious treatment. Miss Knight describes her as "a noble young creature," "capable of becoming a blessing to her country, or the reverse." She was, "in understanding, penetration, and stature, a woman, desirous to acquire more knowledge of public affairs and general society, alive to everything, and capable of forming a judgment for herself." Miss Knight gives an account of a conversation which she had with Lord Moira on the subject of the Princess's education. "Talents and genius must be encouraged," urged the lady, "to become useful. If endeavours are made to lower or extinguish them, what must be the

result?" "I saw the tears," adds the narrator, "roll down the cheeks of Lord Moira, and he said, 'This is what I felt for her father; he *was* everything that was amiable, and still I cannot help loving him.'" The editor adds to this in a note, on the authority of Mr Raikes, a tribute paid to the Regent by the Duke of Wellington, who said that the Prince was the most extraordinary medley of opposite qualities, "with a great preponderance of good," that he had ever seen in his life.

Nothing could have more surely saved a young Princess, surrounded by so many adverse influences, than a good marriage; and, once recognised as a woman, the consideration of this important question could not be much longer deferred. The hereditary Prince of Orange was the first person fixed upon as the future husband of the presumptive heir to the throne of England. Of the Orange match and of its rupture a full account is given in these volumes, which will doubtless be accepted as legitimate history in supercession of all others. If the Princes Charlotte had followed her own inclinations, she would have married the Duke of Gloucester. But the Regent set his face steadfastly against this match. But he said, at the same time, that he would never force the inclinations of his daughter. Miss Knight's account of his conduct in this matter is very creditable to the Prince:—

"The Prince came, and to the Lower Lodge; Princess Charlotte was desirous that I should see him first, and I met him on the stairs. He at first looked displeased, but I entered into an explanation with him on the former grievances, and cleared up the falsehoods. I heard what he chose to say on the present subject with proper respect, and he became very good-humoured towards me; but when Princess Charlotte came in, although he did not raise his voice, and said he would be very calm and very affectionate, he was certainly as bitter as possible on the Duke of Gloucester, and not a little so to Princess Charlotte. He positively refused giving his consent to this union, but added, what I thought most important, that so far from ever wishing to control her inclinations, he would not even urge her to comply with any proposals by recommendatory means. He said he was himself too severe a sufferer to wish any other person, and especially a child of his own, to know the misery of an ill-assorted marriage; that he would invite over many of the princes of the Continent (for that a subject of England she could not marry), and she might then have her choice; that with respect to the hereditary Prince of Orange, whom she seemed to apprehend being forced on her, he would not bring him to Frogmore on the Duke of York's birthday, that she might not think he meant to recommend him (he took occasion, however, to praise him several times during this visit); and he ended by saying that her happiness and her honour were the wishes nearest to his heart."

Soon afterwards the young Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte were brought together, and the strong prejudices which she had conceived against him seemed in a fair way to be overcome, when the unlucky subject of the residence in Holland came upon the tapis. We give Miss Knight's simple narrative of the affair, premising only that the Princess had been desired to dine at Carlton House, in order that she might meet the Prince. In the afternoon she had gone out for a drive with her "lady-companion."

"When we came home, Princess Charlotte, contrary to custom, shut herself up in her own room, and only came out of it dressed for dinner. Her toilet was by no means *recherchée*. She was dressed in violet satin trimmed with black lace, and looked pale and agitated. I sat up for her return, which was about one in the morning, and she told me in confidence she was engaged to the Prince of Orange. I could only remark that she had gained a great victory over herself. She answered, 'No, you would not say so if you were to see him; he is by no means as disagreeable as I expected.' She mentioned his having spoken very handsomely at dinner of the old liberties of Holland, and said that in the evening the Regent took them both into a room, where they walked up and down together for some time; after which he took her apart, and said, 'Well, it will not do, I suppose?' That she answered, 'I do not say that. I like his manner very

well, as much as I have seen of it.' Upon which the Prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately. She told me the Prince of Orange had praised the Fitzroys very much at dinner, as also Colonel Hervey, Mrs Fremantle's son, and had said that he had promised to ask for his being made aide-de-camp to the Regent.

"Next day the Prince of Orange came to make his visit with Lord Bathurst, the Regent being busy. He shook hands with me very good-humouredly when I was introduced by Princess Charlotte. I thought him particularly plain and sickly in his look, his figure very slender, his manner rather hearty and boyish, but not unpleasant in a young soldier. The day after, the 7th, he came with the Regent, who left them together, and sat down with me by the fire in the adjoining room (with only a passage, at least, between us). He told me *in confidence* that the Princess Charlotte was engaged to the young Prince of Orange, but that he would not have her inform anybody—not Miss Mercer, nor her uncles—till he should give her leave; that he should acquaint the Queen and Princesses with it; that the marriage would not take place till spring, as the young Prince was now going to join his father for the settlement of the Dutch affairs; and that, as I remained now the friend of Princess Charlotte, no new arrangements being to be made until the marriage, he desired I would give her good advice, particularly against flirtation. He said she should go to Windsor for a week towards Christmas, to be confirmed, and afterwards to take the sacrament with the family, and he should meet her there; but that he could not give her any dance on her approaching birthday, as no one would be in town, and he himself was going to the christening of the young Marquess of Granby at Belvoir Castle. I asked if it was his pleasure that I should go to Windsor with her Royal Highness, and he said, '*Most certainly.*'

"While we were talking, we heard Princess Charlotte break forth into a violent fit of sobs and hysterical tears. The Prince started up, and I followed him to the door of the other room, where we found the Prince of Orange looking half-frightened, and Princess Charlotte in great distress. The Prince Regent said, 'What! is he taking his leave?' She answered, 'Not yet,' and was going to her own room; but the Prince took him away, said it was time for him to go to the great City dinner for which he had stayed, and they parted."

When the Prince had gone, the Princess Charlotte unburdened her griefs to Miss Knight. She could not bear the idea of spending a few months of every year in Holland. She admitted that the Prince had spoken very kindly on the subject, and had told her that she should always have as many English friends with her as she liked; but still she felt an aversion to the project which she could not overcome. The Regent did all he could to persuade her, but the Princess was resolute, and the result was that the Prince of Orange himself consented to the insertion of an article in the marriage-contract guaranteeing that she should not be taken out of England against her consent. "Nothing was now required but the formal assent of the Prince of the Netherlands;" and it was supposed that the marriage would certainly take place. The Regent, however, still endeavoured to persuade his daughter to concede the point—even after the formal consent of the Prince of the Netherlands had been obtained.

"The Regent came one morning," says Miss Knight, "with the Bishop of Salisbury; seemed greatly out of humour, and wished Princess Charlotte to relinquish, as a mark of civility to the House of Orange, the insertion of the article. This she respectfully declined. The Queen bought her wedding clothes, and told her she need have only one court dress, as hoop petticoats were not worn in Holland. This, and a letter which she received from Princess Mary just before the sovereigns were about to leave England, saying that as soon as they should be gone it was the intention of the Prince to send for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, threw her into great alarm, and induced her to resolve on having an explanation with the Prince of Orange. He amused himself very well all this time, danced at all the balls, went to Oxford, and everywhere. At his return from Oxford the explanation took place, and it finished by a rupture of the marriage."

This is not very explicit; indeed, the reader will perhaps think it rather disappointing. But as he proceeds further into the work, he will find that there is a supple-

mentary narrative of these transactions, written by Miss Knight in the third person, from which he may gather, that although formally the point of residence in Holland had been given up, no preparations had been made to provide the Princess with a residence in England. When the young Prince returned from Oxford, then the explanation adverted to above took place in the presence of Miss Knight, who thought that both of them were of opinion that the marriage could not go on; "that the duties of the Prince of Orange called him to Holland, and the Princess Charlotte's to remain in England, and that neither of them chose to give way; that in that respect the affair stood nearly as at the setting out in December, and that no preparations were made for a residence in England." They agreed, however, to think over the matter; and having thought over it, a correspondence took place, by which the marriage was broken off;* but still efforts were made to renew the engagement. The Emperor of Russia (Alexander), who was then in England, tried hard. He even took the Prince to Warwick House, and endeavoured to persuade the Princess Charlotte to see him. "A newspaper," says Miss Knight, "lay on the table. He went up to it, and, pointing to the name of Mr Whitbread, he said she was giving up an excellent marriage, one essential to the interests of her country, and all to be praised by 'a Mr Whitbread.'" Miss Knight repudiated this idea; the Emperor said, "Really," and then besought her to use all her influence with the Princess to induce her to renew the engagement. Miss Knight declined to interfere, and the Emperor, finding that he could make no impression, took his departure.

But other efforts were now to be made—other influences were to be set at work. All, however, to no purpose. In the following passage from Miss Knight's autobiography Prince Leopold makes his first appearance. But it is distinctly stated that the rupture of the Orange match was in no degree occasioned by any dawning partiality for the Prince of Saxe-Coburg:—

"About this time the Bishop (of Salisbury), who often saw the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool, and was also, I believe, employed by the Regent, who formerly disliked and despised him, hinted to Princess Charlotte in a private conversation, and to me *on paper*, as I wrote to him on the subject, that unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her Royal Highness wrote to the Regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage.

"This letter was sent on Saturday, the 9th of July. We heard various reports of the intentions of the Regent: it was said that I and the servants were to be dismissed, and that an apartment was being fitted up for Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law

* In a memorandum written some years later, Miss Knight says: "I forgot to mention in my journal of 1814, when I perceived that the marriage treaty must be broken off, if some assurance were not given of an establishment in England, I requested to see Lord Liverpool, that I might tell him my apprehensions, and beg that something might be done to prevent the mischief. He came, and asked only for Princess Charlotte; but when I heard he was in the library, I asked her permission to go down and speak to him first, which she granted. I went and told him what I thought it my duty to say; but he made no decisive answer, and seemed anxious to go up-stairs. When Princess Charlotte entered upon the subject, all she could get from him was that some arrangement might be made; . . . and he at last said that he would try and obtain permission from the Regent that she might retain Warwick House for some time after her marriage." This offended the Prince of Orange even more than the Princess Charlotte. "Did Lord Liverpool think," he asked, "that he would live in such an ugly place?"

to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a great favourite with the Emperor of Russia, told Miss Mercer Elphinstone many of these particulars. He had been once at Warwick House, the Duchess of Leeds and myself being present. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who was intimately acquainted with him, came in while he was there. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him, and when we drove in the Park, he would ride near the carriage, and endeavour to be noticed. There were reasons why this matter was by no means agreeable to Princess Charlotte. However, he certainly made proposals to the Regent, and, though rejected, found means to get into his favour. In the meanwhile, it was reported that he was frequently at Warwick House, and had even taken tea with us, which not one of the princes had done, except Prince Radzivil, whom we invited to sing and accompany himself on the guitar. We heard that Lady Ilchester and Lady Rosslyn were talked of as being about Princess Charlotte, and I had hints from some of my friends, particularly from Lady Rolle, that a change was about to take place.

"However, the letter of the 9th remained unanswered till the 11th, on which day the Bishop was detained almost the whole morning at Carlton House, and at five Princess Charlotte and I were ordered to go over. Her Royal Highness was too ill to obey; but I went; and found the Regent very cold, very bitter, and very silent. I, however, took the opportunity of contradicting any false reports he might have heard relative to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and he answered that this Prince was a most honourable young man, and had written him a letter which perfectly justified himself, and said that he was invited by Princess Charlotte; but that it was Prince Augustus of Prussia, and not he, who was in the habit of going to Warwick House."

This alleged reception of Prince Augustus of Prussia was altogether a fable, and the Princess indignantly repelled the accusation. But matters had obviously now worked themselves into an exceedingly bad state. The Princess was deeply hurt, and her father was vehemently angry. His belief was that the Princess Charlotte had been wrought upon by evil advisers, and that Miss Knight was the chief culprit. He came, therefore, to the resolution of dismissing her entire household. The Duchess of Leeds had already resigned, so that she was out of the scrape. The chief victim was the "dear Chevalier," as she was to be dismissed on the spot. The announcement of this intention filled the Princess with grief and dismay. The afflicting intelligence was communicated to her by the Prince himself. The interview was a long one. "At the end of it," says Miss Knight, "she came out in the greatest agony, saying that she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the Prince asked for me. I followed her into her dressing-room, where she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a-week, and that, if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick House as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, 'God Almighty grant me patience!' I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the Prince for fear of greater displeasure." Miss Knight then went to the Prince, who apologised with frigid politeness for putting a lady to inconvenience, but said that he required her room in Warwick House for one of the ladies who were to supplant her. Miss Knight replied with true dignity, that she was the daughter of an officer, who had served his King and country for fifty years, and sacrificed health and fortune to the public service, and that it was hard, indeed, if she could not put up with a little temporary inconvenience; but that really in her case there would be little or none, as her friends, Lord and

Lady Rolle, "who seemed to know much more of the business than she did," had with prophetic care offered her the use of their house for a fortnight. She then made a low curtsy and left the room. What was her astonishment, on returning to Princess Charlotte's apartments, to find that the young lady had run away.

The Princess had gone to her mother. The story of her flight has been told by more than one writer, and there is no need that we should tell it again. Miss Knight's connection with the Court (saving the fact of a pension which was settled upon her) was now at an end; but the Princess Charlotte clung to her with affectionate tenacity to the very end of her short life. It was the opinion of the autobiographer that affairs would have turned out much less unpropitiously if the Princess had lived under her father's roof, in Carlton House. "It would have been a great blessing," she wrote to a friend, "if we had been living at Carlton House for the last year and a half. I wished nothing so much as that the Regent and his daughter should be much together, which, alas! was not the case, for his health or business prevented his coming to Warwick House, where he was only four times since the 10th of December 1813" (this was written in August 1814), "and Princess Charlotte was only sent for when the Queen and Princesses were in town; besides, nothing was communicated to her until it was settled. In that it was not like *one* family. I know she would have been most happy to have been on more intimate terms with her father; and he always assured me of his affection for her. It seemed as if some malignant power kept them asunder, when their real happiness and interest demanded their having confidence in each other." All this is very sensible, and we have no doubt of its truth. Miss Knight adds that she does not blame the Regent. No one, we suspect, will blame *her*. If any one has, up to this time, entertained any doubt with respect to Miss Knight's conduct, it will, we are sure, be removed by the perusal of the admirable letter which, after her dismissal, she addressed to the Prince.

The historical interest of Miss Knight's Memoirs necessarily diminishes after the account of her dismissal from Court. Of what followed, so far as related to the subsequent history of the Princess Charlotte, her principal information was derived from hearsay, or from an occasional letter from the Princess herself. When the marriage with Prince Leopold took place, Miss Knight went abroad; but, returning afterwards to England, she saw the young couple once or twice together, but there appears to have been little or no renewal of intimacy. Some years after the Princess's death, which occurred when the autobiographer was at Rome in 1817, Miss Knight was invited by Prince Leopold to Claremont, and there she met the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, our present beloved sovereign. The journal entrance is brief, but interesting:—"The little Princess Victoria is very like our royal family, and very handsome. I was much overpowered at coming to this place, the poor old servants so glad to see me. I walked in the park with the Baroness de Spinette, the Duchess of Kent's lady, and wished to see the cottage begun by Princess Charlotte, and which has been converted into a monument to her memory; but the good lady thought it would afflict me." This was in 1825. At the end of the year, Miss Knight went again to Paris, and renewed her acquaintance with the royal family of France. She was always a stanch adherent of the Bourbons, and "Monsieur," afterwards Charles X., had much respect and esteem for her.

The Revolution of 1830 was a heavy blow to her. She was in Switzerland at the time, but passed through France in August, briefly

recording her impression that there was no sort of enthusiasm in favour of the Orleans family. "Certain it is," she adds, "that the prosperity of France was great and yearly increasing, and now all has become precarious, thanks to designing ambition and infamous journals. I am sick of the subject, and what I did not write while in the country from prudence, I now avoid writing from disgust." At the end of the year she writes, "This miserable year is almost at its close. On the 26th of June died Geo. IV. On the 29th of July Charles X. lost his throne—the Dauphin as well as himself renouncing all right to it. The Duke of Orleans was crowned by four marshals in a very small assembly of the representatives of the nation, and no religious ceremony, no etiquette, no distinctions allowed. Popular tumults in France and England. The King and Queen of England deterred from dining in the city. . . . The Duke of Wellington obliged to resign. The revolt of Belgium; disturbances in many parts of Germany," &c. &c.—to the end of the catalogue of disasters, which distinguished that memorable year. It made her very sad, in her declining years, to think of these things, and she was full of apprehensions of greater evils.

In this tribulation Miss Knight consoled herself by recording in her journal anecdotes and reflections illustrative of the character and career of the heads of the Bourbon and Orleans families. It need not be said that these are greatly to the advantage of the former. If all that the lady sets down in her diaries be true, Louis Philippe was dragged through a good deal of mud on his way to the throne. Here are some specimens of Miss Knight's *ana*:—

"The Duke of Orleans was always making unjust complaints of Louis XVIII., and one day went so far as to say to M. de B. that it was very unwise to treat him in that manner, for, added he, 'Je compte pour beaucoup en France.' M. de B. answered: 'Cela n'est pas possible, monseigneur, car vous n'êtes ni brave, ni généreux;' and, turning his back on him, left the room. The Duke from that time overwhelmed M. de B. with civilities and flatteries.

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper. 'Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and his Majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces.

"At the time when Louis Philippe was shaking hands with everybody in the street, he held out his hand to a man, who said, 'Stop a little.' Thrusting both hands in the mud, he offered them to the King, saying, 'Now they are fit for you.'

"Thirty years ago, Louis Philippe remarked, 'Je n'aurai de paix que quand je serai Roi de France.'

"Since the shameful business of the lawsuit respecting the late Duke of Bourbon's will, they call Louis Philippe 'Louis Filou.'

"Le peuple! c'est le peuple qu'on loue et qu'on blâme:
Hélas! le bon peuple n'a ni raison ni tort:
Corps sain et vigoureux, dont un héros est l'âme,
Ou machine du traître agissant à ressort.

"The young Duke de Bordeaux, while playing at ball, was accosted by a Frenchman with many compliments, who told him he would certainly be king. 'La place est prise,' answered the boy. The man kept teasing him, and at last said, 'Mais j'ai envie d'assassiner celui qui a pris cette place.' 'Et moi,' replied the young Duke, 'je le défendrai.' This was said with an air of noble contempt, and he would not listen to anything more the man had to say."

Miss Knight survived her favourite royalty, Charles X., and had the

satisfaction of writing the following obituary notice of him in her journal :—

"Charles X., who expired at Goritz, in Styria, in the night between the 5th and 6th of November 1836, had entered upon the eightieth year of his age in the preceding month. He was active and cheerful to the moment at which he was seized by the fatal malady which closed his mortal existence in less than thirty hours. During this time he suffered greatly, but died tranquil and resigned, forgiving his enemies, those who had injured him, and those who had been misled. He had visited the Princess of B. and his nephews, the sons of Don Carlos, on his way to Goritz, where he was about to establish himself with his family. The 4th of November, St Charles's Day and his own fête, he had celebrated with a few friends, and he had been received with great cordiality by the inhabitants of Goritz.

"It has always appeared to me that Charles X. was the true model of a gentleman. He was agreeable, unaffected, and amiable in the best sense of the word, and an affectionate and faithful friend. His look came from the heart, and what he said, however gratifying, could not be suspected of flattery. If in his youth he was gay, his conduct in mature age was respectable, without prejudice or ostentation. His piety was sincere and fervent; and, without presumption, I think we may venture to say that he has made a blessed exchange. The Duchess of Hamilton told me that he said to her at Holyrood, speaking of the Revolution of 1830, 'I meant well; therefore I lay my head down peaceably to rest.'"

When Miss Knight wrote this she was in her eightieth year, and her end was rapidly approaching. But she appears to have been cheerful and intelligent to the last, and to have made brief entries in her journal within a few days of her death. Her last entry is dated on the 4th of December, when she was still paying visits to her friends in Paris. Two days afterwards she fell ill, and on the 17th December 1837 she closed her eyes upon the world for ever.

Ellis Cornelia Knight was not a woman of brilliant genius, but she was something better. She was a woman of high principle, of varied accomplishments; and, as the editor of these volumes truly says, a good examplar of "an English gentlewoman." Foreign travel enlarged her views without relaxing her morals. The good Protestant feeling which she had imbibed in early youth at home, was never diluted in the Roman Catholic countries in which she spent so large a part of her life. But she had no sectarian intolerance, and among her most intimate friends were eminent dignitaries of the Romish Church. For all this, she was a zealous and consistent Tory; a devoted subject of George III.; an ardent admirer of Pitt; and an upholder of Church-and-State. "Living in a revolutionary period," says the editor of these volumes, "she was a hater of revolutions." She hated Napoleon, for she had seen with her own eyes too many miseries of which he was the author, to regard his career with any feeling short of abhorrence. Moreover, she never forgot that she was the daughter of an English officer, who believed that the best way to fight for his country was to fight for his King. And we must not conclude this too brief summary of her character without adding that she was a sincere and a humble Christian. It was not her wont to record her experiences; indeed, her journals are for the most part of an entirely objective character. She seldom or never gave expression to her feelings; or, if she did, the editor has not thought it right to obtrude them on the public in a work of this secular kind. But we think that he has done rightly in giving, at the very end of the book, a few lines written by Miss Knight at the back of a card containing some sacred poetry in Queen Charlotte's handwriting—from which few lines Miss Knight's faith may be gathered as distinctly as from whole volumes of prayer and confession.

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It was not until nearly a year after the dreadful occurrences at Bartram that Dickon Hawkes was arrested on a very awful charge, and placed in gaol. It was an old crime, committed in Lancashire, that had found him out. After his conviction, as a last chance, he tried a disclosure of all the circumstances of the unsuspected dearth of the Frenchwoman. Her body was discovered buried, where he indicated, in the inner court of Bartram-Haugh, and after due legal inquiry, was interred in the churchyard of Feltram.

Thus I escaped the horrors of the witness-box, or the far worse torture of a dreadful secret.

Doctor Bryerly, shortly after Lady Knollys had described to him the manner in which Dudley entered my room, visited the house of Bartram-Haugh, and minutely examined the windows of the room in which Mr. Charke had slept on the night of his murder. One of these he found provided with powerful steel hinges, very craftily sunk and concealed in the timber of the window-frame, which was secured by an iron pin outside, and swung open on its removal. This was the room in which they had placed me, and this the contrivance by means of which the room had been entered. The problem of Mr. Charke's murder was solved.

I have penned it. I sit for a moment breathless. My hands are cold and damp. I rise with a great sigh, and look out on the sweet green landscape and pastoral hills, and see the flowers and birds and the waving boughs of glorious trees—all images of liberty and safety; and as the tremendous nightmare of my youth melts into air, I lift my eyes in boundless gratitude to the God of all Comfort, whose mighty hand and outstretched arm delivered me. When I lower my eyes and unclasp my hands, my cheeks are wet with tears. A tiny voice is calling me "Mamma!" and a beloved smiling face, with his dear father's silken brown tresses, peeps in.

"Yes, darling, our walk. Come away!"

I am Lady Ilbury, happy in the affection of a beloved and noble-hearted husband. The shy, useless girl you have known, is now a mother—trying to be a good one; and this, the last pledge, has lived.

I am not going to tell of sorrows—how brief has been my pride of early maternity, or how beloved were those whom the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. But sometimes as, smiling on my little boy, the tears gather in my eyes, and he wonders, I can see, why they come. I am thinking—and trembling while I smile, to think—how strong is love, how frail is life; and rejoicing while I tremble, that in the deathless love of those who mourn, the Lord of Life, who never gave a pang in vain, conveys the sweet and enobling promise of separation compensated by eternal reunion. So, through my sorrows I have heard a voice from heaven say, "Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

This world is a parable—the habitation of symbols—the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shape. May the blessed second-sight be mine, to recognise under these beautiful forms of earth the ANGELS who wear them; for I am sure we may walk with them if we will, and hear them speak.

A POSTSCRIPT.

THE writer of this tale ventures, in his own person, to address a very few words, chiefly of explanation, to his readers. A leading situation in this "Story of Bartram Haugh" is repeated, with a slight variation, from a short magazine tale of some fifteen pages written by him, and published long ago in a periodical under the title of "A Passage in the Secret History of an Irish Countess," and afterwards, still anonymously, in a small volume, under an altered title. It is very unlikely that any of his readers should have encountered, and still more so, that they should remember this trifle. The bare possibility, however, he has ventured to anticipate by this brief explanation, lest he should be charged with plagiarism, always a disrespect to a reader.

May he be permitted a few words also of remonstrance against the promiscuous application of the term "sensation" to that large school of fiction which transgresses no one of those canons of construction and mo-

rality which, in producing the unapproachable "Waverley Novels," their great author imposed upon himself. No one, it is assumed, would describe Sir Walter Scott's romances as "sensation novels;" yet in that marvellous series there is not a single tale in which death, crime, and in some form, mystery, have not a place.

Passing by those grand romances of "Ivanhoe," "Old Mortality," and "Kenilworth," with their terrible intricacies of crime and bloodshed, constructed with so fine a mastery of the art of exciting suspense and horror, let the reader pick out those two exceptional novels in the series which profess to paint contemporary manners and the scenes of common life; and remembering in the "Antiquary," the vision in the tapestried chamber, the duel, the horrible secret, and the death of old Elspeth, the drowned fisherman, and, above all, the tremendous situation of the tide-bound party under the cliffs; and in "St. Ronan's Well," the longdrawn mystery, the suspicion of insanity, and the catastrophe of suicide;—determine whether an epithet which it would be a profanation to apply to the structure of any, even the most exciting of Sir Walter Scott's stories, is fairly applicable to tales, which though illimitably inferior in execution, yet observe the same limitations of incident, and the same moral aims.

The author trusts that the Press, to whose masterly criticism and generous encouragement he and other humble labourers in the art owe so much, will insist upon the limitation of that degrading term to the peculiar type of fiction which it was originally intended to indicate, and prevent, as they may, its being made to include the legitimate school of tragic English romance, which has been ennobled, and in great measure founded, by the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

STORY-TELLING AMONG THE GAEL.

THE early fictional literature of any country contains very few themes of the "gentlemanly and melancholy" type. If any gentle husband preferred the sympathising wife of his neighbour to his own mindless consort, he had no "Sorrows of Werther," or "Valentine," or other modern-philosophy novel to brood over in his lonely hours, and make him the more keenly sensible of his hard fate. If the ancestress of one of Balzac's or Sue's or Mme. Dudevant's heroines in the fortieth degree was disgusted with her brute of a husband, and dying for the consoling sympathy and appreciation of Arthur or Bertrand, the interesting spouse of that commonplace Pauline—if (we repeat) she longed for the perusal of a pathetic tale, at once to soothe and inflame her heart's malady she could not be gratified. A man of letters from the fifth to the fifteenth century, with story or poem ready for issue, would not walk into Luimneach, or Portlairge, or Baile-atha-cliath with his manuscript in his scrip, and make arrangement for its publication. He betook himself to the hall of king or chief, or to the fair of Tailtean, and recited his production to an excitable crowd. If the subject was a fine-spun treatise in narrative, *à la Balzac*, on the physiology of marriage, or the long-enduring woes of a lady not appreciated by her coarsely-moulded husband, or the tortures of a man of fashion who longs for a divorce, he would soon detect a portion of his constituents yawning, and the rest striving to escape from the uninteresting lecture.

But our sixth or ninth century-man knew better. He was a poet or story-teller of the first or second order; and if he had lately invented nothing new, he rattled on with a siege, a burning, a battle, an adventure in a cavern, a search over land and sea for some priceless commodity, a love-chase, a war between the Ard-Righ at Teamor and one of his petty kings, or an adventure of the Fianna in some stronghold of the Danaan Druids, where they undergo spells, and at last find an unexpected deliverance. Sometimes it is a coward-hero, who endures troubles and terrors for a whole night in a strange castle, and in the morning finds himself uncomfortably shivering in a

ditch. Occasionally a wife was false, and the strife waged by the wronged husband against faithless spouse and lover furnished a theme. But the poet chiefly dwelt on the hair-breadth escapes of the false fair, and the wonderful adventures that befel all parties, and made no attempt to prove marriage an unjust and tyrannical institution, or to show the blessings that would hallow a cheap system of divorce.

The *filea* or *sgealaidhe* addressed, even as a modern playwright, a mingled audience, including all ranks between chieftain and horse-boy, and sought the qualities of a composition that would interest all. He studied the motives, and passions, and conditions that interest or sway humanity —suspense, surprise, love, hatred, rest, action, fear, horror, love of country, of tribe, of family, clanship, supernatural awe, &c.; and within the frame of his story he introduced more or less skilfully all these passions, or sentiments, or motives intimately combined with his facts. Above all, as the modern scene is never to be left unoccupied, and philosophical speculations or poetical descriptions to be of brief continuance, so the story-teller of ancient days admitted but few quiet intervals in his narrative. Heroic or superhuman action, quick succession of wild events, intercourse with spiritual beings, &c., were all managed so as to surprise and keep the interest of the assembly on the alert and tightly strung, till it was his pleasure to bring his story to a close.

If indelicate incidents occurred they were not dwelt on. Some of the evil was neutralized by its connexion with ludicrous images, which set the audience a laughing. Paul de Kock has often asserted that his works, compared with those of several of his fellow-men and women of letters, are rather moral than otherwise. Theirs, he says, set people sighing and dwelling on forbidden subjects, while his only cause a hearty explosion of laughter. All that Paul can induce us to say for him is, that he is not better than they, but that they are worse than he. This is not a distinction without a difference, for neither party can claim the epithet good or better. The story-tellers received their altered or disfigured stock from the old pagan professors, who valued other human qualities much higher than modesty. Bad as they were, they never surpassed the wickedness of our own dramatists and novelists, who dealt in moral poison from the Restoration to the accession of George III.

It would be interesting to speculate on Teuton and Celtic character from the peculiarities of the olden tales and poems belonging to each race, but this would lead us too far from the subject in hand. The Celtic temperament is of a melancholy complexion, but the individuals are unwilling subjects, and they are prone to escape to the other extreme. Hence we should predicate of a true Celt that he prefers a novel furnished with a good infusion of fun and a happy ending, and that he prefers to witness a comedy or a sprightly drama concluding with a merry farce, to sitting out a heavy tragedy. The predilection of Parisian Celts for their heavy national tragedies may be objected to our theory, but we must refer the objectors to a certain future essay in which we intend to account for this anomaly. Our naturally-melancholy man of letters sitting down to his desk to compose novel or play, has no wish to add to his mental gloom. Hence the greater number of our national dramatists have produced comedies and farces rather than tragedies, and the most tragic of our novels are enlivened by many a passage of wit, and humour, and fun.

Gifted with ready perceptions, a finely-strung nervous system, and consequently a keen susceptibility for painful or pleasurable impressions, it is not to be wondered at that, experiencing the transitory nature of human enjoyment, and the preponderance of the troubled or laborious hours endured in the mature and aged periods of man's existence, he should be habitually subject to depression, and too prone to welcome opportunities to get rid of his disagreeable companion.

But it is time to introduce some of those compositions never intended for closet reading, and having, from their original purpose, more of the stamp of the romantic or mythological drama of later times upon them than of the historical romance or novel.

The first tale cannot boast of a very remote origin in its present form, having been written in the beginning of last century, but it is only an adaptation of one as old as the times of paganism. These ancient fictions when thoroughly abandoned to a traditional existence, passing from the mouths of one generation of story-tellers to the ears of their successors, or even left to the mercy of careless and ignorant scribes, suffered considerable damage. We find in those that have been preserved by the peasantry passages in the worst taste, grotesque, extravagant, and unintentionally ludicrous, which never were uttered by the educated and really gifted bards, who found a welcome in the hall of chief or king or at the public assembly.

We quote in illustration two versions of "The Death of Diarmuidh of the Beauty Spot," which we are certain never were said or sung by bard of first or second class in the Court of Tara, of Cruachan, of Cashel, or of Naas.

Version No. 1.—Diarmuidh's inferior weapon having broken in two under the shock of the mighty stroke bestowed on the savage boar, he had no escape except by springing on the back of the animal, and sitting astride thereon. The situation was even devoid of the dignity of a view over the ears of the beast. Diarmuidh's eyes and knees were turned in the other direction. Down hill rushed the boar—over a broad river with him—then a fierce, light, very airy spring back again—then a charge up the hill, the rider still looking backwards, and at this most unlikely point he unhorsed and gored the hapless hero.

Version No. 2.—Diarmuidh having slain the boar and flayed him, Fion, prompted by deep spite, requests him to measure the length of the hide. He accordingly steps it from nose to tip of tail. Finding the vulnerable point in his foot still untouched, Fion requests him as a particular favour, to repeat the operation in a contrary direction, in order to confirm the first measurement. He complies: a cursed bristle-point enters the fatal spot, and *Grainné*, the Irish Venus, is left to lament the Irish Adonis.

Let us not be supposed to intend anything offensive to peasant story-teller from Bantry Bay to the wildest nook of Lochaber. Where has such a mass of old-world fiction been orally preserved as in the west and south of Ireland and the West Highlands? The Scandinavian and German peasants are entitled to the second place in the scale of honour. But our own people have saved a great number of legends peculiar to themselves as well as the fairy and household stories, which are the common property of most of the countries of Europe.

We commence our recitals with

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SON OF BAD COUNSEL.

The tale of which the following is an abridgment was composed in mixed prose and verse by Brian Dhu O'Reilly,* who was living in Cavan about the year 1725. The title of the original is *Eachtra mhic na Miochomhairle*. Our plan allows admission but to a few of the adventures. The hero tells the tale in his own person, and it must be owned that his is a very rambling mode of fixing his hearer's interest. You would suppose at first that his meeting with a lovely fairy and their subsequent courtship would be the central group of his fortunes; but after singing her glorious form and features, and the splendour of the surrounding landscape in the most florid Irish poesy, night comes on, and he is obliged to seek for shelter in the castle of a Gruagach (giant, enchanter, *Breton*, groac'h). Here is a taste of the original, literally translated:—

"On the sun going to his bed I knew not
what place, what land,
What district I was in, on the earth or
above.
My eyes to the four quarters of the sky
I cast round,
And by the roadside I there saw the
beautiful Sighe.

"I approached her, though ardous and bold
was the deed:
Seated on the bank, like an angel she
seemed.
Her silky sweet shape not bony nor angular,
Like the blossoms of the berry her fair-
coloured breasts."

* Some give the credit of it to that loose fish, Carroll O'Daly.

The "Son of Evil Counsel" was evidently very whimsical and fickle-minded; he turned from the lovely fairy beauty at once to sing the glory of the landscape.

"The like of that land I've not seen nor heard of,
For amenity, for goodness, for its clear flowing streams;
Dew-drops of honey on all the tree-branches,
And the bees' humming music was heard without pause."

But lest his hearers should doubt him if he merely sung the beauties of the view, he condescends to prose for their more thorough conviction:—

"On beholding that beauty abounding, a wonderful pleasure seized on me, for I thought truly that it was the heavenly Paradise that I saw, and that it was the Lord of Heaven and earth that led me thither to bless me, and amend my life. And on my oath, that was a bad supposition, for never to God before that, were my services good."

Dark stormy night came on the landscape. No more is heard of the fairy belle, and the Son of Bad Counsel somehow found himself before a castle, the beauties of which he described in poetic language. Entering, he found the Gruagach master, "strong, truly-powerful, ruddy in countenance, and clad in silken robes." And on the right hand of the Gruagach, on a chair of burnished gold, was his lady daughter, "beauteous, gentle, *honest*, unexceptionable in her attire, musical in voice and compassionate, young, glorious, sweet-spoken, lightsome, like a shining diamond, a harvest moon, a morning sun, a heavenly angel. Her eyes were gray and thoughtful, like the gleaming sparkling stars of a hard frosty night. Her golden, curling hair was divided, and hung on each side like bunches of clustering grapes. Her robe was of silk, gracefully covering her beautiful figure, and an ornamented brooch glittered on her bosom, and on her knee was a hand-harp (Cruith), from which she was drawing sweet sounds."*

The hero of the story was an arrant coward, as well as a poet; but he plucked up courage to address the host, who, after all, was not very formidable in appearance:—

"King of the globe, fair is this place which I have come to,—
A royal fort, white-boarded, erected as the abode of Maev;
Like unto Dun Aileach, it is similar to Paradise,
And I am not certain that it is not in a court I am truly.

More delightful is this sight than Tara and Naas together,
And than the three branches in Emania,† once held by the hero Dairg.
My journey I arrest till I know who dwells here."

The richly dressed Gruagach made a suitable reply:—"Long it is since we saw a person or people before you, who could afford us joy or pleasure (they were apparently not aware of his cowardice and general worthlessness), and long were we expecting you, for we have neither children or heirs, but that daughter you see before you; and we have nursed and nobly reared her from her infancy for you to be your wife and companion." "By your hand," was the ready answer, "if I had known so much—but how could I? It is I that would have searched the four quarters of the globe for her sweet self, even to the loss of my life."

Then the Gruagach arose, and bade the guest take his golden chair; and then he began his own particular grievances, and the service he required at the hands of his future son-in-law before the silken-attired lady could become his wife.

It seemed that Trom Ceo (pr. *Keogh*) Draochta (Heavy Enchanted Fog), the fairy chief residing at Diu Aoilig (*qu.* Dun Aileach, *ante*), had stolen the two sons of the King of the *Isle of the Living*, as he had no heirs to enjoy his power. Ruan Luimneach, a powerful Sighe chief, a neighbour of him of the Isle of the

* A profusion of epithets nearly synonymous often occurs in Irish poetry and romance. It arises from the richness of the language in words of the same or nearly the same meaning, and the temptation thrown in the way of the poet by alliteration.

† *Maev*, the Semiramis of the Royal Court of Connacht. *Aileach*, the Great Stone Fortress in north-east of Donegal. *Naas*, once the residence of the Kings of Leinster. *Emania*, the Court of Ulster, whose ruins are yet to be seen near Armagh. *Red Branch*, an order of knighthood there established.

Living,* on hearing of this wrong, summoned all his subjects of the Western World to assemble, and attack the Fog-chief in his stronghold, and rescue the sons of his friend. *Heavy Magic Fog*, on hearing of the projected attack on Din Aoilig, summoned his confederates to his aid. Among these were Donn Ceiv Fionn from Magh Hi in Conacht, Donn Feiriné O'Conail from his Rath-palace in Munster (Knocfierna), and Donn Binné Eachla labhra (The Lord of the Hill of the Speaking Horse †), Gilla Brighid O'Faolan, a *Sighe gaoithe* (Fairy Blast) from the Decies, and Gilla Fiamach O'Doran, Chief of Ceibhfion.‡

"I was also summoned among these chiefs," continued the master, "and my footmen and my horsemen departed yesterday to Din Ailiog, and I myself will follow to-morrow. I did not go with my people, for I expected you; and if your feats of valour deserve the hand of my daughter, my daughter shall be your wife on our return. If you fall, a mighty mound shall cover your remains, your caoine shall be said by eloquent and very famous fileas, and your name, and your ancestors, and your deeds, engraved on the Oghuim stone."

Fair was the daughter of the Gruagach, but she was to be won with risk of life; and a shivering seized on the limbs of the young man, and his teeth chattered. The master seemed to know that trouble had come on his spirit, and he asked his wife to bring in the golden, gem-incrusted goblet of comfort and forgetfulness. It was brought, and this was the quality of that goblet, that everyone drinking from it, should forget their cares and troubles as if they had never been, and if a thousand persons drank their fill from it, never was the wine a hair's breadth lower.

Mac na Miochomhairle drank, and great courage came into his heart. "Deep is my gratitude to you, O powerful chief," said he; "and I would be glad to know your name, and the name of the Bhan Tiernach, your wife, and how your castle is called." "*Gruagach Tiré gan Taithige* (giant‖ of the unfrequented land) is my name," said he, "and my wife is daughter of the King of the Lonesome Land, and *Dun Tochluaiste* (uncertain castle) is the name of this castle; and it is as easy for me to be at the end of Erinn at any hour as to be here."

Then the master of the house and his guest sat down at *Taibleish Mhor* (backgammon, large table), and the fashion of the tables was this. Fine elephant were the dice, and fine carved wood, and emerald, and gold, and white silver, and carbuncle were the tables; and a blind man could see to play with them, and people with their sight could play by them on the darkest night. But if the body of the *Mac na*, &c., was at the table with the Gruagach, his "intellect, his desire, his sight, and his reason, were at the other side of the hall, where sat the Gruagach's daughter, with her golden curling hair and her silken robe."

So the unfortunate youth lost the game, but the Gruagach made him a

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* Among other things equally credible told of our island by Gerald Barry, is described the Isle of the Living in a lake in Tipperary, where no one could suffer death—a refuge, we presume, for landlords and their agents. Age, however, was not mitigated, and brought with it its natural discomforts; and at last the struld-brug would request to be removed, in order to be freed from his human miseries.

† Scholars who insist on beast-worship among the pagan Irish, adduce this fairy tradition in support of their views. At every midsummer festival of the Sun, this Each Labhra would issue from his mound, and give true and full answers to all who consulted him on the occurrences that would take place up to the next summer festival.

‡ As in our country parts, Cæsar, Pincher, Juno, and other favourite dogs, enjoy the surnames of the families whom they serve, so we find here the fairy chiefs called by the names of the old families whose districts they frequented, and whose deceases they marked by their lamentations. The O'Dorans were Brehons to the kings of South Leinster. Gilla Brighid O'Faolan, St. Brigid's servant (now Kilbride) would otherwise have been a strange name for a fairy chief.

‖ Gruagach, Breton Groac'h, has for root *Gruach*, hair, giants and [illegible] being usually furnished with a large provision of that appendage. A favourite song (even in its English dress) with the dying-out generation, was the *Bouchal na Gruagu Dhonnu*, "The Boy with the Brown Hair."

present of the tables that he might learn to play. Very grateful was he, but he feared he should pay for all to-morrow before Din Ailiog. Then came supper time, and the youth sat opposite the magician, with the fair beauty on his right hand, and better food or better liquor was not consumed that night at Tara of the Kings.

But when the time of rest was come, and the Gruagach bade the Mac, &c., sleep soundly, as the flight of night was to see them on their way to Ailiog. "Great fear, and discomfort, and hate, and loathing," fell on the heart of the Son of Bad Counsel, and said he to himself, "I wish I had the dressed skin of a white sheep, that I might leave my last thoughts to my friends."

"Long it is to tell how I first saw the maid.
When she came in my sight I lit up full of her love.
My heart is sad that I see no more her fair face,
Her neck like the snow, and her bosom like two fair hills;
And by the King's hand I'm sorry she is not mine.

"The story how I came first to see the soft little fay
I will no longer conceal, as my death is so sure.
If any of you think me not sorry to die so soon,
And to be no more of this world, God knows how I am (sorry)."

Then they prepared his state bed, and the Gruagach and his wife went to their own apartment, after first giving him a token of life and health (wishing him good-night). He was thinking more of the morning than the night; but the maid of the flowing hair, and the mild gray eyes, and the sweet smile, told him not to fear for his life, for that it was not in the power of all the fairy hosts within the four seas of Erin to bring the end of life on him that had received baptism. They might pierce him with sighe-darts that would disable arm or leg, or cause him to pine, but perhaps they would not. And she also "gave him a token of life and health," and went to her couch in the next chamber.

Bad it was to lose life and the maid of the silk robe together, and but little better was it to be stretched on rushes with sighe-dart in the leg. So the Son of Bad Counsel, while lying on the wolf-skin, felt a shivering all over him, and then all the blood in his body rushed up to his head, and his skin seemed on fire, and at last despair put it into his mind to persuade the lady that had won his heart, to fly with him where neither Gruagach nor Heavy Magic Fog, nor Ruan Luimneach, King of all the Fairies of the West, could find them out. So he arose, with his heart in his mouth, and his legs trembling under him, he opened her door, and he found himself in a wild lonesome place, and then he knew that it was *Aimsighthe* and *Aimgeoireachd* (*qu.* ambushes and temptations) were on him; and he heard the *bonanaich* and the *boconaigh* (*qu.* wild boars or wild bulls, and he-goats), and the other forest-dwellers, hideous, terrible, loud-voiced, sharp, inflamed. And he became like a madman, and he flew like a wild cat from its nest in the tree, or a stag from his lair. And when he cleared the wood he found himself in a plain, wide-spread and grassy, and in the middle a high green hill, where neither boars nor goats could easily catch him.

When he was on the hill he found a great rim round its summit, and within, a boiling, boisterous, noisy, foamy, very tempestuous sea, with no path round it. By the harbour was an old boat, which the unfortunate, ill-advised youth strove to repair; but hearing the wild piercing cries of the beasts or devils of the woods at his back, he put to sea. This was all that the fierce, incessant, spiteful, threatening, very destructive winds waited for. They blew as if to scoop out the sea from its hollow, and the earth belched out from its caverns the restless waters. The boatman flying up to the clouds at this side of the wave, and descending into the dark caverns of the earth on the other, bellowed to heaven for help; and the Gruagach hearing the outcry, bade his daughter light a candle!

In the cellar they found the son of ill-luck as well as of ill-counsel, seated on a cullender that was covering a vat of strongly-working new beer. These were the high-rimmed mound and the sea. The roaring of the he-

goats, the boars, and the bulls, and the wolves, was the cry of two cats which the sleep-walker had disturbed, and the howling of the storm, a breeze blowing through the cellar window.

The Gruagach and his daughter seeing the youth crouched in the cullender over the great beer vat, burst out a laughing, and, said the master of the house, "very fond of sailoring you must be to get into so small a vessel; and if it was in search of my daughter you were, better it would be to seek her on dry land." The misguided boy descending from his damaged boat hastened to his state bed to hide his confusion and great shame. Lying on his back he composed a strain of lamentation over his hard fate; and when he fell asleep, all the ugly dreams that float between the moon and the earth, passed through his mind. At last he awoke, and the fear of death came upon him when he remembered the gathering of Din Ailiog next day.

He arose, and opened the door of the maiden's chamber, intending to persuade her to fly with him; and great was his terror when he found himself in a wide field without track of man or beast. He recollected the roaring of the wild devils, and his heart turned into water when he saw a beast, black, devilish, hideous-coloured, heavy-headed, dull, buzzing, approaching him. A great plum or a small apple would fit on every one of his coarse hairs. Two dead eyes were locked in his head, an empty long-falling snout he had, and rough white teeth.

When the doomed boy saw this hellish beast rushing right on him to devour him, he felt it full time to seek an escape. So with swift, mighty springs he made to the edge of that large field, and at its bounds he found himself stopped by a stormy, dangerous, coarse-waved, light-leaping, strongly-diffused, streamy, troublesome river; and thought within himself whether it would be better to try to swim across it, not knowing anything of the art, or face the cursed-of-form, diabolical, odious-coloured, hideous-countenanced, amazingly-hateful, and malicious beast. He had heard of persons ignorant of swimming, who crossed wide streams under terror, and was sure that he would do the deed if ever fear, surprise, terror, timidity, fright, or loss of reason helped anyone.

But while he was considering what he should do, he looked back, and the big animal with his gluttonous mouth open, was just behind. It was not a courageous look of defiance he gave him, but he took a high, powerful, very-light spring into the slowly-flowing river, and struck out vigorously with his arms for life. But deep and thick with mud was that pool, and choked with reeds, and no boat with sail or oar could work its way out. It was then he considered indeed that it was to the suffocating sea he had come, and that he should not leave it till he had been permanently drowned, and unworlded, and till the ravenous birds, open-beaked, should have taken away his skin, his flesh, and his blood. In that state he gave out a wondrous, hard, slender, complaining, frightened cry. The waters were oozing into his open mouth, and cold death was creeping up his limbs when he heard the voices of the Gruagach and his daughter over him. He was lying in a large trough filled with water and grains, his face downwards, his mouth full of the contents of the trough, and his arms striking out. "If you wished for a bath, said the master, better would a vessel of clean water be than where the pigs take their food."

He cleared his mouth and his eyes, and sorrow was upon him to be seen by the maiden; and when he turned away his eyes in shame, he discovered the fierce, ravenous, life-seeking wild beast of the big, lonesome field, grunting and rummaging in the litter, and it was as small and as tame as the rest of the enchanter's pigs.

With bitter grief he again betook himself to his rest, his soul divided between love for the maid of the sweet eyes and lips, and dread of the battle.* The Gruagach told him to sleep soundly till he should be called, as he himself was then going to gird the horses in their battle harness for the morrow. The blood rushed again

* There is a third adventure, of course, but it does not possess much novelty or interest.

to his head, while a shivering fit seized on his limbs. In the middle of his despair a raw gray light fell on his eyes; and his bed was the dry grass of a moat; and little wonder it was that he should be shivering, for his clothes were the pillow that supported his head.

But the love of the sighe-maid was still strong in his soul, and he vowed he would never lie two nights in the same bed till he had discovered her. For a year and a day he searched through the length and breadth of Erinn, and his resting-place at night was a sheltered grassy nook near a Sighe-Brugheen or a Danish fort. At the end of a year and a day, he was again at the spot where he had discovered the Castle of Uncertainty; and in his sleep that night he had a vision of his fairy love, who told him to give over his pursuit of her, as she had been obliged by her father to take a husband. Next morning he found the charm gone, and his soul freed from the sighe-spell. He reformed his ways, and became the "Son of Good Counsel," and these are the verses he made about it:—

"Farewell, sweet and false dreams of my fancy!
The happiness you give is like the gold of the Clurichaun.
By the light of the moon the weight and the colour are there;
Withered leaves only remain in our hands at the dawn.
My courses I'll change as the feathers fall from the birds;
I'll keep my hands busy, and take the sogarth's* advice;
And surely in Erinn of chaste and beautiful women,
I'll find some fair angel to come and sit on my hearth,
With smiles on her face when wearied I come from the fields;
She'll make evening happy, and lie all night at my side."

Among the old fireside romances were more than one or two of this deceptional character. Thor's visit to Jotunheim was the reverse in the order of things. What to him and his companions seemed of a mean and trifling character, were in reality of awful dimensions. The vessel from which he drank, but could scarcely see any way diminished of its contents, was the bed of ocean. The cat which he found it impossible to raise from the ground, was in reality the wolf Fenris, and so on.

The knights in quest of the San Graal suffered in body and mind from being led aside by one of the three chief enemies of the human soul. While on the subject we shall give an outline of two other stories of the same stamp, one being of the earliest, the other of the latest type:—

CONAN'S ADVENTURE IN CEASH.

As Fion and some of his curaidhe were one day employed in the chase, a Druidic dwarf observing that they were tired, invited them to his hut. However much they distrusted him, they would have deemed it unworthy of their fame to shun anything that promised an adventure. They followed him home, and ate and drank, and were then accommodated with beds. They slept each in a separate apartment on beds of heath with the flowers upwards, covered with wolf skins. The following adventure happened to each in succession:—The room in which Fion slept was lighted up suddenly, and a woman fairer than Aoife or Maev, seated in a rich chariot drawn by dwarfish horses, drove up to the bed. She addressed him in musical tones, requesting him to take his seat beside her, and come with her to her hill palace. Fion was enchanted with her beauty, but had presence of mind to put his thumb between his teeth, and an old withered creature was before him, seated on a car of rotten sticks. He turned to the wall and remained immovable. After some seconds the light changed to gloom, and at the moment, he put his enchanted bugle the Dord Fionn between his lips, and blew some notes on it expressive of imminent danger and caution. It was heard by Fergus, Caeilthe, Diarmuid, Oisin, Luacha, Goll, and Conan; and much as each knight was under the thrall of female loveliness, each turned his face to the wall at the Sighe's appearance, even as did his chief.

At last all had been visited but

* The Irish construction of *sacerdos*, one of the many words introduced with Christianity.

Conan the incontinent, the abusive, the cunning, and the only one of the Fians unpossessed of a noble soul. At the first invitation of the fay he sprang into the chariot, and found himself tumbling headlong into a deep well in which he could hear the roar of uprushing waters, and feel the hot steam scalding him to the bone. He caught at a beam that lay across, uttered a roar that might be heard from Ceash (in Sligo) to Inis na Glória, and was soon surrounded by his brother Fians. By the dull firelight they found him astride on a flesh-fork that lay across the cauldron in which their supper had been cooked. After administering some comfort of that quality once so liberally bestowed on Job, they left him to his repose, first exhorting him to resist temptation.

He had not time to fall asleep when the same bright vision again filled the room. This time he delayed ten seconds before he sprung into the caf; when he did so he found himself in the midst of a forest, and a dreadful beast, resembling a wild cat, gigantic, such as he had heard of, but never seen, springing on him from behind a tree, pinned him to the earth, and got his head in a moment into its horrid mouth. While power was left him to roar he roared, and the room was soon filled by the knights. They found him on his back writhing and crying out, and a large cat sitting at his head, and licking his greasy chiff and crommeal* (moustache). "Misfortune be on you for a troublesome Conan," said Caeilthe, "if you disturb us again you shall receive the discipline of the sword-belts."

Alas! when all was quiet for a while, such shouts shook the house as if the Donn Cuailgne and the Donn Finnbeanach† were employed at single combat. When the champions entered they could see no outward cause of torment; but the unfortunate victim was lying on his back, his hair fastened to the floor, and he twisting about in agony. "What is the matter now, you unblest Son of Mischief," cried Fion. "Oh, have pity on me!" he cried. "I am suffering the pangs inflicted on womankind. Chew your thumb, O son of Cumhail, and give me relief." He did so, and beheld through walls and doors the dwarf in a far off cell, rocking himself and singing a cronan. Doors and gates gave way before the feet of the Fianna, and they were all soon surrounding the sorcerer with their javelins at his throat. "Release our companion, O Danaan of evil, or taste the bitterness of dissolution." He drew a vial from his breast-clothing, and handed it to Fion, who placed it in Oisin's hand, motioning him to go to the relief of Conan. The rest remained to watch the Druid, till they heard from the distant room a burst of laughter. Hastening back they found Conan sitting painless, but silent and sad. The upper part of his head resembling the moon at full, while a long veil of his black hair hung sorrowfully from its outer rim.

A laugh rung out from the warriors as they entered, but it was soon checked by the chief; and for fear of further evils they immediately quitted the ill-omened abode of the sorcerer; and to this day it is said to a traveller or seeker of adventures, "may you come off with better fortune than Conan did at Ceash!"

This Ossianic story is the original on which Carroll O'Daly or Hugh Duff O'Reilly founded the tale of the Son of Evil Counsel. There is scarcely a popular tale of the kind which does not date from the Pagan times, however it may have been corrupted and vulgarized in passing from the poetic form, and from the mouths of the professed bards and story-tellers to those of a lower rank and less talent; and again descended from their keeping to the care of uneducated peasants. We cite the last degraded form of this old fiction, as told by a Sgeulailide of the lowest rank.

THE MISFORTUNES OF BARRETT THE PIPER.

"Barrett the Piper, you see, lost his skill, and was advised to go to the Black North to recover it. (Barrett was a Munster man.) Well, he took his little boy with him, and they

* The ancient Irish gentry let their hair grow as long as it would, but carefully shaved the face and neck, with the exception of the upper lip.

† The two rival bulls in the Tain Bó Cuailgne.

walked and they walked till the dark came, and they went into a cabin by the roadside to look for lodging. 'God save all here!' says they. 'Save you kindly!' says the man of the house, but he left out the HOLY NAME. 'How are you, Jack Barrett?' 'Musha, pure and hearty, sir; many thanks for the axing, but how did you know me?' 'Och, I knew you before you were weaned. Sit down and make yourself at home; here you stay till morning.' Well, faith, they got a good supper of pyatees and milk, and a good bed of straw was made for them by the wall up near the fire, and they lay down quite comfortable to get a good sleep. But some bad thoughts came over Jack Barrett in the dead of the night, and he got up and went out of the bed, and it's in the fields he found himself, and a couple of mad dogs running after him. There was a big tree near him with ever so many crows' nests in the top, and he run and climbed up in it from the dogs, and if he missed the dogs he found the crows, and didn't they fall on him to tear his eyes out! He bawled, and he roared, and the man of the house came into the kitchen, and stirred the fire, and there was Jack Barrett on the hen-roost, and the cocks and hens cackling about him. 'Musha, the sorra's on you for a Jack Barrett! How did you get up there among the fowl?' 'The goodness knows; it's not their company I want. Will you help me down, honest man?'

"Well, he got into bed again, and if he did he was not long there when a bad thought come into his head, and up he got. He was going into the next room, when where did he find himself but by the bank of a big river, and the same two dogs tearing along like vengeance to make gibbets of him. There was a tree there, and its boughs were out over the river. Up climbs Jack, and up after him with the dogs; and to get out of their clutches he scrambled out on a long bough. The dogs were soon feeling after him, and he going out farther and farther, till he was afraid it would break. At last he felt it cracking, and he gave a roar out of him that you'd hear a mile off, and the man of the house came into the kitchen, and stirred the fire, and there was Jack sthraddle-legs on the pot-rack. 'Musha, Jack, but you're the divel's quare youth at your time o' life to be makin' a horse of my pot-rack. Come down, you onshuch, and go to bed.'

"Well, the third time, where did the divel guide him but to a bed in the next room, and when he flopped into it, he let such a yowl out of him that you'd think it was heaven and earth was coming together. 'What's in the win' now, Jack,' says the man o' the house. 'Oh, it's in the pains of labour I am,' says the unfortunate piper. 'Will we send for the midwife for you?' says the other. 'Oh, the curse o' Cromwell on yourself an' the midwife!' says the poor man; 'it wasn't God had a hand in us the hour we darkened your door. Oh, tattheration to you, you ould thief! won't you give us some aise?' 'Father honey,' says the boy, 'its pishrogues is an you. A drop of holy water will do you more good nor the master o' the house, God bless him!' 'I'll tear you limb from limb,' says the ould villain when he heard the HOLY NAME, if you say that again.' 'Well, anyhow,' says the boy, 'make the sign of the cross on yourself, father, and say the Lord's Prayer.' The poor ould piper did so, and at the blessed words and the sign, his pains left him. There was no sight of the man of the house on the spot then; maybe he was in the lower room.

"When the piper and his son woke next morning, they were lying in the dry moat of an ould rath that lay by the highroad."

Our Celtic ancestors and the old inhabitants of Hellas derived their mythology from a common system of old faith corrupted, however great the diversities which after-circumstances may have introduced. Students of Homer and Ovid are not ignorant of the transformations their unedifying divinities spontaneously underwent, and for what purposes. Events of a similar but much less revolting character are gleaned among the dim traditions of our Celtic mythology. In a former paper is recorded how Tuirrean, Fion's aunt, having been changed into a female stag-hound by the Lianan Sighe of her husband, her nephew's celebrated hounds, Brann and Sceoluing, were

born while she was enduring the transformation. In the tale which follows is recorded

WHY FION'S SON WAS CALLED OISIN.

As the Fianna were one day returning from the chase, a beautiful fawn was started which fled towards their own dun. At last all had fallen back, both men and dogs, except Fion and his two favourite hounds. Sweeping along a valley-side the animal suddenly ceased her flight, and lay down on the smooth grass. Fion was amazed at this, but much more when he saw the hounds frolic round her, and lick her face and neck and limbs. To kill so beautiful and gentle a beast under the circumstances was out of the question. She followed him home, playing with the hounds, and was housed in Almhain that night.

When Fion was left alone late on that evening, a woman of fair features and rich dress presented herself before him, and declared herself the hunted fawn of that day. "For refusing the love of the Danaan Druid, Fionbhar," said she, "I have for three years endured the nature and the dangers of a wild deer's life in a far district of Erinn, which dread 'Geasach' prevents me from naming. A pitying slave of the Druid at last revealed to me, that if I were once within any fortress owned by the Fians of Erinn, his power over me would be at an end. I flew with untiring limbs for a day, until I came into the territory of the chief of Almhuin, and ceased not my flight till Brann and Sceoluing of human intellect were the only pursuers on my track. With them my life was safe; they knew me to be of a nature like to their own."

Some months passed away, during which Fion went forth neither to the fight nor to the chase, so lost was he to all his former amusements and pursuits, through his deep love for the rescued princess. But at last the Loch Leannach (the Scandinavians) were in the bay of the Hill of Oaks. Seven days were the Fians absent, and on the eighth the chief was crossing the plain of Almhuin with rapid strides, and wondering that his sweet flower was not looking towards him from the top of the mound. The dwellers of the fort rushed out in joy to greet their chief; but sadness sat on their faces. "Where is the flower of Almhuin, the beauteous, the tender Saav?" "Blame not her nor us, O father of your people! While the white strangers were falling beneath your axe of war, your likeness and the likenesses of Brann and Sceoluing appeared before the dun, and we thought we heard the sweet-sounding Dord Fionn blow from your lips the music that makes wounded men and women in travail forget their pains. Saav the good, the beautiful, came forth; she flew down the pass; she issued through the gates; she would not listen to entreaty or command. "I must go and meet my protector, my love, the father of my unborn infant," she cried, and in a few moments she was rushing into the arms of the phantom. Alas, we saw her start back with a scream, and the form strike her with a hazel wand. A gentle, slender doe was on the plain, where she stood a moment since, and with wild yelpings the two hounds chased her from the dun. Thrice, four times, she sprang towards the moat, but every time she was seized by the throat and pulled away. By your hand, O Fion, we were not idle. What we have told passed while ten could scarcely be counted twice, and by that term we were on the plain with glaive, lance, and javelin. Mo chuma! neither was woman, nor hind, nor sorcerer, nor dog to be seen, but we still could hear the beating of rapid feet on the hard plain, and the howling of dogs. If you were to ask every four of us in which quarter the noise was heard, each would name a different one."

Fion looked upward in anguish, and repeatedly struck the mail that guarded his breast with his clenched hands. Word he spoke none, but retired to his private apartment and did not show himself to his people for the rest of that day, nor till the sun rose over the plain of the Liffey next morning. For seven years from that time, whenever he was not called with his Fianna to make head against the white strangers, he continued to explore every remote corner of the land for the lost Saav; and, except in the excitement of the chase or battle, an unchanging sad-

ness had possession of him. Nor for seven years more did he forget the matchless princess who had shed such happiness, fleet as it was, on his life. He never during that time took to the chase more than his five favourite hounds—Brann, Sceoluing, Lomaire, Brod, and Lomluath—lest he should endanger the life of Saav if his good destiny led him upon her track.

At the end of the second period, as he and some of his knights were hunting on the side of Bengulban, in Sligo, they heard a terrible clamour among the dogs, who had got before them into a defile. On coming up they found the five hounds of Fionn in a sort of circle, opposing the furious efforts of their companions to seize on a stripling of noble features, but entirely naked, except for the long hair which covered him from head to foot. He stood within the circle with no sign of fear on his countenance, and forgetful of his own peril, did nothing but gaze on the stately forms of the Curaidhe as they surrounded the dogs. As soon as the fight was stopped, Braun and Sceoluing came to the wild youth, and whined and fawned on him, and licked him, and seemed as if for the moment they had forgotten their master. Fion and the others approached, and laid their hands on his head and caressed him, and his wild nature began from that hour to be changed. They brought him to their hunting sheds, and he ate and drank with them, and soon became as one of themselves. Fion, considering his features, and seeing in them some reflexion of the sweet countenance of Saav, and comparing his apparent age with her disappearance, hoped that he was her child, and kept him continually at his side. The youth fully returned his affection, and Braun and Sceoluing seemed never tired of bounding round him and receiving his caresses. His long hair soon disappeared with the use of clothes, and as soon as he acquired the gift of speech he gave this account of what he remembered:—

He and a hind whom he tenderly loved, and who sheltered him and tended him, inhabited a wide park, in which were hills, deep valleys, streams, rocks, and dark woods. He lived on fruits and roots in summer, and in winter he found provisions left in a sheltered cavern. A dark-visaged man came at times, and spoke sometimes in soft and tender, sometimes in loud and threatening tones, to the hind, but she ever crouched away, and looked at him with fear expressed in face, and limb, and attitude. He always departed in great anger. All this time there was no way of escaping from this park; where high steep cliffs were wanting, there were straight descents of such depth as could not be passed with life. The last time he beheld his mother the Fear Dhorcha had been speaking in soft and in harsh tones alternately for a long time; but still the hind kept aloof from him trembling. At last he struck her with a hazel wand, and she was obliged to follow him, still looking back at her son and bleating piteously. He made violent efforts to follow her. He cried out in rage and sorrow, but had not power to move. He fell on the ground insensible just as he was listening to what he supposed the expiring cries of the deer, and when he awoke he found himself on the side of the hill where some days after the dogs discovered him. He had searched days and days for the enclosure where he had so happily lived, but could discover no appearance of cliffs springing up or descending, such as had long been so familiar to his eyes.

This youth received the name of *Oisin*, son of the doe, and in time he became the sweet singer of the Fianna of Erinn.

Fion, the hero of so many fanciful fictions, is mentioned among other historical personages of the third century by the "Four Masters;" and poems attributed to him are extant in the "Book of Leinster" written before the period of the English Invasion.

It is not now in anyone's power to trace the rise and progress of the legends in which the deeds of Fion and his warriors are celebrated. It is probable that they existed in some form in the pagan period, and with reference to earlier misty heroes, and that the bards of the fifth and sixth centuries began to invest the hero who lived nearer their own times with glory transferred from the earlier personages. The Leinster

peasantry attributed to Dean Swift all the eccentric doings and witty sayings that ever came to their ears about the clever folk of former days.

In the Book of Leinster are preserved some poetic pieces attributed to Oisin, the son of Fion. Oisin and Oisin's poetry may have belonged to the real world, but if so, succeeding poets so carefully surrounded his remains with their own compositions imposed on the world as his, that they became lost to sight and hearing, and are now either extinct or dispersed in very small portions through the inferior productions of his imitators. Subjoined is a literal translation of a poetical answer given by Fion to Conane of the hill ridge, on his asking him what kind of music he preferred :—

THE FAVOURITE MUSIC OF FION M'CUMHAIL.

"When my seven battalions gather on the plain,
And hold aloft the standards of war,
And the dry cold wind whistles through the silk,—
That to me is sweetest music!

"When the drinking-hall is furnished in Almhuin,
And the pages hand the carved cups to the chiefs,
And the musicians touch the wires with their fingers,
And the drained cups ring on the hard polished table,—
Sweet to my ears is that music!

"Sweet is the scream of the sea-gull and heron,
And the waves resounding on the Fair Strand (Ventry);
Sweet is the song of the three sons of Meardha,
MacLuacha's whistle, the Dord* of Fear-Scara,
The cuckoo's note in early summer,
And the echo of loud laughter in the wood."

The next narrative cannot be classed among the earliest of the Ossianic legends. It is the only one among them that occurs to us at the moment as possessing an allegorical character, and must be considered as the invention of one of the later story-tellers, who had heard of, or read such collections as the "Gesta Romanorum." Fion seeks a night's repose in the house of Conane of the hill ridge, and takes things with somewhat of a high hand. This, however, does not prevent the master of the house from subjecting him to the necessity of answering various questions with the strictest regard to truth. It is not easy to ascertain why the Fianna were obliged to perform any duty, however unpleasant that was imposed on them by women, young, fair, old, or ugly, or even men who chose to assume the office of task-imposers. Conane asks Fion the meaning of the expression, "As Fion went to the house of Cuana," and the following is the explanation given. A version of the story may be seen in the second volume of the "Ossianic Transactions."

HOW THE FIANS WERE ENTERTAINED AT THE HOUSE OF CUANA.

Oisin, Caeilthe, MacLuacha, Diarmuidh O'Duinné,† and myself were on a day of the days on the summit of Cairn Fearguil outside of Luimneach, and five hounds with us—that is to say, Brann, Sceoluing, Feardubh, Liabhlenchra, and the swift-footed hound; and we were not long there till we saw a large, tremendously-rough giant coming toward us, and an iron fork on his shoulders, and a pig screeching between the prongs, and a handsome, fine unmarried woman walking after him, and scourging him before her. "Let me go to accost them," said Diarmuidh O'Duinné, and he went after them. It was not long until I and the other three that were with me went after Diarmuidh and the giant. We overtook Diarmuidh, but neither he nor we could see the giant nor the girl. For there was a Druidic fog between us and them, and we could not see which way they took.

However, as we were looking and waiting for the fog to clear, I saw the house of *Cuana* (elegant, artful) at the edge of the plain. We went towards it, and there was a bawn before the house, and two wells in it—namely, a well with a coarse iron vessel on the brink, and a well with a wooden vessel on the brink of it.

* A wind instrument producing a humming tone.
† Pronounced Dhin-ya.

We entered the house, and the only people in it were a young, serious, fair-haired warrior sitting at the jamb of the door, and the young damsel sitting beside him, and the rough giant sitting at the fire boiling the pig, and an old grey-headed man of large features sitting at the other side of the fire. And there was a ram inside with a white belly and a black head, two dark bluish-green horns, and four green legs. There was a cailleach (old woman) at the bottom of the room with dark green clothes, and there was no one in the room but these six.

The young man of the door-jamb welcomed myself, and we sat on the floor near the upper end, and our fine hounds with us. "Let there be humble deference shown to Fion, son of Cumhail, and to his people," said the young man of the jamb. "I hate," said the giant, "for a person to be asked to pay respect to others, while neither much nor little of it is given to himself." However, he rose, up, and paid obedience to me.

I became very thirsty, and no one brought me drink, and so Caeilthe was much grieved, and stood up. "You need not be troubled, O Caeilthe," said the young man. "Go into the bawn, and bring Fion a drink from the well you prefer." Caeilthe did so, and brought me the wooden vessel full. I drank, and while it was in my mouth, the taste of it was like honey; but when it was swallowed it was more bitter than gall. I felt sharp pains all over me; my breath was stopped, and the appearance of my face was altered.

Then was Caeilthe in much sorrow and suffering till the young man said to him, "Go into the bawn, O Caeilthe, and bring in full the iron vessel from the other well." Caeilthe did so, and offered me the vessel, and I put it to my head. And I never suffered so much in hot conflict of battle, nor ever before endured such pain as when it was in my mouth. But when I laid down the vessel, my pains were gone, and the natural appearance of my face was returned, and my people rejoiced.

Then the young man of the jamb asked if the pig was cooked. "It is," said the giant. "Then give it to me," said he, "till I divide it." "What share will you make of it?" said the giant. "I will give the hind-quarter of it to Fion and his hounds first," said the young man, "and then I will give the other hind-quarter to his four young warriors, and a quarter of the head to their four hounds, and another quarter of the head to myself. The rest of the head and the back I give to the old man by the fire and the cailleach in the corner, and the entrails and legs to that young woman and myself."

"On my word," said the old man, "you have shared her well." "On my word," said the ram, "you have not; and evil was your neglect of myself." And as he spoke he made a pounce on the quarter that had fallen to the share of Fion's young men, and took it from them in their despite, and began to eat it. The young warriors took their glaives, and struck at the ram, and they might as well have been hewing at a hard rock. They then went back sorrowfully, and sat in their places on the ground.* "Upon my conscience!" said the old man at the fire, "sorrowful it is to sit in company with four warriors who cannot hinder a sheep from eating their share of food, and that in their own presence." As he said that, I seized the ram and caught him by the two legs, and threw him with all my might outside the door, and he fell on the broad of his back, and we saw no more of him.

Shortly after that the cailleach rose out of her corner and flung her dark-green mantle on my four warriors, and made of them four shaking, drivelling, withered old men, and then I sorrowed, and great fear came upon me. When the young man at the jamb of the door saw that, he asked me to sit beside him, and he cast me into a deep sleep, and the cailleach removed her mantle from the shoulders of the warriors, and they were

* In more than one of these old stories mention is made of guests sitting on the floor. We know that the old halls and rooms of private houses were strewed with rushes. The guests probably reclined on a higher provision of this stratum ranged along the wall. In one story a cloth is spoken of as laid round in this position.

restored to their strength and their first appearance. When I awoke and found them so, great was my joy.

"Fion," said the young man at the jamb, "are you not astonished at the order and situation of this house?" I declared that I never saw anything more astonishing than it. "Then I shall explain it to you," said he. "The giant that you saw first with the pig screeching in the mouth of the fork, is he yonder, and his name is *Leisge* (sloth); and this damsel by me was she that was whipping him, and her name is *Meanamna* (animation, energy, vigour), for animation drives sloth before her, and goes as far in the winking of an eye as sloth would in twelve months. The old man by the fire is *Seagha Caol Lear* (crafty, slender, clear-sighted); and the ram is called *Cionta an Duine* (guilt of man). The cailleach is *An Criona* (old age). Her mantle brings the young and strong to weakness and wretchedness. The two wells are Lying and Truth-telling; for as sweet as a lie is in the telling, so bitter does it turn out when told. My name is Cuana, of *Inis Cuileann* (Holly Isle), though it is not there I am accustomed to be; and it was an excessive love I had harboured for you on account of your valour and sensibility, that made me put the giant in your way. Now bring all your people here, and let them enjoy sleep till morning." I did so, and when we woke at dawn, we found ourselves on the grassy side of Cairn Fearguil, with our dogs and our arms near us. And that is the style in which "Fion paid a visit to the house of Cuana."

The following is a fair specimen of the Celtic variety of fiction in which suitors for the hand of some lady of matchless beauty enter on dangerous and generally unsuccessful quests. The mortal hero in all cases needs the aid of benevolent fairy, elf, or genius, to bring the adventure to a successful issue. Parts of the story will be found rather obscure by those who look for a close connexion of cause and effect in works of imagination. But change, and loss, and corruption may be looked for in compositions more than a thousand years old, left for a large part of that time to the chance guardianship of such of the community as had a taste for legendary traditions.

AN BRAON SUAN OR.*

The lovely Fiongalla (fair cheek), was daughter to Glas, chief of a district in the south-west of Desmond.† She would have been his great happiness, but for a fate that had brooded over his house for nearly two centuries. No woman of the family could be married till her suitor had brought from the Doun Thir (brown or dark land), the Craov Cuilleann (holly-bough), the Luis Buidhe (marigold), and the crimson berries of the Uhar (yew). These were to be found in the dim and distant Doun Thir, in the Western Sea, near the Stone Circle of Power; and for some generations no knight had been so fortunate as to secure them. A corrochan (leather covered bark) lay in a wooded nook near Bean Tra (Fair Strand, Bantry), and had lain there time out of mind. The daring adventurer entered it, and readily made the open sea. A day and a night were allowed for the voyage going and coming; but hitherto the fated bark had been in every instance seen entering its little cove within the time, unfreighted by the hero or the magic prizes.

In the family lived the sage woman Amarach (lucky, fortunate), whom no one living remembered ever to have seen look a day younger, and of whom their fathers and mothers had made the same report, handing down the assertions of their ancestors for two generations to the same effect.

More than one suitor had essayed the adventure, hoping for the hand of fair Fiongalla. All had perished in the rough western waves; when at last the court was visited by the young Fearghal (nobleman), son of Ciocal. In his father's hospitable hall in Thomond he had heard of the matchless beauty and good qualities of Fiongalla from the lips of

* The golden pin of sleep.

† Desmond. *Deas*, south; *Muimhe*, Munster; *Tuaig Muimhe*, Thomond, North Munster.

more than one wandering bard; and despite all opposition from his parents and the Duiné Uasals of his tribe, he travelled to the Court of Glas, saw the damsel, found his resolution confirmed, and demanded of the lady and her father permission to try the adventure.

The love felt by Fearghal was fully returned by Fiongalla, yet she used her influence to dissuade him from the attempt. "How could he hope for success, when so many bold and skilful young knights had failed and perished for the past two centuries?" But the young hero on his journey had a vision of the tutelar sighe of his family, the benevolent and powerful *Finncaev* (fair love), who had promised him her assistance at his utmost need. Confident in her protection, and inspired by strong love, he told her that the only words from her mouth that could turn him from his purpose were, "I love you not." These words she could not force herself to utter, and forth fared the knight to find the magic coracle, while the shadow of night still lay on sea and land.

Amarach had joined her entreaties to those of father and daughter. But Amarach was the evil being that had, two centuries before, imposed this cruel fortune on the family. She knew by her art that the youth was protected by the powerful Sighe Finncaev, and she feared that her influence and her spells would become things of nought.

Passing from the heights on which the dun of the chief stood, he had to traverse a rough glen strewed with rocks and brushwood, and his path led by a circle of tall stones marking the burial-place of some chief of former days, and still the favoured resort of those who practised Druidic rites. He felt a sudden awe creep over him as he was hurrying by the ring of power, and which was increased by the appearance of a tall figure. His courage was restored when he discovered it to be the friendly Sighe, who gave him a few brief directions. "You have rashly engaged in a most perilous enterprise, but follow my instructions punctually, and I trust to bring you out of it with safety and honour. When you reach the corrach and enter it, wish yourself outside the bay, and there remain till the darkness of evening comes on. If you return and touch the land before you see on the shore my three servants, you are lost. Those servants I will now present to your sight." She struck one of the stones with her Druidic wand, and at the touch it fell to pieces. "Cush fe Crish (Tied Foot), come out," and a stout figure with his right foot in his hand stood before them. She struck another stone and cried, "Fir na Seaghaid (Man of the Arrows), come out." The stone parted, and yielded an archer with a well-furnished quiver. She struck the third, "Fear na Mulla Headha come forth," and a figure with an enormous mouth and swollen cheeks sprung from the fragments of his stone.

All bowed before the youth, and asked to know his will. He turned to Finncaev, but she had vanished; and he addressed the powerful beings before him in some perplexity. "I am ignorant of your means of helping me. I only know that I require you to be on the shore by sunset of the coming day with the holly-bough, the marigold, and the red berries of the yew from the ring of power in the obscure land in the great sea!" "Hard," said Cush, "will be the task, O noble knight, to foil the powerful Amarach. If when you approach the land at sunset she get into the boat, or you touch the land till you see us, you are lost, so will be our services. Come, brothers. I am obliged to keep one foot tied for fear of out-distancing my object. You, O *Fir na Saghaid*, are unerring in aim; you, O Fir na Mulla Headha, can see through the earth and to its farthest rim, and can blow tempests from your mouth. To your tasks! I hasten before you to the extreme verge of Hy Conaill (Donegal). There at the base of the mighty rocks lies the boat to convey me to the dim land and the circle of power. The voyage, which you, Sir Knight, would not accomplish within a year I will execute in half a day. Brothers, await my return on the summit of Rinkan Barra on the brink of the North Sea."

Tied Foot was on the coast of Hy Conaill at an early hour, and discovered the fated boat which Amarach was obliged to keep in a dark cove for the service of adventurers. She was sitting within it in the ap-

pearance of a fair young woman, and received Cush fe Crish on his first call. A mether stood in the bow, filled with brown mead, and the sight enchanted the wearied and thirsty traveller. The maiden courteously offered the vessel, which he gratefully took, and drained to the bottom. "Lovely maid," said he, "you were beautiful when I entered your boat; you are now the most beautiful within the coasts of Erinn. I want your boat for a passage to the dim land to fetch the three magic gifts for Feargal, son of Ciocal. I shall be there and back by the first hour after midday; but there's no hurry. I must sit here and converse with you, enslaver of my heart, for a small hour." As he was endeavouring to take her hand, his foot escaped from his grasp, and he fell, overpowered with the magic drink, and lay motionless at the bottom of the boat. The treacherous woman then took from her hair the *braon suan or*, the magic sleeping pin, and stuck it through his long glibbs; and while it lay in his hair no power could wake him.

His two companions arrived on the rocks an hour later, and were dismayed at sight of him, far below them, in dead sleep. In his hair they espied the magic pin, and in a moment they recognised it, and guessed at what had occurred. The archer had his bow bent in a trice, and the next the braon was dashed from the hair of Cush, and lay powerless at his feet. He awoke, took his foot again in his hand, looked at the pin, then up at the cliff, waved his free arm in gratitude, seized on the oar, and the skiff went skimming over the great sea fleeter than the swiftest arrow. Fear na Mulla Headha put his hand to his eyebrow, and spoke to his comrade:—"Through the thick air and the mist I still see the shooting bark; the dim veils are clearing a little round Cush, and he seems almost at the world's end; a low, thick fog lies beyond; the boat speeds to it, and it becomes a land of rocks, and woods, and valleys, as grey as clouds. He enters a bay, secures his boat, advances inland. A grove is before him, and under the shade of trees as old as the world stands a ring of mighty stones. Within is a cromleacht, and overshadowing it the holly bough and berry-bearing yew; at its foot springs the marigold. He has gathered them, and is now entering his boat. He leaves the dim land behind him. I see the boat more plainly, but the land has become a cloud. The boat is larger, but the cloud bank has vanished. Here he comes swifter than the arrow from your own bow-string."

Great was the joy of the Druidical servants as they met; but after a moment Cush fe Crish cried out, "Our work is only half accomplished. The powerful Amarach is speeding south, and if she reaches Bean Tra she will induce Feargal to touch the land, and then our labour is void. You, O *Geasadoir* (archer), have done your duty—follow at your leisure. Get on my back, O Mulla Headha. I value not your weight a dry leaf. Now for the Southern bay. On they swept, leaving the breeze behind them, and at last spied the sage Amarach as she skimmed by the side of Ben Gulban, and passed the mound of the sword hilt, where Diarmuidh the peerless perished by the tusk of the fell wild boar. She found herself pursued, and increased her speed; but Cush fe Crish found new vigour in his limbs at sight of her, and still was gaining as they brushed the hills of Iar-Connacht.*

As they approached Knoc an Air (hill of slaughter),† Tied Foot, who had not yet put forth his utmost speed, swept past, and his rider making him stop and turn about, blew from his mouth such a mighty tempest as rooted up the oaks in its path. Catching up the sorceress, she was blown through the air to a great distance, and a second blast put all further struggles on her part at an end.

Feargall had waited wearily in the fated boat the long hours of the day. Toward the gathering of the dark he heard the distant tempest, which astonished him, for wild and horrifying as it was, it lasted only for a few seconds. Approaching the shore, he perceived as it were a flash of light-

* *Siar* or *Iar*, West; *Soir*, *Oirthir*, East; *Thuaig*, North; *Deas*, South.

† In Kerry, where princes and chiefs of Greece, pursuing the hapless Princess Niav Nua Chrotha, slaughtered many of the Fianna, but were in the end completely annihilated.

ning darting from the bosom of the hills, and ceasing at the near strand. He then distinguished, in a soft, dimly-bright vapour that hovered on the shore, the servants and their powerful mistress. He sprung to land, and Finncaev advancing and smiling on him, placed the magic gifts in his hand. While he was pouring out his thanks, she turned to her ministers, and laid her hands caressingly on their shoulders. Smiles of pleasure came over their weird features, and while Feargal was looking on in awe, the figures and the soft vapour vanished.

But shouts of joy were heard on every side, and crowds bearing torches were hurrying through various defiles to the shore. The figure of Feargal had been descried, and he was now conducted in triumph to the Dun, and the trophies were hung in the great hall. Amarach had not been seen since the previous night, and the meeting of the lovers and their speedy marriage was undisturbed by fears of the sorceress, or of her hellish spells.

Our fair readers, part of whose every-day occupation is the perusal of the sentimental woes, or the terrible machinations of the heroes and heroines of the circulating library, will doubtlessly pity the condition of the daughters or young wife of Irish or Highland chief, who had nothing more soothing or exciting or higher in quality than such novels as these to occupy their leisure hours in their boudoirs, called by themselves *Grianans*, sunny chambers. They will, perhaps, bestow an extra portion of that blessed quality on them when they learn that even these were not accessible unless they wished to peruse them closely written on vellum, in small, cramped characters, no punctuation, no breaks, and very small margins. Household duties, attendance on sick or wounded followers, an occasional ride after hounds or hawks, and embroidery with the needle, occupied their fifteen or sixteen hours of waking.

Of the beautiful work in metals, and of the delicate illuminations of gospels and missals, we have abundance of specimens rescued from time's ravages. Of the labours of the fair Celtic wives and daughters we have, alas, no relics; the frail material on which their care was expended have long since been the prey of the moth; and of neglect—still more destructive. When the translation of the Brehon laws becomes accessible, it will be seen how carefully the old legislators defined the privileges and restrictions of the various ranks, men and women. Princesses, and chiefs' daughters, and the women in the families of gentlemen-cowkeepers (*Bodachs*), and farmers (*Bruighes*), were well aware of the quality and contents of the work-boxes allowed to each rank.

The Bodach's wife had a better furnished *boite-à-ouvrage* than the Bruighe's, and the Bhan Tierna or her daughter could gratify herself with more and richer conveniences in the shape of bodkins, needles, thimbles, &c., than the fair daughter of the grazier, and also indulge in a box of more costly workmanship.

Thus the Celtic ladies of former days, having no conveniences or comfortable opportunities for indulging in the luxury of fictional woe and terror, were obliged to have recourse to the occupations we have mentioned to employ their hours. They listened to the recitations that succeeded the evening meal, and having no criterion at hand to determine their quality, were thoroughly satisfied with them. If our readers are not equally pleased we regret the circumstance, but can offer no comfort. Our object is not to prove the excellence of the old Celtic fictions (many of which have reached us in a debased state), but to preserve them as archæological curiosities,—works of poetry and romance which entertained the Gaelic races of Ireland and Scotland from very early times to the beginning of the last century, and in several instances even to later dates. Among our meritorious conservators of old stories, poems, oghuim inscriptions, and accounts of remote localities, we must again mention with honour the name of John Windele, of Cork, to whom we are under no trifling obligation for the use of his manuscripts, placed in the most liberal manner at our disposal.

A DOGGEREL IN A DORMANT-WINDOW.

(BY HYACINTH CON CAROLAN.)

High 'mong the gray roofs nooked,
As Chronos in the skies,
Red chimneys, old and crook'd,
Like headstones round me rise.

The chimneys, crook'd and old,
My neighbours in the air,
Like gods of dingy gold,
Bend sadly here and there.

The cozy crows returning
To their misty woods below,
The hill-tops dimly burning
In the sun's refracted glow,

Like purple shadows sailing
Across the sea-green sky,
Like far waves hoarsely wailing
Call dimly as they fly.

My senses, sadly dreaming,
Just hear and see them fly,
Like by-gone shadows streaming
Along pale memory's sky.

From the gray tower with its corbels,
And its belfry arching fair,
The mellow curfew warbles
Its old tune in the air;

It sails above me welling,
Like long soft summer waves,
Still quiv'ring on and swelling
Across the village graves.

My lattice open flies,
The dewy evening air,
Fresh from the starry skies,
Just stirs my silvered hair.

Come forth, my graceful pipe,
My halfpenny pipe of clay,
With Latachia ripe
We'll wile the hour away.

And musical by space,
Up from the gloaming street
Float sounds and songs apace,
And random prattle sweet.

Bold fellows laughing boldly
With soft-tongued maidens near,
Old people prating oldly,
And children's voices clear.

And in their faint gradations,
While changeless stars gleam o'er us,
I hear three generations
All tinkling in this chorus.

THE CIRCASSIANS.*

A TRAGEDY, without its parallel in the history of the world, is before us. A nation that for centuries has withstood every invader—a nation that for the last thirty years has, single-handed, resisted one Russian army after another—is now yielding up its country to swell the already overgrown dominions of the Czar. This alone would be enough to excite our compassion, but this is not all. Discontented with mere success, the conquerors have so wantonly and so persistently outraged the conquered, that the sufferers, rather than hold it as the slaves of such taskmasters, have almost universally chosen to leave the fatherland for which they have struggled but too well. The sequel of horrors has not yet been brought to its close. The alternative which they have themselves decided upon has proved a most terrible one. The asylum which they have sought has already been a charnel-house for thousands of the fugitives. They have fled from the sword to perish by the plague. Before this desolation is fully accomplished, whilst some few still linger before passing into this awful exile, it would not be ill-timed in us to glance at the Circassians as they are; for only too soon we shall forget to say, "Let us look back upon what they have been."

Circassia is a narrow, mountainous country, extending to about 150 miles in length, from Anapa, on the Black Sea, to Cape Abcharan, on the Caspian. As its breadth varies continually with the direction of the Caucasian range and its offshoots—now contracting into long narrow passes—now expanding into a succession of broad valleys, it would be a matter of extreme difficulty to estimate its true area. Though wild and abrupt, this region is fertile to a most remarkable degree. The vegetation here surpasses that of every other country in Europe. Many of our hot-house plants are to be found growing wild upon the hill-sides. All our garden fruits, besides many others unknown to our climate, are here produced in the greatest perfection and abundance. A mountain glen in the Caucasus, thousands of feet above the sea-level, has only to be sown, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, as the Psalmist says, "there shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Libanus." This marvellous fertility of soil points us to the explanation of the fact that the Circassians are the only mountain race in Europe who have not descended to conquer the lowlanders at their feet. It would have been but sorry policy for them to have left their rich though rocky country for the smoother but less productive territories of their neighbours.

From the country let us now turn to its traditions and history. The first authentic record of it we have in these words of Scripture:—"And the ark rested on the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat." The earliest story of it that we hear from a heathen source is, that Prometheus was chained to the highest peak of these mountains, as a punishment for having stolen fire from heaven. Two other traditions of this country are worthy of mention. Colchis, the present Mingrelia, was said to contain the Golden Fleece, to gain which the

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* "A Year among the Circassians." By J. A. Longworth. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street. 1840.

2 "The Caucasus and its People." By Louis Moser. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand. 1856.

3. "Adventures in Circassia." By Rev. W. Wickenden. London: W. F. Slee, 47, Marshall-street, Golden-square.

4. "Schamyl, the Sultan, Warrior, and Prophet of the Caucasus." Translated from the German of Dr. F. Wagner and F. Bodenstedt. By Lascelles Wraxall. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854.

5. "Travels in Circassia." By Edmund Spencer. London: Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street. 1838.

6. "Journal of a Residence in Circassia, 1837-39." By J. S. Bell. Published by Moxon. 1840.

7. "Notes on Circassia." By Captain W. Jesse. Published by Madden. 1841.

8. "Adventures in Circassia." By G. P. Cameron. Hurst and Blackett. 1845.

Greeks undertook two expeditions, those of Phryxus and the Argonauts. The former founded a colony in Kytaïs or Kutaïs, the present capital of Mingrelia, and his children welcomed Jason, the leader of the Argonauts, who landed on the banks of the Phasis, and passed through the land of Circe. Herodotus tells us that Jason carried off Medea, the daughter of King Æetes, after having by her means made himself master of the Golden Fleece. He bore her away to Greece, together with all her father's treasures. About this tradition the Circassians are themselves silent; however, they agree with the Father of History when he fixes the Caucasus as the land of the Amazons. Their story of the matter is this:—The Circassians or Tcherkess originally occupied Tauris; thence they proceeded to the Caucasus, but discovering their inability to conquer the Amazons, they put an end to the contest in the most amicable manner by marrying them. The education of the Circassian women was well adapted to confirm this tradition. In their last struggle for their independence they shared all the toils and perils of war with their husbands. At the capture of Achulko, the Russians were astonished at the sight of 400 armed women, who, after fighting with the greatest intrepidity, chose death rather than slavery. These heroines, as soon as they perceived that all was irretrievably lost, hurled themselves over the cliffs into an abyss that yawned 600 feet beneath them.

From the traditions of this country let us now turn to its history. Alexander of Macedon, on his expedition to India, conquered Iberia, the present Georgia, which was at that time peopled by Caucasians; Tzcheta was the only town which offered him a protracted resistance. Upon taking it, irritated by the loss of time he had sustained from the length of the siege, the monarch levelled its walls with the ground, put to death all the children below the age of fifteen whom he found within it, and carried off its male inhabitants as prisoners. He then pursued his march, leaving behind him Ason, one of his captains, as governor of Iberia. Before long, however, Pharnaces, a descendant of the royal family, at that time almost extinct, found a hidden treasure, by means of which he collected a numerous body of partisans, made war upon Ason, and after killing him in battle, again gave independence to his country. Mithridates, the famous King of Pontus and the Bosphorus, the deadly enemy of Rome, occupied Colchis and Abasia, at which time also Atagus, King of Iberia, became his tributary. Although assisted by his son-in-law, Tigranes, King of Armenia, he was defeated by Pompey, 65 B.C. When the battle was lost, he fled to the mountains of the Caucasus to nurse magnificent though impracticable schemes for the overthrow of the Roman empire. Georgia and Colchis were afterwards subjugated by Rome; but these countries were of so little service to her that she contented herself with the mere nomination of the kings selected from the people. Strabo, Pliny, and Ptolemy refer to the Caucasus. "Iberia," says the first-mentioned author, "is inhabited by four different castes of men. To the first belong the kings, to the second the priests, to the third the husbandmen, and to the fourth the slaves." Of the two latter historians, Pliny mentions a fortified pass in the Caucasus which he calls the Pylæ Caspiæ; Ptolemy calls it the Sarmatian Gate. Both of these are identified with the Pass of Dariel. Thus much for the Caucasus in the Christian era. After the death of our Lord, the Apostles Simon, of Cana, and Andrew, preached in Abasia and Colchis, but, it would appear, with only slight success.

The Arabian authors tell us that Nuscherevan, a Circassian king in the days of dawning Christianity, to defend himself against the invasion of the barbarous tribes of Asia, built a wall across the whole of the Eastern Caucasus. This reminds us of the way in which the ancient Britons resisted the Picts and Scots. Traces of this wall are said still to exist in the Caucasus. In the year 650 A.D., Georgia, then called Djorsan, was taken possession of by the Arabians. Of the Circassian tribes in these days some were Christians, some Jews, in their profession; the greater number Mohammedans. The first mention we have of Russian aggression in the Caucasus, is when the Prince Sviatoslar plundered the Caucasian town of Sa-

mander, and stormed the fortress of Belaia-Bess, which had been built by Greek engineers. This was in the eleventh century. At the beginning of the thirteenth the Mongolians made their first incursion into the Caucasus, and received on this occasion the submission of Georgia. This province, however, regained its independence until, in the year 1380, Timur, the great Mongolian chieftain, whose name signifies "iron," was the means of again securing for his race the submission of a Georgian prince. He was, however, allowed to preserve the crown on condition of his abjuring Christianity. On his retreat from Persia, in the year 1399, Timur marched against Melek Gurgin, Prince of Georgia, that monarch having refused to yield into his hands the fugitive Prince of Bagdad. Melek intrenched himself in the mountains, and in order to conquer him, Timur made use of a very curious stratagem. Ropes of 300 yards in length were twisted by his orders. To these baskets were attached, in which soldiers were placed, and let down from the mountain ridges on the Asiatic side of the Caucasus, upon the bewildered natives. His success was complete, and Melek was soon brought to terms. About this time it is extremely probable that no small number of Crusaders found shelter in the Caucasus, and the immense number of European arms which from this date were found among the Tcherkess, confirm this belief; nay, we are assured that the Circassians have still among them swords, shields, and cuirasses of the greatest antiquity. This supposition is further strengthened by this curious trait in Circassian character. Whenever their chiefs or princes begin to fortify a town, or build a new stronghold, the greatest jealousy and repugnance were excited among the people. This peculiarity they themselves explain by informing us that long long ago a brave people, talking a language which they did not understand, took refuge in their country. These they received with open arms, and even intermarried with them. They lived on good terms with the strangers during the lifetime of the latter. When, however, this was at an end, the offspring of the mixed marriages began to play the usurpers. As their numbers increased they built themselves castles, and by their superior skill in warfare, lorded it over their less civilized neighbours. To the objection on the part of the Tcherkess to a repetition of this petty tyranny, is to be attributed their aversion to strongholds. We say "petty tyranny," because the strangers were never many in number. This story seems a true one, and sounds very like a tradition of the transplantation on a small scale of the feudal system from western Europe. Until quite lately it was rumoured that far in the wild interior of Circassia dwelt a tribe that still professed Christianity, and whose warriors went forth to battle clothed in armour from head to foot.

The Genoese next formed several settlements at the foot of the Caucasus. Their commerce even extended over the mountains to Persia, and they had mines worked for them in Mingrelia. In the year 1475, Kaffa fell into the hands of the Turks, and all intercourse between Europe and the East was thus cut off. To this day, however, traces of Genoese enterprize are to be seen in the ruined churches and other buildings which are scattered over the Tauric Chersonese. In the sixteenth century the Russians reappeared to make war on the Caucasus. Before long, however, we find them on a friendly footing with the Tcherkess, for we read of the latter fighting for the Czar Ivan IV., before Astrakan, and in Livonia. At the dawn of the thirteenth century, the Russians were driven, by the united Turks and Circassians, out of Daghistan, one of the most fertile provinces of the Caucasus. The earliest as well as most important conquest made by Russia in this country, was that of Immeritia, under the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch. Alexander, the sovereign of that country, voluntarily surrendered himself and his territories to Russia, and took, in the year 1650, the oath of fidelity to the Emperor of the Muscovites. As some Russian traders had been put to death in 1711 by the Lesghis, an important Circassian tribe, Peter the Great marched against them after the lapse of a few years, with an army of 20,000 men, who were supported by a fleet on the Caspian. He defeated the Lesghis, took Derbend,

and built a chain of forts on their territory. Anne, Empress of Russia, lost all her possessions in the Caucasus. Elizabeth, her successor, more peaceably bent, tried, by means of missionaries, to convert some of the Circassian tribes, but her attempts at proselytism proved a total failure. Catherine II. of Russia, regained some of the lost dominions of her country in the Caucasus, the Kabardah among others. The details of this war, during the next thirty years, are so tedious that we shall omit them. In the year 1812, Daghistan, which had meantime fallen into the hands of Russia, was excited to revolt by Amulad Bey, the Schamyl of his day. Less fortunate than the latter, he was soon taken prisoner, but his life was spared. At the first opportunity, however, that afforded itself he escaped. Yermoloff, the Russian Commander, put a price upon his head, and quelled the revolt. Amulad Bey had vanished, and was never heard of again. This Yermoloff was called by the Circassians "the Russian Devil." Sass, another Russian general, became so terrible to them, owing to some well-contrived and well-executed expeditions against their tribes, that Circassian mothers used his name to frighten their children into obedience, as the Scotch did that of the Black Douglas. Meanwhile the war had extended from one end of the Caucasus to the other; for Kasi Mullah, the first reputed prophet of the Circassians, like Mohammed, led his forces to battle with the banner of revolt in one hand, the Koran in the other. After he had achieved a long course of victories by the most consummate strategy as well as the most determined valour, he was besieged in the stronghold of Himri, by the Russian generals Rosen and Wiliaminoff. After a month of obstinate resistance, in which the besiegers suffered greatly, Himri was taken by storm, Kasi Mullah slain, and all his Murids, or body-guard, with one single exception, cut down. This one was Schamyl, who, though wounded by a bullet and with a bayonet thrust in his side, escaped from the hands of his enemies to make the Caucasus ring with the glory of his name. After this victory the Russians thought the war was at an end, but they were much mistaken. Hamsad Bey took the place of Kasi Mullah, as prophet and general of the Caucasus. After a career as daring as that of his predecessor, the new leader perished by the sword of his own race. This tragedy occurred at Chunsak, the residence of the Khan of the Avarians. Pashubike, who was in favour of Russia, refused to join Kasi Mullah, in 1830. At a later period Hamsad Bey took Chunsak, and revenged himself upon Pashubike for his former treachery, by putting several of his family to death. The vendetta, or blood-revenge, is so deeply implanted in the minds of these mountaineers, that an avenger is seldom wanting for the death of a Circassian. At the instigation of their father, the two sons of the Khan murdered Hamsad Bey whilst praying in the mosque at Chunsak. One of the brothers was slain by the Murids, the other escaped to inflame the Avarians against the followers of the prophet. Numbers of Murids were assassinated in the mosque, the remainder took refuge in a neighbouring tower. Hadji Murad, the surviving murderer of Hamsad, gave orders to set fire to the tower, and only two Murids escaped from the conflagration. One of these was Schamyl, who again vanished without leaving a trace behind him. These two almost miraculous escapes gave him a greater prestige than as many victories would have done. His followers and resources increased from day to day, until at last he became the acknowledged general of the Tcherkess. He was destined, however, ere long, to meet with a most serious reverse. As Kasi Mullah had been besieged in Himri, so Schamyl was blockaded in the fortress of Achulko. This word is of Tartar origin, and signifies "a meeting-place in disturbed times." Pursued by the Russian army, who were immensely superior to him in numbers, Schamyl determined to throw himself into this stronghold and there await the attack of his foes. Achulko is by nature remarkably well adapted to sustain a siege. Crowning a huge mass of rocks, it is protected on one side by a precipice, which sheers almost perpendicularly 600 feet into the river Koissu. On the other side

it is guarded by deep and dangerous ravines, intercepted by swift mountain torrents. Schamyl, schooled by defeat under the former prophets, had rendered this position still stronger by art. After a spirited resistance of three months, in which time the besiegers lost more than twice the total number of the besieged, Achulko was taken; but Schamyl, the object of the expedition, was neither among the slain nor the captured. Some few Circassians were still to be seen on the mountain-peaks overhanging the citadel. After a while some deserters from their number came down to inform the Russians that Schamyl was above their heads, and intended to make his escape by letting himself down by ropes in the course of the night. The story was credited, and accordingly some soldiers were set to guard the spot indicated by the Circassians as the place of the intended descent. At midnight a slight stir was heard. Two Lesghis came down from the heights with catlike activity. They seemed sent on before to reconnoitre. Before long a third, wrapped in a white cloak, such as Schamyl was in the habit of wearing, descended noiselessly from above, upon which the guards burst from their hiding-place, and at once conducted the three Circassians as prisoners to the tent of Grabbe, the Russian Commander-in-Chief. Here, however, it was soon discovered that they were mistaken in their man, and had not caught the prophet after all. On the instant that his enemies had left the preconcerted spot, the true Schamyl descended silently from his eyrie, and made off in safety through the darkness. On hearing of this third escape, the Tcherkess, more than ever convinced of the divine nature of his mission, flocked again by thousands to his standard. Before long he found himself in a condition to take ample vengeance upon Grabbe for the loss of Achulko. By a number of rapid and simultaneous attacks, he made himself master of most of the Russian forts in the Ruban line. At the head of 15,000 Tchetchenges he invaded the territory of the Kumyks—a tribe who had embraced the Russian alliance. By skilfully preventing the junction of their forces, he defeated them in detail, and bore home an immense amount of booty. Upon this Grabbe determined to revenge himself upon the prophet by taking Dargo, one of his residences, as well as an important base of operations for the Tcherkess. Schamyl, on this occasion, by vigorous and repeated flank attacks, so disheartened the Russian general, that when within ten versts of Dargo he gave orders for retreat. In the forests of Itchkeri the Russian army was nearly annihilated. The Tcherkess, seeing their foes retire, rushed with redoubled vigour and animosity upon them. To complete the confusion, a captured Russian drummer was compelled to beat the reveille, and thousands deceived by it fell into an ambuscade prepared for them by the Tcherkess. Woronzoff, the Fabius Cunctator of the Russians, was Schamyl's next opponent. This general had been commanded to take Dargo at any price. Schamyl, who was not in sufficient force to defend his stronghold, allowed it to fall into the hands of the enemy. But when the Russians began to retreat, he again attacked them with such impetuosity in the forests of Itchkeri that Woronzoff's troops were nearly utterly destroyed. This terrible carnage taught the Russian general a lesson which he was not slow in applying. He declared to the Czar that it was useless to attempt the subjugation of the Circassians at a single blow. The enemy would have to be gradually exhausted, and time and patience were the only requisites for this course of policy. The Emperor acquiesced, and Woronzoff at once sent his light troops to traverse the Caucasus, whilst with the rest of his forces he began to build a chain of forts around his unconquered enemies. Schamyl's last great exploit took place in the year 1846. At the head of a body of horsemen he ran the gauntlet between two lines of forts; crossed two great rivers, thereby greatly endangering his retreat; and fell upon the lowlanders of Kabardat—a Circassian race subject to Russia. This was an act of extraordinary boldness, for he might have been easily surrounded and annihilated by his enemies in the plains, owing to his great inferiority of numbers; notwithstanding, his scheme was crowned

with the most complete success. He laid waste the Kabardat, burnt its crops, and recrossed the Russian lines like lightning, with a large number of prisoners. Leaving him in the zenith of his glory, let us pause for a few moments upon the life and influence of this most remarkable man. Schamyl was born in 1797, at the village of Himri. In his early youth he was marked out from his playmates by reserve, curiosity, inflexibility of temper, and ambition. As a child, a warm admirer of nature, he used every fine evening to climb the barren rocks of Himri. Near the summit of these rocks—which rising abruptly from the bosom of a vast forest, fling themselves abroad into the most fantastic and terrible shapes—there is a wild and arid plateau. This spot is known throughout all Daghistan for the superstitious stories which are attached to it. The villagers say that at night flames rise from this spot and burst high above the rocks of Himri. Hither, too, Simurg—the huge white bird of Solomon, who has for centuries been enthroned in Kafdagh—soars on his clanging pinions, and the air seems to weep and lament at the sound of his awful flight; whilst the Peris—the blessed dwellers in Djinnistan, the fairyland of Circassia—foot it merrily round the ghastly flames. At this holy spot, which none other dared approach after sunset, Schamyl used to spend half the night buried in fanciful reveries. His naturally tender and delicate frame he strengthened by every kind of gymnastic exercise; and if he was worsted in a public contest of skill or strength with his fellows, his mortification would not let him be seen for weeks in any frequented place. Jilalilal Eddin, his revered teacher, had more influence over the youthful Schamyl than any one else. Under his instruction Schamyl gained an intimate acquaintance with Arabic. By episodes from the lives of the great heroes of Islamism he strove, and not in vain, to excite in his scholar a passion for glorious deeds. Himself a zealot in Sufism, he imparted its tenets to the ardent mind of a scholar who seemed born to the belief. Schamyl, as we have mentioned, was a Murid, first of Kasi Mullah, and then of Hamsad Bey. On the death of the latter he became the acknowledged leader and prophet of the Caucasus. His private and public character, his hatred of the Russians, and his personal bravery, well fitted him for the position which he then began to occupy. His eloquence was such that, in the words of a Circassian poet, "lightnings flash from his eyes, flowers fall from his lips." Schamyl succeeded, as none of his predecessors did, in uniting beneath his banner tribes who had been at feud for ages. Great wisdom is shown by the way in which he organised his army. He divided his territory into twenty provinces, each of which he put under the authority of a naïb. Every naïb had to maintain 300 mounted soldiers, who were chosen under the following rules:—that a soldier be provided by lot from among every ten houses in a village; that his family, during his lifetime, be exempt from taxation; and lastly, that the equipment and support of the soldier be supplied by the remaining nine families. To guard against surprise, these warriors had to wear their arms night and day.* The Murids, or chosen body-guard of the prophet, were 1,000 in number. To gain this exalted rank it was necessary to consent to the heaviest sacrifices. As long as they were under service the unmarried had to remain single, the married man to suspend all communications with his family. Like Schamyl, they had to excel the rest of the soldiery in moderation and abstinence. No instance was ever known of one of his Murids falling alive into the hands of the Russians. The leaders in peace as well as in war, they were the enthusiastic upholders of his religious doctrines, and the stern executioners of his laws. We conclude our sketch of Schamyl with a terrible though characteristic story which is told of him.

In 1843 a deputation was sent to Schamyl by the tribes of the Great and Little Tchetchnia, who were surrounded and hard pressed by the Russians. The deputies, four in number, were commissioned to ask for a reinforcement sufficient to drive the

* Not less wise was his establishment of a flying post, by means of which a communication was kept up between all parts of the Caucasus.

enemy from their country, or, failing this, that they might with his authority subject themselves to the Russian government. Schamyl had repeatedly sworn that the first person who talked to him of submission to the Giaours, should die the death. The deputies, aware of this oath, were far from intending in person to urge their suit. Accordingly they determined, if possible, to bring the question before Schamyl, through the medium of the Khanum, his mother. This woman had at that time more influence than any one else over her son. On their arrival at Dargo their Konak, or international host, introduced them to the Khanum. Under the influence of bribes—to which indeed she seemed always to have been open—the mother undertook to break their request to her son. On the same evening she sought and gained an interview with Schamyl, although he was at the time under a heavy stress of business, being on the point of sending his Murids with inflammatory messages to the neutral Caucasian tribes. Their conversation lasted till midnight. None ever knew what actually passed between them; but when Hassim Mullah, the Konak, went the next morning to learn from the Khanum the decision of Schamyl, he found her pale and in tears. "My son," she said, trembling, "does not himself dare to give me an answer. He has therefore gone to the mosque in order, with prayer and fasting, to learn Mohammed's will from his own lips." Schamyl had, indeed, shut himself up in the mosque, with the order that all the people of Dargo should wait in prayer around the building until he should come out again. Upon this the whole of the neighbouring population flocked from their homes and surrounded the mosque with prayer and lamentation. Three days and three nights went by. Many of the suppliants sank exhausted from want of food and sleep, until at last the gates unfolded, and Schamyl came forth with features pale and swollen from fasting.

After a whispered message to the nearest Murid, he mounted upon the flat roof of the mosque, accompanied by several of his body-guard. Before long the messenger came back with the Khanum, whom he led to the prophet's side. Amidst the dead silence that ensued, he turned to the people, and said in a loud voice—"Inhabitants of Dargo, what I have to announce to you is terrible. The Tchetchenzes have sent a deputation to me seeking submission to the Giaour. Well aware of my oath, these messengers applied to my mother, who, weak woman that she was, consented to break their request to me. My attachment for her rendered me so bold that I undertook to ask the will of Muhammad himself, the favourite of Allah. He has at length deigned me an answer, but, oh! what a terrible one. By his orders, the first person who breathed to me the villanous wishes of the Tchetchenzes, is to receive a hundred lashes. This person is my mother." The poor old woman, on hearing her name thus mentioned, uttered a terrible cry, but Schamyl was unmoved. The Murids tore off her veil, and bound her to a pillar, whilst the prophet himself caught up the lash to inflict the punishment. At the fifth blow the Khanum fell down dead; and Schamyl threw himself in an agony of sorrow at her feet. Suddenly, however, he sprang up, and stood erect, and, with eyes sparkling with joy, cried—"God is God, and Muhammad is his prophet. In answer to my prayer, he now permits me to undergo the rest of the stripes which my mother owes him for her guilt." So saying, he smilingly threw off his upper garments, and ordered two of his Murids to inflict upon him the rest of the lashes. They did so, and covered his body with ninety-five bleeding wheals without his stirring a muscle. After the last stroke he quietly resumed his garments, and then descended from the mosque among his horror-stricken people, asking, in a calm, collected voice, "Where are my mother's murderers, the deputies of the Tchetchenzes?" "Here! here!" a thousand cried in a breath; and, quick as thought, the unfortunate men were tossed from hand to hand until they lay cowering at the prophet's feet. No one doubted their death. The Murids stood waiting with drawn sabres. Schamyl, however, raised them with his own hand, saying, "Go in peace to your tribe, and tell them, in reply to their demand, all that you have heard and witnessed here." Need we add that no deputa-

tion was ever sent to Dargo on a like errand. Here was a patriot indeed who did not shrink to sacrifice his beloved mother for what he knew to be the welfare of his country and himself.

After hearing so much of Circassian victories, our readers may feel curious to know how they are gained. Let us suppose the Russian army to be resting in a broad, fertile valley, which they have just desisted from desolating. The tribe to whom it belonged, and who had insidiously deserted it, unseen by their foes, are waiting the sign of battle from above. They are nearly all mounted. At a motion from the chief a warrior bard rides apart, harp in hand, and awakes the war-song :—

"Hark, the hill-tops all around
Buffet back their cannon's roar;
Hark, their trumpet's boastful sound
Challenges our tribe to war.

"Forth! and with unerring eye
Launch the storm of leaden hail;
Wave the sword, and cry the cry
At whose sound the boldest quail.

"Glorious is the patriot's death,
With his forehead to the foe;
God receives his parting breath,
Angels guard his grave below.

"Children, forth to do or die!
Wave the sword, and cry the cry;
Think of those ye helpless leave.
Shout, then, as your way ye cleave
Freedom for the Atteghei!"*

At the end of every verse all the surrounding warriors repeat it in chorus. The chief then appoints a *rendezvous* as near the Russian lines as possible. His troops scatter, and commence their noiseless descent, every man for himself. They ride wherever there is sufficient shelter; where this is wanting they walk, followed by their horses, who, from the good treatment which they receive, are even more attached to their masters than their pet lapdogs to the young ladies of the present day. Crouching in the wake at a gesture from their lords, they seem as expectant and eager for the prey as the Teherkess themselves. Arrived in safety at the appointed meeting-place, the warriors form in line. The signal of battle is given; and, like one of their own mountain torrents, the Circassians burst from their hiding-place. Then uttering a war-cry so inhuman, so terrible, that it can be only compared to the grave-yard laughter of the hyena, they fall headlong upon their enemies. The Russians, unsuspecting an attack, and paralyzed by the war-cry, which is rendered still more horrible from its very suddenness, give way before the impetuosity of the charge, and the battle is won by the mountaineers.

In 1850 Schamyl once more broke through the Russian lines to punish the disobedience of deserting tribes. Yet, like Hannibal in the mountains of the Bruttii, his efforts grew daily weaker and weaker, for want of supplies, until Woronzoff had the triumph of seeing his policy well-nigh successful. Then came our war with Russia, during which the Circassians showed their weakness by themselves taking no part in the struggle; but of this more anon. For their part they made use of it as a breathing space, well knowing that its termination would be the signal for renewed hostilities on the part of their enemies.

In this they were not mistaken. After a most desperate resistance, during which a famine added to the miseries of a war, the Circassians had been at last compelled to yield to Russia.

That Schamyl disappeared in a remarkable, nay suspicious, manner from the Caucasus is known to all. This disappearance has led to most contradictory reports about him. Some affirm that bribery had brought him over to the Russians; it is not at all unlikely that this rumour was set afloat by the Russians themselves; others state that he was either murdered or slain in battle. We feel great pleasure in being able to narrate the actual fact. Schamyl and some of his family were starved out of a fort in which they had been surprized by the Russians. Upon his capture he was conveyed in secret from the Caucasus to Moscow.

Of these facts we have been assured by a friend to whom they were frankly related by the Russian Prince Lieven, whom he met in the course of a tour through Hungary. His informant further assured him that Schamyl is very well treated at Mos-

* The sentiments embodied in the above lines are to be found in a translation from the Circassian in Mr. Spencer's second volume of "Travels in Circassia."

cow, where he is kept as a state prisoner. An amusing anecdote told of him by the Prince may not be out of place here, as being illustrative of the patriarchal simplicity of the Circassians. When Schamyl was first put into the house assigned to him, the Russians, as was only civil, allotted him his sleeping-room upon the drawing-room floor; his son they placed in the next story above. The Russian officer into whose charge Schamyl had been intrusted called upon him the following morning to see how matters went. He found Schamyl in a violent passion. On questioning him as to the cause of his anger, the prophet turned upon him, crying, "Dog! you have put the son to sleep over his father's head!" So saying he marched upstairs until he reached the attic. Here he ensconced himself in the proud consciousness that they could not put his son any higher, and no persuasions could induce him to leave his new quarters. Schamyl is now nearly seventy years old. Tall, well-proportioned, of a stately carriage, and handsome face, with a snowy beard that sweeps his breast; he is, indeed, the very ideal of a patriarch."

It would be needless to refer to the present condition of the Circassians, when it stares us in the face from nearly every newspaper that we take up.

Let us now imagine ourselves to be living twenty years ago, so as to be able with comfort to speak of the social condition of the Circassians. The political constitution of the Circassian tribes is curious. They are each governed by a prince or chief, who leads them out to battle, presides at the assembly, and enriches himself at their expense by a property-tax, to which all are liable. Beyond this however he has no power. He can neither frame a law nor punish an offender, but is as amenable to standard discipline as any of his subjects. The tribes are subdivided into brotherhoods. These brotherhoods are, like the old English hundreds, responsible for the offences of the individual. Deputies from these form the national assembly; all the legislative and judicial powers belong to this body. They meet on moonlight nights in sacred groves to discuss the interests of their tribe.

The chiefs and most of the upper classes profess a species of Islamism. The mass of the people have but a very confused notion of religion. A being resembling the good spirit of the North American Indians they believe to be God. Besides him they worship his mother, Merissa, as guardian of their bees; Seozeres, the ruler of winds and waves, and protector of travellers; and Tliebske, the spirit of war, who, half Mars, half Vulcan, presides over the forging as well as the use of arms. All these, however, occupy the position of saints, and are supposed to act as mediators between Tchke and his people. Merissa is by some identified with the Virgin Mary. Besides all these ideas on religion, they talk mysteriously of three sisters, who are omnipresent and omniscient. These they propitiate, before going into battle, with prayer and sacrifice. It is suspected that this strange belief is founded upon that of the Holy Trinity. In some wild mountain caves the Prophet Elias is worshipped quite independently of any connexion that he holds with Christianity. This worship is probably of Jewish origin. The Circassians celebrate prayer once a week in their sacred groves. They have no priests by profession, except the Mohammedan Mullahs. Accordingly old men of unblemished character officiate at their prayers and sacrifices. Ruined churches and the decaying crosses which constantly surprise the traveller in the groves and forests of the Caucasus, indicate pretty clearly that Christianity was once professed in this country. Many of its rites are still found side by side with the most monstrous superstitions. A feast corresponding in time to our Easter is kept at the end of a month of strict fasting. This fast lasts three days; and it is worthy of remark that in the course of it the Tcherkess present one another with coloured eggs, after the manner of the Germans and lower English of the northern counties. The chief occupation of the Circassians is that of cattle-breeding. Their horses, which are held in the highest estimation, combine beauty, strength, and fleetness to a most remarkable degree. A word here about the trade in Circassian girls. Before Schamyl put a stop to the practice, a father

might sell his unmarried daughters to the highest foreign bidder. The contractors for the Turkish and Persian harems used to appear and carry off successive cargoes of these pretty unfortunates. The poor girls themselves were brought up to the idea that a Turkish or a Persian harem was a kind of Paradise on earth. They little knew the bitter privations to which their mercenary exporters would subject them on the voyage. Stripped of their finery, and gaunt with hunger, they were brought into the eastern markets, and the niggardly traders defeated their own object by receiving very low prices for their damaged merchandise. Strange to say, these mistresses have been the means of the Circassian exodus into Turkey. Carrying into exile their native spirit and patriotism in addition to their beauty, these Circassian women soon succeeded in gaining greater influence over their Ottoman lords than their more languid rivals in love. This influence they have exerted so strongly that there is now scarcely a noble Turk who has not Circassian blood in his veins. A strong fellow-feeling has thus grown up between these two nations, which has finally resulted in the generous reception which the Sublime Porte is now giving to the broken-hearted tribes of the Caucasus.

But to return to the past as if it were the present. Of trades, that of the armourer is the only one professed in the Caucasus among men, and is most significant of their position. The women are skilful in embroidery and robe-making. With some tribes wild honey is the chief article of commerce. It is found deposited in crevices of the rocks. When first obtained it is hard and glutinous, but on melting becomes most delicate to the taste.

Every male Circassian is at his birth presented with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, as symbolic of his future destiny. An amulet is then hung about his neck to protect him against witchcraft and the evil eye. For the first few years of his life he is left with his mother, after which he is pronounced ready for an attalik, or private tutor. To us the words "private tutor," convey the idea of a man of letters, who receives a salary from, and is boarded and lodged by, his pupil's parents, in consideration of his instructing their child, as far as his age admits, in the learning of the day, but who is of course liable to be dismissed at the humour of his employers. Very different are the position and duties of the attalik. His social standing is not a whit inferior to that of the rest of his tribe. Instead of living with his engagers, he carries his pupil off to his own home, and there instructs him, not in book-lore, but in gymnastics, riding, swimming, and the use of warlike weapons. His young charge is, however, further instructed by him in the art of eloquence, as well as in that of stealing with adroitness; for those who, owing to their clumsiness, should be detected in a theft, are liable to a heavy fine. This last peculiarity of education the Circassians possess in common with the Spartans. Boys are considered the property of the tribe rather than of the father; and should he neglect to choose an attalik for them, anyone who wishes may offer to undertake the charge. There are even instances of enthusiasts in education carrying off a pupil by main force, and even then, by Circassian law, their conduct would not be punishable. Having reached manhood, the young mountaineer is brought back in triumph to his family, none of whom he has seen during his absence from home, it being considered an act of unpardonable weakness for the father even to wish to see his child, until his education is complete. In all this we trace a curious analogy to one of the customs of Western Europe in the middle ages; for, as we are aware, it was the practice for young aspirants to the honours of knighthood not to remain to be brought up at home, but to be sent into the household of some noble, there to get trained as pages in the practice of chivalrous exercises, until their age entitled them to act for themselves. A feast is held on the occasion of the return of the youth with his attalik, at which the pupil displays his acquirements, both of exercise and eloquence. The tutor is then overwhelmed with gifts and congratulations, and becomes ever afterwards the fast friend of the family. The education of her daughters rests with the mother, by whom

they are taught, besides the domestic duties, horsemanship, and the use of arms. It would be idle to dilate upon their beauty, which is so universally known. There is, however, one fact in connexion with it which we may advert to—we refer to the superior charms of the married women over those of the unmarried. This is due to the use among the latter of the virginal corset, which is dispensed with upon marriage.

And marriage is the next event in the life of the Tcherkess, taking place as it does at a very early age. Polygamy only exists among very few of the tribes of the Caucasus, and even with them it is the exception rather than the rule. In the middle classes a man chooses a wife according to his taste, but the young noble is guided in the choice by his father. Acting on different matrimonial principles from ours, the bride has to be purchased from her family by the bridegroom, the only dowry that she brings him being her personal charms. Horses, slaves, cattle, and costly arms are the chief articles for which the would-be husband gains his wife. However, until the marriage settlements are agreed upon, the bride is so jealously watched by her family that it is only with the utmost difficulty that the lover can steal a sight of her. But as soon as these difficulties are smoothed away, the wedding takes place, accompanied by the most uproarious revelry, during which, about midnight, the bridegroom has to rush in, and, with the help of a few daring young friends, carry off his bride by main force. The virginal corset that has cramped her frame for years is then cut, and she becomes his wife and equal. It will be seen by this that marriage is an easy matter for a man of wealth. It is far otherwise with the poor. Like the patriarchs of old, they have to serve for their wives sometimes for years. After going to such expense or such labour to obtain them, it is no wonder that the Circassians treat their wives well. After marriage comes education again, and then death.

One of its most common causes, disease, is by them regarded as the work of evil spirits. When, for example, a chieftain falls ill of fever, instead of giving him fair play by patience and repose, they make the sick-room quite a babel of uproar and confusion, thinking that by doing so they will drive away the demons of ill, and so restore the sick man to health. Should the chief, however, die, notwithstanding all these precautions for his safe recovery, their sorrow is terrible to a degree. The women sit round the body wailing and tearing their hair, the men scourge themselves with whips until the blood flows. The body is then borne to the grave with no other covering than a white sheet, the family and friends of the deceased following with bitter and incessant lamentations. If, however, a friend has been killed by lightning they show no sorrow, thinking it the greatest sign of divine favour to meet with such a death. After the corpse has been interred, a friend pronounces a funeral oration over the departed, praising, as it may be, his bravery, his eloquence, or his piety.

We may here sum up the character of the Circassians. Frank in speech, faithful to their promises, they are the very soul of honour. That Tcherkess must indeed be poor at whose door the beggar cries in vain. Their reverence for old age is remarkable. The grey-beard's voice subdues alike the cry of rage and the tongue of the babbler. Temperate and frugal in their habits, their hospitality knows no bounds. A coward they treat with the most sovereign contempt. If in good health, he is an outcast from society; if an invalid, he is compelled to live and herd with their dogs.

Such are the remarkable people whose miseries we are looking upon to-day only to forget to-morrow. Ay, to-morrow we shall forget them, and for many to-morrows; but before the next century is old we shall remember them, perhaps, with shame and self-reproach.

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times without number that I am too old for you."

"No, *no*, NO, NO!" exclaimed Harry, impetuously, and *crescendo*.

"Hush! We shall be overheard. I *am* too old for you; and, if I were not, I cannot marry you."

"Why not?"

"That is a mystery. But, if you want my words confirmed, ask Guy Luttrel."

"Luttrel is my evil genius," exclaimed Harry, vehemently. "He loves you himself. I'll fight him, by Jove!"

And the young man jumped up hastily, as if at once to seek and challenge his assumed rival.

"What a fiery, impetuous boy you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzmaurice, laying upon Harry's arm her pretty plump hand. "Mr. Luttrel was never in love with anyone but himself. I simply said that he could verify my statement as to the impossibility of my marrying you."

"He shall tell me *why*, or I'll send him into another world!" exclaimed Harry, in a passion.

"Now, my dear Harry," said the siren, holding his coat-sleeve with a firm grip, "don't be so wild. He will not tell you why, and I dare not. But it is true—O my God! it is true. Would that it were not! No, Harry, if you love me, don't quarrel with Guy Luttrel. He is my good friend; let him be yours."

"Helen," said Mauleverer, "all this rhapsody is nonsense. Guy is one of the best fellows in the world. Who wants to quarrel with him? But, confound it, what business has he interfering between you and me? He isn't your father, is he? He's quite old enough. I don't want to have him telling me you can't marry me; I want to have you tell me that you can."

In this fierce style the young gentleman went on for some time, the wicked widow soothing him as well as she could; and of course she knew how. Surely a pretty woman, of a quarter-century old, is the craftiest creature in the world. Fox or hare is nothing to it. I'll be hanged if Lord Brougham himself, who, I suppose, ought to be the cleverest man alive in England, would have been a match for Helen Fitzmaurice. She'd have turned him round any one of those white, cylindrical fingers with the filbert nails.

There does not seem to be as great a difference between the male and female of other animals as between a man and a woman. The hen-falcon hunts better than her mate; the lioness is fiercer; but the horse far excels the mare. We cannot, however, detect any of that mysterious influence among other creatures which almost any woman can exercise over almost any man. Lucky they don't know their power, as Thackeray remarked. What brings Hercules to the foot of Omphale, dressed in female apparel, and spinning among her maidens? There is much meaning in the fine old myth, as in all the primeval legends. Have you, my friend, never beheld a man so athletic in brain and sense that he seemed almost a demigod, contentedly wearing the crinoline—

"Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

And I am not writing of illicit loves, or of the holier passions of hot youth—at least, not of these alone. Have you never beheld a man of genius and power, who might have swayed the nation, or left his mark upon the history or literature of the world, ruined by the influence of a commonplace wife, fit only

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer?"

But Harry and Helen have been left too long alone. It becomes dangerous. She succeeded in soothing him, of course; he revoked his vows of vengeance against Luttrel, and the last sound heard amid that dusky fragrance was the soft yet, if audible, unmistakable result of lips meeting lips.

THE STYLE OF BALZAC AND THACKERAY.

TOWARDS the latter end of the year 1850, there died, in Paris, one who has exerted a more marked influence on modern French literature than any other man of his age, and whose influence has been indirectly reflected upon the literature of our own country. That man was Balzac, a writer not much read in England, save by the few studious obscure individuals who ransack the French literature for something more than the materials for an "original drama," or the perplexing incidents of a mysterious novel. That Balzac's works are not more generally known to the English public, is a mystery yet to be solved, and an error which we trust will be one day remedied; for those forty-five volumes which he left behind as a legacy to the literature of his country, under the title of "La Comedie Humaine," contain a more subtle analysis of human life and passion, a more vivid picture of men and manners, than anything that has been transmitted to posterity by the pen of one single man since the days of Shakespeare. It has so often been objected by the English critic, that the French school of fiction is one of extravagant improbabilities and refined immorality, that the mere recommendation of a French novel is quite sufficient to excite the alarm, if not the indignation, of many worthy people of most approved principles, who, nevertheless, delight in the perusal of such novels as "Nobly False," "Recommended to Mercy," and a hundred others. This may have something to do with the ignorance of English readers of the treasures lying hidden in the "Comedie Humaine;" but although Balzac is not wholly free from the vices peculiar to French novelists, yet we may safely assert that there will be found in his works very little of that which some fastidious reader of a modern sensational novel would term "objectionable." Many of his works are wholly free from any trace of this dreaded taint; he is never coarse, never frivolous, and France may fairly meet all criticism on her school of fiction by pointing to her Balzac, who, with his caustic wit—more brilliant though less bitter than that of Douglas Jerrold—his polished style, his keen perception of character, amounting almost to an instinct, has not only elevated the tone of her own romances, but has tinged, if not in a great measure formed, the style of one of the greatest novelists of England—the late lamented author of "Vanity Fair."

Perhaps before endeavouring to compare the styles of Balzac and Thackeray, it would be interesting to notice some one or two extraordinary coincidences in the careers of the two men.

As soon as he had attained his majority, Balzac, much against the advice of his parents, left home, and took up his abode in the renowned Quartier Latin, a region in Paris which has no parallel in any other European city. A Utopian republic of artists, law students, medical students, literary aspirants of all nations and tongues, living together on terms of perfect amity—a wild, jolly, reckless community, acknowledging no other law than its own unwritten code, whose enactments are suited to the temperaments of these gay Bohemians. Thither went Balzac; and in a garret, living upon a diet that would have starved an Edinborough reviewer, he passed some two or three years of hard labour. Into this community, and at about the same age, Thackeray entered and acquired that love of artist life which, like Balzac, he has so pleasantly depicted and so frequently alluded to in many of his works.

After an ineffectual struggle to attain popularity as a writer, Balzac's father insisted upon his turning his attention to some more promising career, advanced him a considerable sum of money, and started him in business. At the age of twenty-seven he had failed in that business, lost all his money, and retired again into solitude a ruined man, to write vigorously for his livelihood. At about the same age Thackeray lost his fortune in an unsuccessful speculation; and after much

previous *dilletante* writing, began to sit to his desk in earnest, with the bravery of a brave man struggling against adversity. Balzac worked on steadily through a ten years' obscurity, patiently striving to attract public notice, when by one bold effort in the shape of the "Physiologie du Mariage," he reached the foremost rank of the writers of his day, being then thirty-two. Thackeray, as his biography tell us, spent a similar ten years in almost ineffectual struggle, when, like Balzac, at one stroke, and by the issue of "Vanity Fair," he attracted the attention of the literary world of England, and was thenceforth recognised as one of her first novelists, being at this time also about the age of thirty-seven. Twenty years of labour brought fame and fortune to both, and the parallel of their lives ran on to the end perfect; for they both suddenly fell victims to the same fatal malady—Balzac at fifty, and Thackeray at fifty-two, both enjoying the gentle shelter of an aged mother's love, and both honoured, beloved, and lamented. A strange, most strange, parallel, scarcely to be found in the lives of any other two men in the literary history of any period.

We now advance to the investigation of the styles of these two great writers, and we must here premise a few observations concerning the material upon which they had to work. The heroic age must have gone out with what is called the dawn of civilization; for from that time we find heroes making way for merchants, troubadours for commercial travellers, and chivalry for policemen. Baronial halls retired before well-appointed mansions, retainers threw aside their jerkins of dull leather for a material of a softer nature and more brilliant hue; the even tenor of that romantic existence, interrupted occasionally by those tipsy brawls which formed the undercurrent of chivalry, was supplanted by the present gay, active, busy life, with its myriad of strange actors, and its multiplicity of conflicting and novel interests; an age of mighty achievements and mighty shams; an age adorned with the dazzling splendour of much real wealth, and the thin electroplate of much genteel poverty; an age of boundless charities, tempered by workhouses; an age of good and evil; a broad chequered life, whose undulations are as varied as the aspects of nature, or the everchanging emotions of the human heart.

No two men could have appeared more fitted to stereotype the manners of such an age as this than Balzac and Thackeray. Without being dazzled by the glare or stunned by the noise of the world, they watched the scene narrowly, penetrated beneath the surface of social life, and discovered the simple machinery by which it was all worked. They glided noiselessly through the gay masquerade with us, telling us strange stories, and occasionally lifting the mask of some passer by, when we saw what miserable padded wretches the blustering hectors of life often are: and as to the Venuses and Dianas, when we came close to them—and they had their masks off—we saw that so far from being goddesses, they were very ordinary people indeed. Consequently, instead of describing imaginary heroes and heroines, these keen observers of life have depicted men and women, not beautiful sculptured statues, but living objects—some far from being handsome, but all real, warm, palpitating, living. They forced their way through external appearances, through the elegant outworks of life, and dragged human nature to view in all its truthful and terrible reality. Both gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous, with a bright vein of satire, their pictures of life have a striking similitude; and in fine, in their opinions, their views, and their style of expressing them, there is a consistency and a likeness which may be best illustrated by a few comparisons.

Take the great secret of success as propounded by the two men. Balzac from bitter experience knew what was the fate of modest struggling worth, had doubtless often compared it with the rapid success of many a flourishing charlatan, and had come to the conclusion that success in life depends a great deal more on boldness and persistent energy than on actual merit: such is the nature of human admiration. He develops this theory in the "Peau de Chagrin," where Rastignac, who is a gay man of the world, advises Raphael, the poor, patient, obscure student, as to the proper way of proceeding. He tells him that, in-

stead of shutting himself up and labouring at his books, he should go into the world and accustom men to hear his name, to force himself upon their notice, indifferent about what they may think.

"Let us examine results," he says. "You only work. Well, you will gain nothing. As for me I am ready for everything, and good at nothing, idle as possible; and yet I shall accomplish everything. I spread myself about; I push myself forward; people make room for me. I boast of myself; people believe me. I create debts; people pay them off. A man's life is a speculation; he places his capital in friends, in pleasures, in protectors, and acquaintances."

The same theory is developed rather more fully in the following passage from "The Newcomes":—

"To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbour, elbow him, and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman, at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice Champagne and seltzer, cold pâté, or other his or her favourite flesh-pot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper, whence hundreds of people come empty away."

The same theory, only more fully worked out and applied to a few instances. We shall endeavour to show presently in what points these two great students of human nature differed in their estimate of the female character; but as regards the female character in the personification of the mother-in-law, they are both heartily agreed.

In the "Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale," one of the most amusing of Balzac's works, Adolphe is married, and like Clive Newcome, taken in charge by his mother-in-law. The scene is a drive into the country; the mother-in-law is seated with her daughter chatting about the excursion. Adolphe wishes to return home to dinner; the "*belle mère*" is anxious for a dinner *à la campagne*, and stimulates her daughter by saying—"After all Adolphe is right—it is more economical to dine at home."

Incited by the word "economical," the wife begins to torment the husband, but to no purpose; and the "*belle mère*" completes the mischief by another stroke. "Never mind, Caroline, he will do as he pleases." Consequently, by the time they return, the wife is sulky, the husband cross, and the whole pleasure of the trip has been destroyed. He adds, "Nothing tries your patience more than being managed by your mother-in-law; she is a hypocrite, enchanted to see you at cross purposes with her daughter, and softly, and with infinite precautions, she pours oil on the fire. . . . 'You must bear all these little things for *the sake of a woman who is in such a delicate situation*,' whispers your atrocious mother-in-law."

"In the evening you hear her consoling her daughter with these terrible words—'Be calm; they are all selfish: your father was just the same.'"

Clive's mother-in-law—Mrs. Mackenzie the campaigner—is no better than the "*belle mère*" of Balzac. The reader will recollect the scene at Boulogne, where they try to separate the married people from that worthy lady. It was all but accomplished, but the weather was rough, "and he was pronounced a brute to venture on it with a wife in Rosey's situation."

"Behind that 'situation' the widow shielded herself. She clung to her adored child, and from that bulwark discharged abuse and satire at Clive and his father. . . . She averred that she might be reduced to beggary; that she might be robbed of her last farthing, and swindled and cheated; that she might see her daughter's fortune flung away by unprincipled adventurers, and her blessed child left without even the comforts of life; but desert her in *such a situation*, he never would—no, never!"

The "atrocious mother-in-law" of Balzac, and "the campaigner" of Thackeray are alike in all their features, both continually throwing oil on the fire, and both invariably taking shelter behind the terrible "situation."

In his estimate of the female character, Thackeray is an instance of how a very wise and clever man may be led astray by a theme so full of subtle perplexities and mysterious contradictions as that mystery of mysteries, a woman's heart. Balzac himself humbly acknowledges the im-per-

able difficulties of the study, in his "Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale," where he says:—"To know them as I know them is to know very little about them; they do not know themselves;—in fine, the Creator was deceived in the only one he had to govern, and whom he had taken the trouble to create." It has been objected that Thackeray never sketched a thoroughly good woman, whilst all his bad women are masterpieces. That he acknowledged the existence of really good women, and reverenced them, there are plenty of evidences here and there in his works; that he could have sketched them had he chosen there cannot be the slightest question; that he has not sketched them so perfectly, so completely, as he has done their opposites is an artistic defect which has been justly reproved. His pictures of frivolous intriguing bad women are executed *con amore*, and with the greatest minuteness; so perfect and so faultless as works of art as to make it a matter of wonder that he who knew so thoroughly the weaknesses and follies of the female character, did not leave behind him, as a set-off to these terrible pictures, some embodiments of their virtues, some incarnations of self-sacrificing devotion, and unsullied purity, qualities which we feel sure no man was more able to recognise, or more ready to reverence than he. His bad women are executed, as we have already said, with artistic enthusiasm, whilst his good women seem to be sketched as it were by the hand of an unwilling workman. There are no artistic defects in his Becky Sharp, or his Baroness Bernstein; but two of his most prominent good women, Amelia Sedley and Ethel Newcome are seriously defective, the one being a fool and the other a flirt. His virtue has the Rochefoucauld taint in it—it is worldly, politic, or proud. Mrs. Hobson Newcome, "consummate virtue," as she is called, is nevertheless mean, jealous, selfish, and even spiteful. That there is no absolute perfection in the world we all know, but that women are virtuous without being spiteful, intriguing, or stupid, is a fact of which every man in his own experience can find proofs if he will. There is no such defect in Balzac, he took a more complete estimate of the female character, his bad women and his good are sketched with equal justice, as any one will acknowledge who reads his "Eugénie Grandet," "Femme de trente Ans," or "Physiologie du Mariage;" so that we are driven to the conclusion, that he must have had a more thorough knowledge of the female heart, or was a better artist than his English compeer. In many other points their conclusions about women are strangely coincident. They have both given a most touching picture of the patience of women under domestic tyranny, which we shall extract, not only as a comparison of their opinions, but also as an excellent specimen of the similarity of their styles, which may be seen by the most cursory examination.

In Balzac's "Lys dans la Vallée," there occurs the following passage:—

"What weakness! What impotence in human justice! It only avenges open acts. Why, on the one hand, should you punish with death and shame the murderer who slays at a stroke, who generally surprises you in slumber, and sends you to sleep for ever, or who strikes suddenly, and spares you the agony? And why, on the other hand, should you accord a life of happiness and esteem to the murderer who pours the gall drop by drop into the soul, and undermines the body to destroy it? Oh, the number of *unpunished murderers!* What complaisance for elegant vice! What acquittal for homicide caused by moral persecutions!

"I have seen many such victims who are as well known to you as to me. Madame de Beauseante who went a few days before my departure to Normandy dying! The Duchess of Langeais compromised, Lady Brandon brought to Torraine, to die in that humble house where Lady Dudley staid for two weeks, and shish by what a horrible catastrophe! Our age is fertile in events of this nature. Who did not know that poor young lady who poisoned herself, overcome by the jealousy, which, perhaps, was killing Madame de Mortsauf? Who has not trembled at the destiny of that charming young girl, who, like a flower stung by a gadfly, perished after two years of married life, a victim to her own virtuous ignorance—victim of a miserable wretch, to whom Bonquerolles, Montriveau de Marsay give the hand of friendship, because it suits their political projects? Who has not palpitated at the recital of the last moments of that woman, whom no prayer could unbend, and who would not see her husband again, though she had so nobly paid off his debts?

"The world and science are the accom-

plices of these crimes for which there is no court of justice. It seems that no one dies of chagrin, of despair, of hidden miseries, or of fruitless hopes. The new nomenclature has ingenious words to explain everything. Gastric fever, pericarditis, the thousand maladies of woman, serve as a passport for funerals, escorted by hypocritical tears, which the hand of the notary will soon dry up. Is there at the bottom of this unhappiness some law of which we have no cognizance? Is there in existence a strong, venomous life which battens upon gentle and tender creatures? Mon Dieu! do I then belong to a race of tigers?"

Compare this passage with the following, taken from "The Newcomes:"—

"Do you know, gentle and unsuspicious neighbours, or have you ever reckoned, as you have made your calculation of society, how many most respectable husbands help to kill their wives, how many respectable wives aid in sending their husbands to Hades? The wife of a chimney-sweep or a journeyman butcher comes shuddering before a police magistrate, her head bound up, her body scarred and bleeding with wounds which the drunken ruffian, her lord, has administered. A poor shopkeeper or mechanic is driven out of his home by the furious ill-temper of the shrill virago, his wife, takes to the public-house, to evil courses, to neglecting his business, to the gin bottle, to delirium tremens, to perdition. Bow-street, and policemen, and newspaper reporters, have cognizance and a certain jurisdiction of those vulgar matrimonial crimes; but in politer company how many *murderous assaults* are there by husband or wife, where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under blows quite as cruel and effectual—when, with old wounds yet unhealed, which she strives to hide under a smiling face from the world, she has to bear up and to be stricken down, and rise to her feet again under fresh strokes of torture? If you were acquainted with the history of every family in your street, don't you know that in two or three of the houses there such tragedies have been playing? Is not the young mistress of No. 20 already pining at her husband's desertion; the kind master of No. 30 racking his fevered brains, and toiling through sleepless nights, to pay for the jewels on his wife's neck and the carriage out of which she ogles Lotharlo in the Park? The fate under which man or woman falls—blow of brutal tyranny, heartless desertion, weight of domestic care too heavy to bear—are not blows such as these constantly striking people down?"

If the reader will only take the trouble to compare these two passages, he will perceive the strong likeness in the style of Thackeray to that of Balzac. The sentiment of the one passage is the exact counterpart of the other, with this single exception, that Balzac applied it only to the wife's sorrows, whilst Thackeray has, in addition, applied it to the husband's. But the marked peculiarities of Thackeray's style may be clearly traced in the passage of the French author. There is the same caustic vein of thought, suggesting the antithesis between the speedy punishment of open brutality and the impunity with which a victim may be crushed under a weight of moral brutality more ferocious, more fatal, but over which conventionality and refinement have thrown a veil, and of which justice takes no note; the same pointed personal form of sentence, as if to drive the truth home into the heart of every reader:—"Do you know?" "Have you calculated?" And then Balzac's:—"Who has not known?" "Who has not trembled?" "Who has not palpitated?" The same vigorous application of the truth to actual instances, such as come within the observation of every one:—the lady of No. 20 pining away at her husband's desertion; the kind master at No. 30 racking his brains, &c.; the poor young lady who poisoned herself under the secret tortures of jealousy; the outraged wife who nobly paid off her husband's debts, and yet would not see him in her last moments. Do not these marked similarities of idea—this harmony in the ring of their sentences—this family likeness in their conceptions and sentiments, illustrate the proposition we have set out with—that the sharp, caustic, profound genius of the author of "La Comédie Humaine" has exerted a powerful influence over the form of opinion, the cast of thought, and the peculiar ring or tone of style so characteristic in the author of "Vanity Fair?"

There is a passage in that well-known work, which bears upon the defect in the author's estimate of the character of a good woman alluded to. We shall have to quote the whole passage presently, but it is to the concluding sentence we call attention. He pays her a graceful compliment for her humility and devotion, her readiness to take the man's faults on her side and bear them, and then he

deduces this unfortunate axiom:—"It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them. They are born timid and tyrants; and maltreat those who are humblest before them." He will not let the good woman be good from principle; she must be terrified into humility, frightened into devotion; she must either be a bully or a martyr. Now, without meaning anything invidious, we should have thought that an Englishman's estimate of woman ought to be at least as high, if not higher, than that of a Frenchman; but Balzac, in all his works, has never insinuated such an unhappy solution of woman's tenderness as that. His theory is contained in one sentence in "Eugénie Grandet"—"Woman has this in common with angels, that suffering beings belong especially to her." One idea seems to have struck both these writers forcibly—that in the sum total of the happiness of a life woman gets the lesser share. Compare the following passages. Balzac in "Eugénie Grandet," says—

"In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. *To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman.*"

Thackeray recognises the sentiment fully in "Vanity Fair":—

"Oh, you poor women! Oh, you poor secret martyrs and victims, whose life is a torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the drawing-room table! Every man who watches your pains, or peers into those dark places where the torture is administered to you, must pity you, and thank God that he has a beard."

Again—

"I know few things more affecting than that timorous debasement and self-humiliation of woman. How she owns that it is she, and not the man, who is guilty! How she takes all the faults on her side! How she courts, in a manner, punishment for the wrongs which she has not committed, and persists in shielding the real culprit! It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them. They are born timid and tyrants," &c.

Then, when speaking of the ease with which women hide their feelings, their patience as compared with that of men, Thackeray says in "The Newcomes":—

"*To coax, to flatter, and befool some one is every woman's business;* she is none if she declines this office. But men are not provided with such powers of humbug or endurance. They perish and pine away miserably when bored, or they shrink off to the club or the public-house for comfort."

The refined cruelty which women sometimes practise upon each other has been touched upon by our two authors in passages which have the same marked likeness of thought and style. In the "Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale" there is an amusing description of a little matrimonial incident, the truth of which, probably, the experience of most married readers will confirm. Madame Adolphe and her husband are going to a ball. Infinite pains have been spent on Madame, and at last she is ready:—

"The carriage is brought up. All the house watches Madame as she goes out. She is the masterpiece in which they have all had a hand, and they all admire her as the production of their common labours. Your wife sets out intoxicated with herself, and not very well pleased with you. She marches to the ball gloriously, like a cherished picture finally touched up in the atelier, caressed by the painter, and at last sent to the exhibition in the vast bazaar of the Louvre. Your wife finds, alas! fifty women present more beautiful than she; they have invented toilettes of an enormous price, more or less original, and there happens for the feminine masterpiece what happens to the work of art at the Louvre—your wife's dress pales by the side of one very similar, but whose more brilliant colour extinguishes it. Caroline is nothing; she is scarcely noticed. When there are sixty handsome women in a drawing-room the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes something very ordinary. The little stratagem of her smile, usually so perfect, is not appreciated amongst the grand expressions of bold and haughty ladies. She is extinguished. She is not even invited to dance. She tries to smile—to look pleased; but as she is not pleased, she hears people saying 'Madame Adolphe is not very goodlooking.' Other women hypocritically ask her if she is in pain—why she does

not dance. *They have a repertoire of malicious expressions, covered with good-nature, and plated with kindness enough to damn a saint, to drive an ape serious, and to chill a demon.*"

In "Vanity Fair" we have an instance of the good-natured malice in the ball scene, where Becky Sharp, or rather Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, flirts with Mr. George Osborne, and then cruelly teases poor Mrs. George, who is suffering all the pangs of jealousy. She thus operates upon her victim :—

"'For God's sake, stop him from gambling or he will ruin himself. Why don't you come to us of an evening, instead of moping at home with that Captain Dobbin. I dare say he is *très-aimable*; but how could one love a man with feet of such a size? Your husband's feet are darlings. Here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Are you coming to fetch me for the quadrille?' And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's side and tripped off with George to dance. Women only know how to wound so. *There is poison on the tips of their little shafts which stings a thousand times more than a man's blunter weapon.* Our poor Emmy, who never hated, never sneered all her life, was powerless in the hands of her remorseless little enemy."

Again, in the same book, where Becky goes up stairs amongst the great ladies after the dinner at Gaunt House :—

"As they say the persons who hate Irishmen most are Irishmen, so assuredly the greatest tyrants over women are women. When poor little Becky, alone with the ladies, went up to the fireplace whither the great ladies had repaired, the great ladies marched away and took possession of a table of drawings. When Becky followed them to the table of drawings, they dropped off one by one to the fire again. She tried to speak to one of the children, but Master George Gaunt was called away by his mamma; and the stranger was treated with such cruelty finally, that even Lady Steyne herself pitied her."

One more quotation and we have done. It is a portion of a letter written by a lady in "Le Lys dans la Vallée," to a young gentleman on his entering life, and contains advice so valuable that it would well repay the study of the French language to read and master it. The reader will recognise in it that spirit of worldly wisdom which characterized the homilies of Major Pendennis. After touching on nearly all the topics which would concern a youth just going into society, she says,

"I now come to a grave question: your conduct amongst women. In the drawing-rooms where you are going take for your principle not to waste yourself in coquetry. One of the most successful men of the last century was accustomed never to occupy himself with more than one person during the same evening, and always to attach himself to those who appeared neglected. That man, my dear child, was the master-spirit of his age. Most young men thus waste their precious fortune—the time necessary to create relationships which form one-half of social life. As they please by themselves, they have very little to do to attach others to their interests, but this spring-time is rapid. Learn to employ it well. Cultivate influential women. Influential women are elderly women; they will teach you the alliances, the secrets of all families, and the shortest roads to success. They will be yours heartily. Protection is their last love—they will serve you marvellously, they will talk about you and make you desirable. Flee from young women! The woman of fifty years of age will do everything for you, the woman of twenty nothing; the one will demand all your life, the other only a moment's attention. Joke and be agreeable with young girls if you will, they are incapable of a serious thought, my friend; they are egotistical, little, without real friendship, they only love themselves, they will sacrifice you to the first success. Besides they all demand devotion, and your situation requires it towards yourself—two irreconcilable pretensions. None of them will enter into your interests—they will think of themselves not of you; they will injure you more by their vanity than they will serve you by their attachment; they will devour your time without scruple, will cause you to spend your fortune, will destroy you with the best grace in the world. If you complain, the most foolish amongst them will prove to you that her glove is worth the whole world—that nothing is more glorious than to serve her. You know not with what perfidious art they will convert a passing taste into a love which commences on earth and should continue in heaven. The day when they will quit you they will tell you that the dictum 'I love no longer' justifies their abandoning you, just as that of 'I love' excuses their passion—that love is involuntary. Absurd! Believe me true love is eternal, infinite, always true to itself; it is equable, pure, without violent demonstration; it may be seen in gray hairs always young in heart. None of these things are to be found in a worldly woman. She will interest you in her griefs, she will appear the gentlest and least exacting of

woman, but when it becomes necessary she will domineer over you slowly, and make you do her wishes. You will want to be a diplomatist—to go and come—to study men, interests, and countries. No, you must remain at Paris with her; she will tie you to her apron, and the more devotion you show the more ungrateful she will be. You will sink some day, but she will float over you. The least intriguing woman has infinite stratagems; the most imbecile, triumphs by the little suspicion she excites; the least dangerous would be the one who would love you without knowing why, would quit you without motive, and resume you from vanity. Both will destroy you in the present and the future."

The last peculiarity we shall notice observable in both writers is this, the connexion which is maintained between the characters of all their works—a sort of family continuation. Beatrice Esmond turns up afterwards as Baroness Bernstein. Young Pendennis reappears in "The Newcomes;" the Major is alluded to; so is Warrington. In Balzac the Nucingens, Rastignac, Bixiou, De Marsay, Madame Fichtaminel, the Deschars, reappear continually in the working-out of other plots.

Many additional passages might have been selected, but we think these will suffice to show how much the style of Thackeray was influenced by that of Balzac.

We have adverted to the defect in Thackeray's delineation of women, it is but just that we should pay our humble tribute to his delineations of men. They are masterpieces without a fault, whether in the polished villany of a Steyne, the contemptible meanness of Sir Barnes, the sterling friendship of a Warrington, or the chivalrous kindness and patient resignation of a Colonel Newcome. No one but a man endowed with all the spirit of a Christian and the instincts of a gentleman could have sketched such a character as that. As regards the style—the vehicle of thought so peculiar to these two great writers, it might perhaps be traced to other sources; it seems to combine the quaintness of Sterne with the sharpness of Swift, and to be tinged with some of that merciless satire and refined cynicism to be found in the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. It is a style which has many excellences and many defects; it has all the point of epigram and the brilliancy of antithesis; it is elaborate and minute to a fault; in description or analysis it exhausts everything, the most trivial object, the most transient feeling; it is the pre-Raphaelism of composition; its ethics are based upon that sad but unquestionable doctrine, the depravity of the human heart; it traces man's actions, even some of the best, to a hidden feeling of self-interest, sometimes palpably clear, at others almost unconscious; it is a terrible enemy to the elegant hypocrisies of life, and makes sad havoc amongst our most cherished deceptions; it admits the existence of good, but often qualifies it by motives of policy. We are at first inclined to be angry with its bitterness; but in the end we are compelled to weep over its truth. A terrible power! In the hands of a wise benevolent man, like him who has just relinquished it, an instrument of much good; but in the hands of a man of equal perception but less generosity, a pestilence and a scourge.

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ITALY IN 1864.

From the morning of Aspromonte until a few weeks ago, the course of Italian affairs was even and unexciting. The "Party of Action," crushed by the failure of Garibaldi, saw that it was necessary to wait for the opportunity which events might bring round, of successfully attacking the Quadrilateral, since the hero whom they trusted to have created it was *hors de combat*. There was a general impression, which the Ministerial press seems to have cultivated, that the King would boldly undertake the responsibility of completing the Unity of Italy when the army was fully organized, and the internal resources of the country were somewhat more developed. The Italians have, all through the changes of recent years, placed boundless confidence in the honesty and courage of the *Re Galantuomo*, and it appeared likely enough that to "'bide their time" thus might be, after all, the wiser course. If such an intention, however, was ever more than the romantic notion of a too sanguine people, or the delusive suggestion of the professional politicians at the time in power, whose only object was to carry on as long as possible, it soon became evident that the Minghetti Ministry were not the men for the occasion. Count Cavour might have brought Italy nearer to the accomplishment of her full desires without the aid of a foreign monarch; but none of his successors has shown more than a tithe of his ability. Under the late Cabinet Italy perhaps, on the whole, rather receded politically. Her finances, too, fell into a state of disorganization, and her public spirit was sinking, when the Emperor of the French, with good or bad intent it is not easy to determine, induced King Victor Emmanuel to assent to the Franco-Italian Treaty, which has suddenly fixed every eye once more on Italy's interests, and raised the smallest occurrences in her cities into the rank of principal events, bearing closely upon great problems which seem at last to be hurrying to a solution.

That Treaty is capable of a double interpretation, and therein appears to lie the profound skill of its author. It may be interpreted as an arrangement subtly devised to promote the ambitions of the Italian population—even of the extremer sort among them. It may, on the other hand, be considered as a compact, *bona fide* intended by the Eldest Son of the Church to save the Papacy from impending destruction. Putting aside the provision for the transfer of the capital to Florence, which is but a blind, the Convention seems less favourable to the Popedom than to Italy, and the gradual decline of the opposition shown to it by the Italians at first indicates a growing belief that the change proposed would be a step towards the goal. The extraordinary document in which the Emperor Napoleon, through the lips of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, expounded his motives with such daring and frankness, favours the assumption that the withdrawal of the French troops would be a substantial gain to Italy. The Sacred College, for its part, is plainly of the same opinion. Were the tendency of the Treaty when put into operation different, Cardinal Antonelli would have accepted it from the hands of a Sovereign who is in a position to do the Holy See much service or injury, just as he is minded. The cautious Prime Minister of Pius the Ninth, however, has withheld his answer to the communication of the French Minister, and doubtless the old game of the *Non possumus* will again be tried. The Pope cannot consent. What then? He puts the Emperor of the French in the position

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Italica. Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy, in 1864. By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Trübner & Co.

Brigandage in Italy. By David Hilton. London: Sampson, Low, & Co. 1864.

Memoirs of Henrietta Caracciolo, of the Princes of Forino, Ex-Benedictine Nun. London: Richard Bentley. 1864.

to say—"We have done our utmost to reconcile Italy and the Pontiff, and the Pontiff and his people; we maintained a large force in Rome for many years, hoping against hope that the time would come when the anomaly might cease; we are as far from a solution as ever;—nothing remains but to leave those who have persistently misadvised the Pontiff to their fate. We withdraw our troops, and let what will happen, happen." The Sacred College is of opinion that the Emperor of the French will not face the responsibility of such a course. But the times are strange. No precedents can safely guide the Holy See now. The "other Catholic Powers" to whom it might appeal are rather indifferent about the continuance of the Temporal Power, or are in no position to fight on its behalf against Italy and France combined. The Emperor Napoleon, if he quits Rome, will allow no Bourbon flag to enter it: he might, however, "in certain eventualities," as the diplomatists say, permit an Italian flag to float on the Capitol. There seems, in fact, no choice for the Pope, except between raising an army for himself and carrying on, as Napoleon the Third suggests, trusting to the tribute money of the Catholic world to pay his troops, and consenting to divest himself of the kingly half of his anomalous functions—Rome becoming a spiritual estate, a sort of monster monastery, a description of religious retreat, a chief bishop's seat of purely ecclesiastical government, everything political in its affairs passing over to Italy. There are so many difficulties, however, in the way of the Pope's continued residence in Rome after he had been shorn of the temporal diadem, that should nothing occur to relieve the Papal Court from the unprecedented dilemma in which it is now placed, the Cardinals are more likely to accept Napoleon's terms, harsh though they be, and dare the experiment of creating an army of their own, than run the risk of a worse order of dangers. One of the principal difficulties is the very vulgar one of a money deficiency. Christendom has proved a worse milch cow than was supposed, and a small Papal loan is now being negotiated in the European capitals, on combined religious and commercial principles. But the success of the effort to borrow on a doubtful sort of security does not encourage the projectors—so that the whole Roman Question is, at this moment in a more interesting condition than at any other crisis in the history of the "Eternal City." Prophecy is vain—speculation profitless. Europe waits with anxiety to see what will come forth from the extraordinary egg of the Franco-Italian Convention, when it is fully hatched.

Meanwhile, the British public will eagerly avail themselves of any opportunity of learning whether Italy has made a decided social advance since the expulsion of the petty tyrants, and the introduction of constitutional principles. Never was Constitutionalism tried under more difficult circumstances; and it is well to ask whether it has been found equal to the occasion and the task. There was the spirit of an obstinate municipalism to contend against. There was the prejudice entertained by the polished Tuscans, the apathetic Neapolitans, and the fickle Lombards, to the harsh and somewhat upstart Piedmontese. There was a bigotry to be faced, which had reached its highest pitch just before the Revolution. There was a conspiracy whose ramifications literally ran into every nook and cranny in the Peninsula—a conspiracy which every ultramontane ecclesiastic thought himself justified by the highest sanctions in abetting. There was a dense ignorance among the populace, worse than all, which provided numerous embarrassments for the Government. How has Italy thriven amid these unexampled difficulties? If she has advanced, what have been the character and rate of her progress? Has she prospered by reason of the peculiar ability of her statesmen, or the happy instincts of a people taught in the school of suffering? More, certainly, by the latter than the former. "Fortune brings in some barques that are not steered;" and so far as Italy has got towards a secure haven, she has been brought by favouring accidents of wind and wave, added to the lucky perceptions, and in some measure to the quick suspicions, of her population.

It is because there has been no account of Italy's condition, in contrast

with her pre-Garibaldian and pre-Cavourian state, published heretofore, that Miss Cobbe's "Italics" are especially attractive. The rather stiff and affected titles of her chapters will show that her field of observation is restricted to the Italy of the days of Freedom. In addition to "Italia Rinascente," there are—"Italy mends her ways;" "Italy sent to school;" "Italy goes to drill;" "Italy tried by jury;" "Italy reads her newspaper," and so on. "The Nemesis of Woman" is a much more objectionable heading for a chapter, but it is not fair to allow a prejudice to steal into the mind before the volume is examined.

Among the many new and interesting facts gathered by Miss Cobbe, there are several relating to the improving effects upon the people of an increase of the internal facilities of communication. In 1859 there were more railways open in Piedmont than in all the rest of Italy put together. In the whole kingdom of Naples there were but a few miles. Between 1859 and 1864 the increase has been from 1,472 kilometres to 3,065. There are now forty-one railways in the Peninsula, no less than fifteen new lines or extensions having been opened in 1863. The cost of the 1,693 kilometres, constructed during the five years referred to, was between five and six hundred million of francs. Those lines were made by the Government, which is now selling them to private companies. The common roads of the country have, during the same period, been greatly extended, the labour of the soldiery being employed in many cases—so that the large army of Italy has not been entirely a burden on the country's resources. Those railways, too, it may be observed, are managed rather on the English than the French fashion. There is the freedom of Britain rather than the half-prison regimen of France. Telegraphic wires, besides, cross and recross Italy now, with almost a British labyrinth of reticulation. There are now 24,904 kilometres of wires, and 428 telegraph offices. Those facts certainly show a remarkable advance. The Government has been also striving to liberalize and extend the system of education, and its success has been sufficient to give it a strong claim on the regard of enlightened foreigners. There are now four great educational departments in Italy—the universities, the normal schools, the elementary schools, and the "Asili Infantili," or infant schools. There are nineteen universities—over a dozen too many, but it was not practicable to reduce them. It must be borne in mind that the Government of Victor Emmanuel has had to deal with a very trying problem—the imperialization of institutions in a country where a number of little States had their capitals, and their various educational and administrative establishments, with numbers of more or less influential persons in every place whose interests were bound up with their continuance. The wonder is, not that the Italian Cabinets after five years' effort have left any traces of municipalism, but that they have to so large an extent obliterated them. The normal schools are the glory of Italy, and there has been a gradual effort to diminish the number of their ecclesiastical masters. Last year it was found that there still remain, out of 14,253 teachers, 6,378 priests, or "religious," and out of 7,604 mistresses, 1,106 nuns. The Government steadily sets its face against convent and monastic "model school" instruction. There are twenty-one normal schools in all, which are amply provided for by the State. Each contains three professors, with salaries varying from 1,200 francs to 1,500. The course of education is enlarged, and at the same time practical. Religion is included, and is defined to consist in "the Catechism of the Diocese, and the Story of the Old and New Testaments in two books, approved for questioning children." Miss Cobbe says that in these books the "miracles are all kept in, and the sense all kept out," but her testimony on this point, as on every other where the question of religion comes in, is to be taken with reserve, as her sympathies are latitudinarian and something more. In the elementary schools there are about the same total number of pupils said to be on the rolls of the National Board in Ireland, but a much greater number of teachers, there being one to every forty pupils. These schools are divided into Higher and Lower, which seems a plan with much to r com-

mend it. Nearly all the masters and mistresses receive their salaries from the Communes to which they belong, and by whose authorities they are appointed. The law requires the Communes to provide gratuitous instruction for both boys and girls; and when any Commune is too poor to support such a burden, the Government grants subsidiary assistance. The Government budget for 1863 bore the sum of 2,307,472 francs for this and other educational purposes, "or nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling." Adult evening schools are also common, and generally successful, especially in the Genoese district.

The strength of the army of Italy is probably now considerably over 300,000 men, and it appears from the latest authentic documents that the plan adopted in its organization is a division into three parts—the peace establishment, the war establishment, and the reserve. "The manner in which these bodies are formed is as follows—Each year the levies of the Conscription raise 45,000 men, in what is called the first category. Each man is bound to serve for eleven years, the first five in active service, the succeeding six in *congedo illimitato*, *i.e.*, dismissed, but required to return to service in case of war. The levies of each year form separate classes. Thus a soldier in his first year of service is in the first class; in the next year in the second, and so on. The whole peace establishment, of course, includes the five classes in their first five years of service; and the war establishment all the eleven classes raised in the preceding eleven years." The reserve consists of men bound to undergo forty days' instruction and drill. They then return to their ordinary civil avocations, and are liable to be called out, at the option of the minister of war, during the five years next ensuing, in case of an emergency. The total force of each Italian regiment, including officers, is 1,691 men, and in war 3,269. This is the theory. In practice, however, the army does not attain proportions so vast. Yet, at this moment, it is at least twice as large as the British army, all the branches of the latter included. Miss Cobbe has a high opinion of the Italian soldiery; and her estimate is not to be slighted. She is sufficiently amazonic to have a very masculine way of judging of this and other matters that necessarily came under her observation. The physical appearance of the men is good; they are inferior in height and weight to the French. Their officers are, for the most part, drawn from the ranks of the higher classes. The single point of deficiency is the scarcity of good non-commissioned officers: these are not made in a day. In the matter of religion the army is very revolutionary, the men no longer stooping to the indignity of producing a yearly ticket of absolution from the Pope, as had formerly been the custom. Each corps has its chaplain, and he is generally, if not a declared Passaglian priest, one who does not fear the Pope's frown.

With reference to trial by jury in Italy, Miss Cobbe's testimony is that the Government are making equally bold and liberal progress. An assimilation of laws has already taken place in all the provinces, and many dishonest judges have given place to a proper class of functionaries. Trial by jury is now universal, and the courts are open, of course, to the press. The New Code is intended to establish and complete these happy changes. The Commission which has been sitting at Turin, preparing this Code, has almost concluded its labours. Their draft is said to be based on the Code Napoleon, and it is intended to be uniformally applicable to all parts of the country. It will deal with every department of civil and criminal jurisprudence. It will be a great step in the direction of emancipation from the prevailing ecclesiasticism to permit, as it is rumoured they intend to do, civil marriages. Miss Cobbe was further informed at Turin that a law giving women municipal rights, and making the marriage contract changeable, at the option of the parties, would be included; but, possibly, as respects the last piece of information at least, those who furnished the particulars were influenced by the circumstance that their interrogator was one of the "strong-minded," to whom such an arrangement would not seem so improbable "in an enlightened age."

A more useful work than the legalizing of time bargains in matrimony was the measure adopted by

the Government of King Victor for the cure of that curse of Southern Italy, mendicancy. The 70,000 lazzaroni, who formed the retinue of King Bomba, have been transformed into navvies, and under the sharp spur of necessity have done tolerably well as labourers. The Government have also had the daring to assail monasticism; and we learn that the effects of the law of May, 1859, which provides for the gradual extinction of all monasteries and convents not occupied in preaching, education, or the care of the sick, are every day more widely experienced. When the numbers in a convent fall below a certain fixed total, the remnant is drafted off to another convent, and the establishment closed or secularized. It may, in some instances, be a hard measure, but great evils require bold remedies. A Ministry which could afford to attack the monasteries was not to be expected to respect the Index Expurgatorius. Accordingly, Italy not only searches into the innermost apartments of the ascetics, but reads all that comes before her with the same prying and irreverent disposition. As yet she has not got an independent literature, but the foundation has been laid for it in the establishment of a vigorous newspaper press. Among books, the sale is greatest of copies of the Sacred Scriptures. Next in the order of favourite volumes are those that expose the old system —the *Maudit* and the *Religieuse* are largely circulcated. M. Renan has also his thousands of admirers; but an infidelitous tendency happily cannot be said to have been the result of Italian liberty. About's "Rome" occupies a prominent place. The most important of the Italian journals, *L'Opinione* of Turin, the *Perseveranza* of Milan, and the *Nazione* of Florence, are all constitutional in the highest degree. The Mazzinians have but two organs. The reactionary party claim three. The Abbe Passaglia has a daily paper, and the Protestants speak through the *Ecco della Verita*. There are a score other prints, more or less cleverly conducted, and not one among them all is a reproach upon the education or intelligence of the country. Considering the shortness of the interval since Solferino, and the enormous obstacles to be overcome, Miss Cobbe is justified in asking whether any people or government can be pointed out who in so short a time have accomplished so much. "It must surely be owned that these are results of four years' work and forty millions of money of which a nation may be justly proud."

The author believes that a great change has taken place of late in the constituency of the ecclesiastical body, which will make itself felt ere long. Formerly the younger sons of nobles entered the church; now, partly because the army has opened a new and more attractive profession for them, and partly because the priesthood has lost respectability of position and much of its old power, the younger clergy are being drawn from a lower class of the people. This, again, has the effect of placing a still wider gulf between the Church and the intellectual portion of the public, and the sacred edifices are consequently filled mostly by women. The mention of the fact reminds us that Miss Cobbe, in her chapter on "Liberty and Equality"—the least wise in her volume—openly advocates the political rights of the sex, putting the matter compactly thus:—"I have known more than one woman, able, cultivated, clear-headed, well versed in the politics of the times, and associating habitually with the leading minds in various countries; yet these women were denied the rights possessed by the blacksmith who shod their horses, and never read a newspaper in his life, or travelled beyond the neighbouring village. If this difference be justified, let us hear no more of the abstract right of national moral agents to advise in the State to which they belong." The Essayist —for this chapter is a political essay— leaves us in no doubt as to her belief that the difference cannot be justified. She seems to hold that political rights form the sacred appanage of every moral being, and that "every woman and every youth down to the first dawn of ethical responsibility in childhood, must have *her and his* claims admitted and recognised, never to be set aside for any expediency"—only she conceives that this change is not to be brought about suddenly; "by degrees, grade after grade downward may, by the exercise of political rights, learn to

use such rights with safety to themselves and the community, till *all* be fitted for, and in possession of their natural share of power, and the *a priori* 'rights of man' and the proper ends of government both meet and be accomplished." We must say that we like Miss Cobbe's educational and military memoranda better than either her politics or her theology.

The questions, "Will Italy gain Venice and Rome?" and "Will Italy lose Naples?" it is simply idle to discuss, so rapidly are the conditions of the problem changing. Miss Cobbe's sketches of the bandits are vigorous and fresh. Her "Nemesis of Woman" displays that fatal flippancy in dealing with matters touching religion, which is an infallible sign of mental weakness. It is the product of a superficiality of which the victim is naturally unconscious. Whether arraigning her sisters for being too pious, or teaching the mothers of the rising generation that it is their duty to train up their children in the "liberalism" of the half-informed rationalist, Miss Cobbe is an unsafe guide. Happily, she is not a very dangerous one. There is some power shown in this chapter, but it is combined with so much manifest folly that it can do little harm. The book, however, would have been better without a treatise which has been lugged in bodily, as if a rejected magazine paper had been flung to the printer in order to swell the volume's bulk. As a specimen of its tone, and the justice of the view taken, let the following sentences suffice :—

"In all Protestant countries, in a moderate degree—in all Catholic countries, in an exorbitant degree—women are at this moment the upholders of whatever is most opposed to the progress and enlightenment of humanity. Everywhere superstition, uprooted from men's minds, clings tightly round the souls of women, and spreads its ponderous influence from that sure ground. Everywhere the most designing and ambitious of the clergy find in women their best tools for promoting their schemes of political or spiritual despotism."

. . . . . .

"Only a year ago one of our teachers was rebuked (by the son of Dr. Arnold!) for attempting to speak openly to the masses on questions of criticism, and not confining to 'edification' all addresses to their benighted minds. Every day we hear the plea, 'Do not let our young men, our working classes, our women, begin to question the popular belief. Let *them* keep back, whoever goes forward. This people who know not the law will be cursed if they come to hear new truths.' 'Bread' do they want? We must give it to them with a very little wheat, and a vast deal of chaff, or it will utterly poison them. So the cry runs, and whatever 'Gospel' some among us have got—*a gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven which has no antitype Kingdom of Hell*—it is clear, that it is not a gospel for the poor, or for 'babes,' but only for the wise and mighty we mean it to be."

There is probably too much unsophisticated good sense among the working classes to permit of their becoming a prey to the teachers of the new "Gospel," who do not know themselves where they are, what they believe, or why they believe anything. Finally, Miss Cobbe "stops the press," in her eagerness to insert this note, which is reproduced here in consequence of the special value she seems to set upon it :—

"While these sheets are passing through the press, an eminent divine of the Church of England has denounced the judgment of the Privy Council in the case of Drs. Williams and Wilson, and appealed in the *Times* for consideration for the poor *mothers* who dread lest their sons be taught that future punishment is not eternal. Women are first drilled by the clergy into certain beliefs, and then their bigoted adherence to them is made a reason for teaching those beliefs to their sons for ever."

Is Miss Cobbe unaware that the bigoted beliefs she sneers at are solemnly held by the great majority of the most masculine intellects of the time, laymen as well as clergymen—profound students of science as well as theologians; and that the objectors to what she calls the popular belief are a mere handful—a small and fading sect, many of whom have shown that there is more of affectation than conviction in their eccentricities?

We also willingly turn from the smartness and the scoffs of "Catholic Italy" to the chapter on Padre Passaglia, certainly the most interesting portion of the book. That remarkable man, now a member of the Italian Parliament, a leading Liberal journalist, and the probable leader of the Italian National Church of the future, is the son of the late General Passaglia, a Lucchese gentleman of old family.

Don Carlo, as Passaglia is called by his friends, abandoned his inherited property, at an early age, to a member of his family, as the Leopoldine laws required, and became a priest of the Order of the Jesuits. At seventeen he gave lectures, which were numerously attended. He studied with the intensest devotion, and his learning is admittedly varied and vast. For nearly thirty years he remained a member of the Order, and his crowning triumph as such was when the Pope selected him to produce mediæval authority in favour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. This task was performed by Passaglia with a completeness and a display of erudition which secured for him the friendship of Pius the Ninth, and marked him out as the great General of his famous Order. This was the last man from whom an attack on the temporalities of the Pope was to have been expected; and the fact that he suddenly announced himself a Reformer in this sense, is a proof there is a greater stirring of mind in Italy, among the ecclesiastics even, than most persons imagine. The extent of the movement has, indeed, been shown in the large number of priests—nearly ten thousand—who have not hesitated to place themselves under Passaglia's banner. The following spirited account of the turning-point in his career is in the author's best style :—

"When Pio IX. was turned out of Rome in '48, Passaglia had fled at the same time, and travelled in Germany and England. He returned with the Pope, and grew in his graces and in the strong personal friendship of the General of the Jesuits, till, at the beginning of the troubles between the Papal See and Piedmont, the Pope sent him to negotiate with Cavour, in hopes of arriving at some *mezzo termine* agreeable to all parties. This was the turning-point of Don Carlo's life, and it is to his honour to think that the great patriot statesman of Italy found in him, not an impracticable diplomatist, but a man who (Jesuit though he was) had a mind open to see the true interests of his country, and a heart to embrace their cause, even to the destruction of his own career. Passaglia returned to Rome to strive as well as he might to aid a friendly understanding. After a time he declared himself opposed to the temporal power, and used his learning to prove it was a thing unsupported by the authority of the Fathers. Then began the war against him. He retired from the ranks of the Jesuits (whether before or after his first attack on the temporal power, I am uncertain), and the anger of that tremendous society was bitter indeed. The English Catholic lady, at whose house he then resided as her chaplain, received private information *from priests* that she must secure that he should eat nothing but eggs for some days, since no other precaution would suffice to guard him from poison. The Palazzo Spada, where they resided, was entered by gens-d'armes, and when the lady asked to see the warrant, and sent the officer away till he should produce it, the house was beset and watched by a whole troop. Woman's wit and friendly aid, however, were able to baffle the enemy: Before the warrant arrived for Passaglia's apprehension, he had passed from the apartments occupied by Mrs. F. into the other portion of the Palazzo Spada. There—where in the great desolate hall, with its faded frescoes, stands the awful statue of Pompey, with its outstretched arm (the statue at whose feet it is believed that Cæsar fell)—in one of the innumerable apartments of the palace, Passaglia was concealed. Next night the owner gave a large party to all the fashionables in Rome. The police were in despair, for, amidst all the comings and goings, and crowds of servants and carriages, their prey might escape from his lair and disappear. Their fears were well founded. The Principe and Principessa T—— entered one of the apartments, escorted by the noble owner; and soon afterwards, the Principessa T—— left it on the arm of a gentleman in the dress of the Prince, who entered her carriage with her, and drove away in perfect safety, leaving the Prince to follow when he had comfortably donned his host's attire!

"After spending the rest of the night in a safe hiding place, Passaglia started at dawn in a small caretta, with a servant whose dress and his own were nearly alike. They passed unquestioned through the Porta del Popolo, drove fast to the Ponte Molle, and, beyond it, found three other servants of the T——s, well equipped for the journey, and having with them a led horse for the fugitive. Away they galloped—dreading, of course, every figure on the road. At last, when nearly overcome with fatigue, they reached the frontier, and managed by crossing the fields at night to evade discovery. Next morning Passaglia was welcomed with open arms by the people of free Italy, and his further journey was a continual ovation. In every town the authorities came to pay him their respects and express to him their sympathy. His cousin, to whom he had made over his paternal inheritance, and who, being now married and with many children, could not restore him the bulk of it, offered him 20,000 scudi, which henceforth secured his independence. He proceeded to Turin, and soon organized the scheme of a liberal party in the Church."

According to Miss Cobbe, who means the contrast to be eminently complimentary, the Abbe Passaglia is, in height and general appearance, the counterpart of Bishop Colenso, who is declared to "have aimed at a far deeper and bolder reform in England."

The question of the temporal power the author found to be the grand aim of all Passaglia's labours. The reform of the celibacy principle among the clergy, another of his designs, he is content to postpone to the settlement of the greater matter. He assured Miss Cobbe that he does not desire any doctrinal changes. He believes—or supposes that he does—the whole dogmatic theology of the Church. His aims are "disciplinary;" but the contemplated improvement of discipline includes changes of so thorough a character, that his orthodoxy gains no sort of indulgence for his opinions at head-quarters. He is of opinion that the Government should afford relief to the class of liberal clergy who are reduced to actual want, in large numbers, from the withdrawal, by their ecclesiastical superiors, of the privilege to perform the functions by which they obtained their livelihood. Miss Cobbe thinks the refusal of the Government and Parliament to afford them redress little short of madness. It can only, she thinks, be accounted for either by "entire indifference to Church matters, and disinclination to meddle with them (a disinclination not displayed when convents are to be suppressed and church property appropriated), or else to a latent conviction that, to use a popular phrase, by giving the Church of Rome 'rope enough,' it will end in destroying itself in the opinion of the nation, and that it is desirable to do nothing to check that impending strangulation!" But to *bribe* the priests to abandon the Pope for the King would be a very questionable policy, even if the Italian Government had the means at command to carry out such a venal scheme. The moral value of the testimony of the Passaglian priests would be lost under such circumstances, and its importance to Italy, as an unbought acknowledgment of the necessity of an ecclesiastical readjustment, is incalculable.

With the views of the writer regarding the prospects of the Protestant movement in Italy, we find ourselves more in accord. It is obstructed by no political persecution. "Government will neither hinder nor help it." If it have strength to grow, it may grow; if it fail to do so, it will be by its own defect, and by no external repression." A large amount of foreign money is being expended in the Waldensian propagandism. The Scotch Church, with its customary generosity, supplies yearly increasing means for the purpose. A considerable number of zealous men are employed, and they are popular among the people, who readily listen to their exhortations, and buy their books. But such a movement must be of slow growth. It is probable that those efforts will have success within a narrow limit only—sufficient, indeed, to justify their continuance, and to encourage and reward the Christians who have piously initiated them, but leaving Italy still ignorant, superstitious, fond of its imposing ritual, disposed to scoff at the priesthood, and, at the same time, submitting to their spiritual processes from pure apathy, or a latent infidelity which regards them as mere jugglers, useful politically and socially if kept in due subordination. When the "evangelization" of Italy comes, the work will commence from within; but that revolt against the old religion may be very sudden in the rapidly altering circumstances of a country whose development within four short years has astonished the world.

The Protestant Church in Italy consists of above 20,000 Waldenses in the valleys, and a thousand or so more scattered over Italy. The followers of the Chiesa Libera or Free Church—differ from the Waldensians as one denomination of Protestants in these countries do from another, chiefly in discipline. The Waldensian discipline being rather Presbyterian, the Free Church has adopted the Congregational form. Each congregation is independent, theoretically, of every other; and to this is superadded an element of Plymouthism—the distinction between clergy and laity being repudiated. The Wesleyans are also busy, and with their usual promptness to take advantage of new "openings"—as the phrase is—have founded a mission in

Milan. The Protestant Churches—speaking of all the denominations under this category—are, however, scattered throughout Italy. The Chiesa Libera, and the Waldenses, have churches in Florence, Naples, Leghorn, Lucca, Elba, Perugia, Genoa, at a place near Alessandria, the Val D'Aosta, Turin, Como, Pignerol, Pavia, Bologna, and various other smaller towns. Thus the *nuclei* certainly exist of a Reformed National Church in Italy, should any breaking up within the Roman system cause a general remodelling and revision of doctrine. The Protestants, too, will soon be a respectable party politically. They have now, besides their *Ecco Della Verita*, the *Civilta Evangelica*, a new Neapolitan journal; the *Balziglia*, a Waldensian paper, half in Italian, half in French; the *Letture di Famiglia*, a sort of "Leisure Hour;" and other less important organs of religious and general opinion.

Turning to the lighter portions of the work before us, we find a remark on the crockery of Italy that may be useful as a hint to Englishmen, who still, with rude, ill-advised obstinacy, stick to stereotyped patterns in all manufactures into which artistic taste enters:—

"The crockery of Italy in the nineteenth century is more rude, ill-coloured, and senseless in form, that can be dug out of any barbarian barrow or Nile mud twelve thousand years deposited. Rough daubs of green and yellow paint cover a surface of the coarsest and worst baked clay. When they sometimes attempt a little ornament—as for the *scaldini* for carrying about hot charcoal in winter—it is absolutely ludicrous in its rudeness and ugliness. Even the common plates, and cups and saucers, all come from England; and our familiar patterns reappear everywhere, unless where, in some instances, the French white porcelain, half an inch thick, has taken its place. Well can I recall the shock which the discovery of this fact gave me, when I had been fancying everything new and marvellous in Italy, the land of Art,—and, behold! the vulgar old platters of England were still haunting me, with those trees, such as Eden never knew, that blue gondola on the white sea, the two gigantic doves in the sky, and the three little men, not a hundredth part so big, going over the bridge in the foreground below."

In the chapter "People one meets with in Italy," there is the following portrait of the amiable and high-minded d'Azeglio, who has so lately given his countrymen, with creditable boldness, the benefit of his prudent counsels, by a letter to the public journals on the course of action best to be pursued with respect to the Franco-Italian Treaty:—

"Cavaliere Massimo dei Marchesi d'Azeglio is probably, of living men, the one who has achieved successes in the most varied lines. As a statesman, he paved the way for Cavour, and inaugurated the liberal policy of Italy. As a soldier, he distinguished himself in nearly all the battles of the last fifteen years in his country. As a painter, he has attained no small eminence. As a writer, he is reckoned universally by Italians the Walter Scott of their country. As a member of society, I can testify (after dining for many weeks in his company) that a more charming, witty, and instructive companion, is hardly to be met with. In look and manner he is the high-bred old soldier, easy and frank and courteous to everybody; his tall figure is rather bent by some seventy years, but his face, with its broad forehead and mild gray eyes, retains many traces of former beauty. To hear such a man talk of past history or present politics, or of art and literature, is necessarily a great pleasure, yet I think few would be prepared, considering the common-places to which even clever Italians are fond of limiting their subjects, for the bold and original conversation of M. d'Azeglio. Of course, it is impossible to reproduce on paper, after some months, the course of such table-talk, but a few of his observations remain on my mind. Some officers and gentlemen in company were one day talking of 'what Italy would do,' 'what the Emperor would do'—in certain contingencies. 'Ah,' said M. d'Azeglio gravely, 'we speak of kings and statesmen having saved Italy, and intending to do this and that; but it is God who is guiding it all, we know not how.' Such an expression of religious faith—simple as it would have sounded from an Englishman—seemed from an Italian equally strange and memorable. Another day there was a discussion of Dutch art and of such books as 'Vanity Fair.' 'Some people,' said he, 'seek only for truth, and that is all right; but why should they think there is *nothing true except ugliness?*' (qu'il n'y a rien de vrai que le laid?) Again, another time an allusion was made to the belief in miracles as a thing of the past. The old *statesman* gave a very characteristic definition of them. 'Les miracles? ah! je n'en crois rien. Ce sont *des coups d'état célestes!*' Perhaps at this moment, when so many are seeking for new theories and explanations of them, this view, that they are celestial '*coups d'etat*,' may not be uninstructive!"

Parts of Miss Cobbe's volume are more than smartly written—but there is too much of it. The moment a suspicion of book-making enters the mind, the reader ceases to enjoy the freshest product of the circulating library. There is here none of the compact beauty of the Dean of Canterbury's Italian papers—the painting by a touch, the charming reproduction of scenes and incidents so briefly and with such point that they dwell in the memory. If Miss Frances Power Cobbe took time to think, and got rid of the *Westminster Review* affectation, which sits so badly on a lady writer, she would be welcome in every household. Her pencil is vigorous. Her mind is exceedingly active—her powers of observation above the average. It is to be regretted that she does not confine herself to her proper line, and leave the weightier matters of theology and philosophy to wiser heads. We do not contend, of course, that women should be excluded from these walks. Let no indignant sister, therefore, lose her temper; but flippancy on such subjects—bad enough in a man—is literally intolerable from one of the other sex. The questions that have lately arisen in the field of religious thought are not to be settled offhand by the glib reiteration of latitudinarian platitudes in a high feminine key, rather emphatic than agreeable or convincing.

Mr. Hilton is an American tourist, who sets himself no less difficult a task than to expound the origin and character of that social institution—in many points analogous to Ribandism in Ireland—known as Italian brigandage. Its basis is to be sought in the perverted moral sense of the people. Their Government kept them poor; poverty caused ignorance; and ignorance, which an elaborate and over-officered ecclesiastical system failed to dispel, produced immorality, and brigandage was a very natural form for it to take under the circumstances. With the departure of Francis the Second from Italy, however, brigandage became a political movement, and showed traces of organization. Mr. Hilton's inquiries respecting it have led to the following conclusions. That—

"1. The bands are enrolled in Rome by persons connected with the ex-king.

"2. No opposition is made by the Government of Pius IX. to these enrolments.

"3. On the contrary, the bands have frequently been escorted to the frontier by the Pontifical *gendarmes*, and, in some instances, supported by the Papal troops in assaults on small bodies of Italian troops.

"4. Crossing the frontier, the bands march to the cry, 'Viva Francis II. and Pius IX.!'

"5. When captured, they claim to be soldiers of *Santa Fede*, and wear the decorations and uniforms of the Bourbon.

"6. The confessions, captured correspondence, discovered plots and reactionary journals, all harmonize in affirming or admitting that brigandage is the plan adopted by Francis II., with the consent of the Papal Government, in order to break down Italy in the South."

One of the remarkable features of the time is the circumstance that books of this kind are noticed in Italian journals, just as books produced in Italy are translated and reviewed in England. Thus there is a tendency to an assimilation of opinion in the two countries on the leading questions and interests of the former.

The autobiography of Henrietta Caracciolo has every appearance of being a genuine and unvarnished account of an ex-Benedictine Nun's experiences. The enormous sale it has had in Italy may probably be taken as an indication of a growing sentiment of hostility to monachism, which this work will vastly augment. It has not, of course, been written with any political view. One thing, nevertheless, is plain—that the government of King Victor Emmanuel will derive more support from it in the crusade against the monastic system, which, besides being a social curse, is more than suspected of rooted and unchangeable disloyalty, than from any amount of abstract argument. Those Memoirs, in their English dress, are destined to be read more widely in these countries than the last novel of the most favourite "sensational" author. Henrietta Caracciolo was forced by her mother into the Convent of San Gregorio Armeno when only eighteen years of age. She had been twice in love before that, and it was to withdraw her effectually from an engagement that this course was adopted. From the first moment of her entrance into the institution she was unhappy. She had no vocation

for the idle life of the nun, and her hatred of it increased when she found that the inmates, vows notwithstanding, had all been rich, and retained their wealth, and enjoyed within the convent the luxuries they had been accustomed to before its doors closed upon them. It is, of course, plain that the Convent of St. Gregorio is not a type of all the convents of Christendom, or even of all the convents of Italy; but the people of Italy, with their not irrational prejudices against the conventual system, are likely to treat the picture as that of the Neapolitan convent interiors at least, and to sustain the action of the Government in gradually secularizing all useless foundations, accordingly. For twenty years Henrietta Caracciolo struggled to obtain release from a place where, instead of the calm of exalted piety, there were perpetual jealousies, pride, evil speaking, open quarrels, and cases of the most curious and deplorable forms of insanity—the result of confinement, and want of occupation and sympathy, rather than of asceticism or religious exaltation. She was opposed by Riario Sforza, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, who, characteristically, failed to keep his word after he had pledged it to her release. In 1849 she obtained partial liberty; but this did not content her. Had she not been a cousin of the Prince of Forino, and able to boast other distinguished persons as her relatives, means would have been found of causing her to cease from troubling. As it was, she battled on, ultimately joining the popular party, and corresponding with and forwarding their views. For three years she lay in prison. Finally, on being released, she sought to complete her emancipation by laying aside the black veil, the symbol of celibacy; and on the day on which Garibaldi entered Naples in triumph, a scene was being enacted in one of the churches which was also significant of the new era—Henrietta Caracciolo was depositing that symbol on the altar, and deliberately returning to the natural life and sphere of woman. The story of her life is written with candour. She does not extenuate her own faults, or lower the value of her work by associating her exposures of convent hypocrisies with scoffs at religion. She was a Roman Catholic throughout, and is so still for all that we know. Her hatred is of monachism only, and it is simply impossible for any one to dissent from her conclusions, who looks upon it in the mirror of her narrative. What the lady-abbess said to her, on her entrance into the minor pandemonium of San Gregorio, was prophetic, and experience established its truth—"You must," said the good superioress, "keep yourself clear from the wickedness of others in the best way you can. All I can tell you is, that if it requires the prudence of three to live in the world outside, believe me it requires that of twenty to live here within."

ARCTIC NIGHT.

Lo! blindly wafted on the broad cold breeze,
Our bark forlorn scuds toward the Arctic night:
Northward a crease of leaden-coloured light
Around, above, a waste of desolate seas,
A wilderness of starry blue and snow:
Capes looming in the moon-fog as we go,
Like phantoms rise and vanish. Now beneath
Some icy precipice whose beach is death,
The storm bird's scream is mingled with the frore,
Fierce grinding, of the ice-floe on some shore
Precipitous and gaunt. At length the deep
Lightens along the waves, rolled heap on heap;
And the pale dawn lightens, through cloud-bank riven,
Stupendous peaks around the wild dark heaven.

know the whole truth. Old Raylock can tell it. I am perfectly certain that you do not know the whole truth."

"If old Raylock does, most other folks do," remarked Silcote. "Come, Mary, don't reject me and my love after so many years' estrangement. Let there be an end of all this shameful, miserable plotting and counterplotting. We have served one another ill. You served me ill once, forty years ago, and I have served you ill ever since. Let there be a finish and an end of it. By Jove, that is near!"

The thunderstorm which followed Palestro was on them. The lightning had struck a tree within sight, and the rain began to come down furiously. "We must move, sister," he said, and she raised herself on his arm. He took her into a little doorway in the wall of the little white house, and they sat down together on the ground side by side, as they had done often as children. In a minute or so her head lay upon her brother's breast, and she turned her eyes up into his.

"Is it really true that you are not going to be cruel to me, after all my folly?" she asked.

And he kissed her tenderly. "We will give the rest of our lives to one another, and to others. All hard words and hard thoughts must be buried in the grave which Boginsky is getting ready yonder. Let us sit here and watch the storm."

The war had roared itself into stillness, and the storm was past, leaving the Italian blue unstained overhead where they all stood, a silent party, round the grave which the hired peasants had just completed. It is by the side of the canal among the trees, in a very quiet place, quite out of sight of the village, or indeed of any building except one tall campanile, which rises from among the trees close to him, and seems to keep him company as he sleeps.

"I little thought how well I loved him" said Silcote.

"Few could help it," said James quietly. "I did so, little dreaming that he was my father."

"I little thought that you two would meet, and meet so," said Mrs. Silcote. "God has been very good to you and to him in that matter. Come, and let us leave him to his rest."

They were all dry-eyed, and only the Princess had not spoken. Seeing that she did not hear him, Silcote took her tenderly by the arm to lead her away. She did not speak even then, only set up a low childish wail so mournful, so desolate, so unutterably sad, that the flood-gates of their grief were loosened, and they walked away together with bowed heads.

To be continued.

LIFE AT THEBES.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

November, 1866.

A LETTER from home, all about little R——'s country life, school feasts, &c. made me cry, and brought before me—oh how vividly!—the difference between East and West; not quite *all* to the advantage of home however, though mostly.

What is pleasant here is the primitive ways. Three times since I have been here, lads of most respectable families at Luxor have come to ask hospitality, which consists in a place on the deck of my boat, and liberty to dip their bread in the common dish with my black boy and Achmet. The bread they brought with them;—"bread and shelter" therefore were not asked, as they slept *sub dio*. In England, I must have refused the hospitality on account of the *gêne* and expense. The chief object to

the lads was the respectability of being under my eye while away from their fathers, as a satisfaction to their families; and while they ate and slept like beggars, as we should say, they read their books and chatted with me when I was out on the deck on perfectly equal terms, only paying the respect proper to my age. I thought of the "orphanages and institutions," and all the countless difficulties of that sort, and wondered whether something was not to be said for this absence of civilization in knives, and first and second tables, above all. Of course climate has a good deal to do with this, as well as the facility with which widows and orphans are absorbed here.

My Reis spoke such a pretty parable the other day that I must needs write it. A Coptic Reis stole some of my wood, which we got back by force, and there was some reviling of the Nazarenes in consequence from Hosein and Ali; but Reis Mohammed said, "Not so. Girgis "is a thief, it is true, but many Chris-"tians are honest: and behold all the "people in the world are like soldiers; "some wear red, and some blue—some "serve on foot, others on horseback, "and some in ships; but all serve one "Sultan, and each fights in the regiment "in which the Sultan has placed him, "and he who does his duty best is the "best man—be his coat red, or blue, or "black." I said, "Excellent words, O "Reis, and fit to be spoken from the "best of pulpits." It is surprising what happy sayings the people here hit upon: they cultivate talk for want of reading, and the consequence is great facility of narration and illustration. Everybody enforces his ideas, like Christ, in parables. Haggi Hannah told me two excellent fairy tales, which I will write for little R——, with some Bowdlerizing, and several laughable stories which I will leave unrecorded, as savouring too much of Boccacio's manner, or of that of Marguérite of Navarre. I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now; he hesitated, and I called again: "What "manner is this, not to sweep when I "bid thee?" "By the most high God," said the boy, "my hand shall not sweep "in thy boat after sunset, O Lady; I "would rather have it cut off than sweep "thee out of thy property." I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. "Thinkest thou "my brother would sweep away the "dust of thy feet from the floors of "Luxor?" continued Achmet; "he "would fear never to see thy fortunate "face again." If you don't want to see your visitor's face again, you break a *gulleh* (water-jar) behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps.

I won't write any politics; it is all too dreary, and Cairo gossip is odious, as you may judge by the productions of Mesdames Audenarde and Lott;—only remember this, there is no law nor justice but the will or rather the caprice of one man: it is nearly impossible for any European to conceive such a state of things as really exists here. Nothing but perfect familiarity with the governed or oppressed class will teach it: however intimate a man may be with the rulers, he will never fully take it in. If the farce of a constitution ever should be acted in Egypt, it will be superb.

I arrived here on the morning of the 11th, and I meant to have written sooner, but I caught cold after four days, and have really not been well. We came up best pace, as my boat is a flyer now: fourteen days to Thebes, and to Kench only eleven. Then we had bad wind, and my men pulled away at the rope and sang about the "*Reis el arees*" (bridegroom) going to his bride. We were all very merry, and played practical jokes on a rascal who wanted a pound to guide me to the tombs: making him run miles, fetch innumerable donkeys, and then laughing at his beard. Such is boatman's fun. On arriving at Luxor, I heard a *charivari* of voices, and knew I was "at home" by the shrill pipe of the little children, "*El Sitt, el Sitt, el Sitt.*" Visitors all day, of course. At night comes up another dahabieh: great com-

motion—as it had been telegraphed from Cairo (which I knew before I left) and was to be stopped.

This dahabieh contained an Indian *walee* (a saint), with a large hareem and suite. He huffs Pashas and Moodirs ruthlessly, and gives away immense charity to the poor. The government have him watched, though I cannot conceive why, as he is perfectly outside of all that could affect Egyptian politics, his estates being at Hyderabad. After Assouan, he will be dogged by arnouts, or something of the sort. He is a good straightforward sort of fellow, whether he be saint or magician. He gave me some sort of pills to take; some men urge me to take them, and others on no account to do so, but to throw them into the Nile, lest they should turn me into a mare or a donkey. I keep them till I find a chemist to analyse them.

When the dahabieh arrived, I said, "O Mustafa, the Indian saint is in "thine eye, seeing that an Indian is all "as one with an Englishman." He asked, "how did I know there was an Indian "and a saint, &c.?" Meanwhile the saint had a bad thumb, and some one told his slave that there was a wonderful English doctoress; so in the morning he sent for me, and I went inside the hareem. He was very friendly, and made me sit beside him; told me he was fourth in descent from Abd el Kader el Gylamee, of Bagdad,[1] but his father settled at Hyderabad, where he has great estates. He said he was a *walee* or saint, and would have it that I was in the path of the Derweeshes, gave me the pills I have mentioned for my cough, asked me many questions, and finally gave me five dollars and asked me if I wanted more. I thanked him heartily, kissed the money politely, and told him I was not poor enough to want it, and would give it in his name to the poor of Luxor, but that I would never forget that the Indian sheykh had behaved like a brother to an Englishwoman in a strange land. He then spoke in great praise of the "laws of the English," and said many more kind things to me, adding again, "I tell thee thou art a Derweesheh, and do not thou forget me."

Another Indian from Lahore, I believe the sheykh's tailor, came to see me—an intelligent man: and a Syrian doctor. The people here said the latter was a *baklawar* (a rope-dancer or gymnast). The authorities detained the boat with fair words till orders came from Keneh to let them go up further. Meanwhile the Sheykh came out and performed some miracles which I was not there to see; perfuming people's hands by touching them with his own, and taking English sovereigns out of a pocketless jacket; and the doctor told wonders of him—anyhow he spent ten pounds in one day here, and he is a regular Derweesh. He and all the hareem were poorly dressed, and wore no ornaments whatever. I hope Seyd Abdurachman will come down safe again. It is the first time I ever saw an Oriental travelling for pleasure. He had about ten or twelve in the hareem—among them his three little girls; and perhaps twenty men outside—Arabs from Syria, I fancy.

Well, next day I moved into the old house, and found one end in ruins, owing to the high Nile and want of repair: however, there is plenty more safe and comfortable. I settled my accounts with my men, and made an inventory in Arabic, which Sheykh Yussuf wrote for me, and which we laughed over hugely. How to express a sauceboat, a pie-dish, &c. in Arabic, was a poser. A genteel Effendi who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement: "There is no god but God: "is it possible that four or five Franks "can use all those things to eat, drink, "and sleep on a journey?" (N.B.—I fear the Franks will think the stock very scanty). Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth: "O "Effendin! that is nothing: our Lady "is almost like the children of the "Arabs: one dish or two, a piece of

[1] Abd-el-Kader is the saint of Bagdad. The Bedouins firmly believe in him, and occasionally see him. He appears once a year, mounted on a splendid horse and fully armed.

"bread, a few dates, and peace!" (as we say, there is an end of it). "But "thou shouldst see the merchants of "Scandareeh—3 tablecloths, 40 dishes, "to each soul 7 plates of all sorts, and "7 knives and 7 forks and 7 spoons, "large and small, and 7 different glasses "for wine and beer and water." "It "is the will of God," replied the Effendi, rather put down; "but it must "be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat "their dinner."

Then came an impudent merchant who wanted to go down to Cairo with his bales and five souls in my boat for nothing. But I said, "O man, she is "my property, and I will eat from her "of thy money, as of the money of the "Franks;" whereupon he offered 1*l.*, but was bundled out amid general reproaches for his avarice and want of shame. Then all the company said a *fathah* for the success of the voyage, and the Reis Mohammed was exhorted to "open his eyes," and he should have a *tarboosh* if he did well.

Then I went out to visit my friend, the Maohn's wife, and tell her all about her charming daughter and grandchildren. I was of course an hour in the streets, salaaming, &c. *Sheerafteenee Baladna*, "thou hast honoured our country," on all sides. "Blessings come with thee," &c.

Everything is cheaper than last year, but there is no money to buy with, and the taxes have grown beyond bearing; as a *Fellah* said, "a man can't sneeze with-"out a cavass being ready to levy a tax "on it." The ha'p'orth of onions we buy in the market is taxed on the spot, and the fish which the man catches under my window. I paid a tax on buying charcoal, and another on having it weighed. People are terribly beaten to get *next year's* taxes out of them, which they have not the money to pay.

The Nubian M.P.'s passed the other day in three boats towed by a steamer, very frightened and sullen. I fell in with some Egyptians on my way, and tried the European style of talk. "Now "you will help to govern the country: "what a fine thing for you," &c. I got such a look of rueful reproach. "Laugh not thou at our beards, O "Effendin: God's mercy, what words "are these? and who is there on the "banks of the Nile who can say any-"thing but *'Hader'*" (ready—with both hands on the head and a salaam to the ground) "even to a Mudir; and "thou talkest of speaking before Effen-"dina! Art thou mad, Effendin?" and the wretched delegates to the Egyptian Chamber (God save the mark!) are going down with their hearts in their shoes.

The first steamer full of travellers has just arrived (20th Nov.), and with it the bother of the ladies all wanting my side-saddle. I forbade Mustafa to send for it, but they intimidate the poor old fellow, and he comes and kisses my hand not to get him into trouble with one old woman who says she is the relation of a consul and a great lady in her own country. I am what Mrs. Grote calls "cake" enough to concede to Mustafa's fears what I had sworn to refuse henceforth. Last year five women all sent for my saddle, besides other things—camp-stools, umbrellas, beer, &c.

The big people are angry with the Indian saint, because he treated them like dirt everywhere. One great man went to see him, and asked him to sell him a Memlook, a pretty boy. The Indian, who had not spoken or saluted, burst forth, "Be silent, thou wicked "one! Dost thou dare to ask me for a "soul, to take it with thee to hell?" Fancy the surprise of the "distinguished" Turk. Never had he heard such language. The story has travelled all up the river, and is of course much enjoyed.

Last night Sheykh Yussuf gave an entertainment, killed a sheep, and had a reading of the *Sirat er Russool;* it was the night of the Prophet's great vision, and is a great night in Islam. I was sorry not to be well enough to go. Now that there is a Cadi here, Sheykh Yussuf has much business to settle; and he came to me and said, "Expound "to me the laws of marriage and inheri-

"tance of the Christian, that I may do "no wrong in the affairs of the Copts, "for they won't go and be settled by "the priest out of the Gospels; and I "can't find any laws, except about mar-"riage, in the Gospels." I set him up with the text of the tribute-money, and told him to judge according to his own laws, for that Christians had no laws other than that of the country they lived in. Poor Yussuf was sore perplexed about a divorce case. I refused to "expound," and told him all the learned in the law in England had not yet settled which text to follow.

Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled "*um das gruseln zu lernen*" (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never *gruselte* (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called "*bis! bis!*" and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away. "Well dost thou, Lady," said a quiet sensible man, a merchant here, "to be kind to the cat, for I dare say "he gets little enough at home: *his* "father, poor man, cannot cook for his "children every day;" and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: "That is Alee Nasseerec's boy Yussuf; "it must be Yussuf, because his fellow "twin Ismaeen is with his uncle at "Negadeh." "*Mir gruselte*" (I shuddered), I confess: not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an "extravagance" in a *kuftan* has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat. "What! my butcher-boy, who brings the meat—a cat?" I gasped. "To be sure, and he knows "well where to look for a bit of good "cookery, you see. All twins go out "as cats at night, if they go to sleep "hungry; and their own bodies lie at "home like dead meanwhile, but no one "must touch them, or they would die. "When they grow up to ten or twelve "they leave it off: why, your own "boy Achmet does it." Ho, Achmet!" Achmet appears. "Boy, don't you go "out as a cat at night?" "No," said Achmet, tranquilly, "I am not a twin. "My sister's sons do." I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats. "No, there is no fear; they only eat a "little of the cookery; but if you beat "them, they tell their parents next day. "'So-and-So beat me in his house last "night,' and show their bruises. No, "they are not *afreets;* they are "*beni Adam*. Only twins do it, and if "you give them a sort of onion broth "and some milk the first thing when "they are born, they don't do it at all." Omar professed never to have heard it; but I am sure he had; only he dreads being laughed at. One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. Is it a remnant of the doctrine of transmigration? However, the notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat.

A poor pilgrim from the far black country was taken ill yesterday at a village six miles hence; he could speak a few words of Arabic only, and begged to be carried to the Ababdeh. So the Sheykh el Beled put him on a donkey, and sent him and his little boy, and laid him in Sheykh Hassan's house. He called for Hassan, and begged him to take care of the child, and to send him to an uncle somewhere in Cairo. Hassan said, "Oh, you will get well, &c. and take the boy with you." "I cannot take him into the grave," said the black pilgrim.

Well, in the night he died, and the boy went to Hassan's mat, and said, "Oh, Hassan! my father is dead." So the two Sheykhs and several men got up and went and sat with the boy till dawn, because he refused to lie down, or to leave his father's corpse. At daybreak he said, "Take me now "and sell me, and buy new cloth to "dress my father for the tomb." All the Ababdeh cried when they heard it, and Hassan went and bought the cloth,

and sweet-stuff for the boy, who remains with him.

Such is death on the road in Egypt. I tell it as Hassan's slave told it me; and, somehow, we all cried again at the poor little boy rising from his dead father's side to say, "Come now, sell me to dress my father for the tomb." These strange black pilgrims always interest me. Many take four years to Mecca and home, and have children born to them on the road, and learn a few words of Arabic.

I must leave off, for Mahboobeh has come to rub me after the fashion of her country, with her soft brown hands and with oils, to take the pains out of my bones. Kiss my R—— for me. What would I give to see her face!

I meant to have sent you a long letter by the Consul General's steamer, but ever since he went up to Assouan I have been in my bed. The weather set in colder than I ever felt it here. . . An Egyptian doctor who has studied in Paris, wants me to spend the summer up here, and take sand-baths, *i.e.* bury myself up to the chin in the hot sand, and to get a Dongola girl to rub me. A most fascinating Derweesh from Esneh gave me the same advice. He wanted me to go and live near him at Esneh, and let him treat me.

I wish you could see a friend of mine: he is a sort of remnant of the Memlook Bey's—a Circassian who has inherited his master's property, and married his master's daughter. The master was one of the Beys; also a slave, inheriting from his master. After being a terrible *shaitan* (devil) after drink, women, &c. my friend has repented, and become a man of pilgrimage and prayer and perpetual fasting; but he has retained the exquisite grace and charm of manner which must have made him irresistible in his *shaitan* days, and also the beautifully-delicate style of dress: a dove-coloured cloth *gibbeh* over a pale blue silk *kuftan*, a turban like a snow-drift, under which flowed the silky fair hair and beard, and the dainty white hands under the long muslin shirt-sleeve, made a picture; and such a smile, and such ready, graceful talk! He was brought to me as a sort of doctor, and also to try to convert me on one point.

Some Christian had made some of my friends quite miserable by telling them of the doctrine that all unbaptized infants went to eternal fire; and, as they knew that I had lost a child very young, it weighed on their minds that perhaps I fretted about this, and so they could not refrain from trying to convince me that God was not so cruel and unjust as the Nazarene priests represented him, and that *all* infants whatsoever, as well as all ignorant persons, were to be saved. "Would that I could take the cruel "error out of the minds of all the hun-"dreds of thousands of poor Christian "mothers who must be tortured by it," said he, "and let them understand that "their dead babies are with Him who "sent and took them." I own I did not resent this interference with my orthodoxy, especially as it is the only one I ever knew my friends attempt.

Another doctor came up in the passenger-boat, a Shereef, and eminently a gentleman. He called on me, and spent all his spare time with me. I liked him better than the bewitching Derweesh, he is so like my old love, Don Quixote. He was amazed and delighted at what he heard here about me. "Ah, "Madame, on vous aime comme une "sœur, et on vous respecte comme une "reine; cela rejouit le cœur des hon-"nêtes gens de voir tous les préjugés "oubliés et détruits à ce point." We had no end of talk about things in general. My friend is the only Arab who has read a good deal of European literature and history. He said, "Vous seule, "dans toute l'Égypte, connaissez le "peuple, et comprenez ce qui se passe; "tous les autres Européens ne savent "absolument rien que les dehors; il n'y "a que vous qui ayez inspiré la con-"fiance qu'il faut pour connaître la "vérité." I don't repeat this as a boast, but it is a proof of the kind thoughts people have of me, simply because I am decently civil to them.

In Egypt we are eaten up with taxes: there is not a penny left to any one. I

saw one of the poor dancing-girls the other day; each woman is made to pay according to her presumed gains, *i.e.* her good looks. It is left to the discretion of the official who farms the taxes, and thus these poor girls are exposed to all the caprices and extortions of the police.

Such a queer fellow came here the other day, a stalwart Holsteiner—I should think, a man of fifty—who had been for years up about in the Soudan and Sennaar, and, being penniless, had walked all through Nubia, begging his way. He was not the least "down upon his luck," and spoke with enthusiasm of the hospitality of Sir Samuel Baker's "tigers,"—"Ja das sind die rechten 'Kerls!' das ist das glückliche Leben!" ("These, indeed, are the right sort of "fellows! that is a glorious life!") His account is, that if you go with an armed party, the blacks naturally show fight, as men with guns, in their eyes, are always slave-hunters; but if you go alone and poor, they kill an ox for you, unless you prefer a sheep, give you a hut, and generally anything they have to offer, "*merissey*" (beer) to make you as drunk as a lord, and young ladies to pour it out for you, and you need not wear any clothes. If you had heard him, you would have started for the interior at once. I gave him a dinner and a bottle of common wine, which he emptied, and a few shillings, and away he trudged merrily towards Cairo. I wonder what the Nubians thought of a *hawagah* (gentleman) begging! He said they were very kind, and that he often ate what he was sure they pinched themselves to give—dourrah-bread and dates.

In the evening we were talking of this man's stories, and of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow" to a prodigious height, by means of an edifice woven of their own hair and other queer things, when Hassan told a story which pleased me particularly.

"My father," said he, "Sheykh Moham-"med (who was a taller and handsomer "man than I am) was once travelling "very far up in the black country, and "he and the men he was with had very "little to eat, and had killed nothing "for many days. Presently they heard "a sort of wailing out of a hole in the "rock, and some of the men went in "and dragged out a creature—I know "not, and my father knew not, whether "a child of Adam, or a beast. But it "was like a very foul-faced and ill-shaped "woman, and had six toes on its feet. "The men wanted to slay it, according "to the law, declaring it to be a beast, "and lawful food; but when it saw "the knife, it cried sadly, and covered "its face with its hands in terror; and "my father said, 'By the most high "God, ye shall not kill the poor woman-"beast, which thus begs its life. I tell "you it is unlawful to eat one so like "the children of Adam.' And the beast "or woman clung to him, and hid under "his cloak, and my father carried her "for some time behind him on his "horse, until they saw some creatures "like her, and then he sent her to "them; but he had to drive her from "him by force, for she clung to him. "Thinkest thou, lady, it was really a "beast, or some sort of children of "Adam?"

"God knows, and He only," said I, piously; "but, by His indulgent name, "thy father, O Sheykh, was a true "nobleman." Sheykh Yussuf chimed in, and gave a decided opinion that a creature able to understand the sight of the knife, and to act so, was not lawful to kill for food. You see what a real Arab Don Quixote was: it is a picture worthy of him; the tall, noble-looking Ababdeh sheltering the poor "woman-beast"—most likely a gorilla or chimpanzee—and carrying her *en croupe*.

THE OLD BARDIC POETRY.

BY WILLIAM BARNES, B.D.

THAT the Britons and Gauls, as Celts, had, in the time of the old writers of Greece and Rome, a body of lore, whether of history, divinity, law, or science, is as trustworthy as any other truth of which those writers are our witnesses. And no less true is it that the Celtic lore was held and taught by a body of men who are known as the Bards, in Welsh *Beirdd*, the plural of Bardd.

To deny that there was bardship in Gaul or Britain at the time when the Romans wrote of it, would be to deny that they knew anything of Britain. And on the other hand, to allow that there was then bardship (*barddaeth*) is to allow that there was bardic lore (*barddas*); and in that lore poetry is as clearly bound to bardship by its very Celtic names—Welsh *barddoniaeth*, Irish *bardad*—as it is by the early history of bardship and poetry. The sundry opinions which may now be held of the age of the oldest British verse that has come down to us, may stand upon sundry grounds of fair thought or of foreformed conclusions. For while some would make the works of the British bards of as late, and others of as early, a time as they possibly can, there are some, again, who would try them fairly by their own word-forms and matter.

Many men may be ready to believe that poetry belongs only to a fair refinement of life, or to a so-called cultivated or written tongue; and that poetry came with the pen, and the bard with the book. The truth seems to be rather that there has never been a full-shaped tongue that has sounded from the lips of generations of any tribe without the voice of song; and that to a bookless and unwriting people verse is rather a need than a joy. Wherever there have been deeds that were great to the minds of the tribes to whom they belonged, there has been felt a want of history; and the history of a bookless people is verse. I should not readily trust to the statement of any man who has not come into communion with the mind-life of a tribe, nor a full knowledge of their speech, that they have neither laws nor poetry. The Tonga men were found by Mariner, who was almost bred up among them, to have a poetry; the tribes of Australia were found by Mr. William Ridley, who as a missionary had learnt their speech, to have a refined law of word-lock; and the Maories, says a writer, seem to be a poetic people, and he gives some bits of their songs, not less poetic than some lines of our gravestones and verse-books.

Whether the oldest of the bard-songs which have come to our hands be or be not of the early time to which some believe we owe them, I should hold that the Britons had a body of poetry hundreds of years before that time found those, or other poems, on their lips. Many may believe, however, on a little thought, that the school of poetry of a bookless people would differ from that of a people with a book-preserved lore, since an unwritten poetry, of history, mythology, or law, should be not only good enough to be welcome to the learner's mind, but should be of a form in which the mind could best hold it fast. Thence verse for the memory should have, more fully than prose, sundry locks to keep together the true text, and fasten it on the learner's mind. Now, the main of such locks are—metre, which, where it is true, will forbid a word to be put in for another of less or more syllables; voice-rhyme, which keeps many words from

displacement by any but those of a like sound; clipping-rhyme, or the rhyming of articulation, or alliteration; and especial forms of verse with hinge-words, or the keeping of the same word through sundry verses, for the sake of oneness of time, or subject, or thought. Welsh is a so readily rhyming language that it would not be easy to find another which it might not at least match in the sundry kinds of verse-locks; in one of which, clipping-rhyme—or *cynghan'edd*, as the Welsh call it—it has hardly now a rival.

One of the word-locks of Saxon-English poetry is a kind of clipping-rhyme, though unlike that of the British bard. It is, in its fulness, that at two strong points of the former line of a couplet, and at the first strong point of its fellow line, there should be the same clipping or consonant, as—

"To *sw*éop hine, and to *sw*ende,
Thurh his *sw*ithan miht."

(He swept, and swung it away
Through his great might.)

But the *cynghan'edd* of the Welsh poetry—which, in the thirteenth century, if not much earlier, had been brought to a high refinement by strait rules—was that there should be a matching of clippings or consonants in the two halves of a line, as in the first line of a poem of a later bard on London:—

"*Din*as ẃawr—*dan nos* o' ẃg"

(Great city under a night of smoke),

in which line you have *d*, *n*, *s*, *v*, in each half of the line. So a good instance of *cynghan'edd* is given in the following two lines, from a Welsh *englyn* on the nightingale:—

"Ar lawes maes—irlaes mwyn,
Eos glwyslais—is glaslwyn."

(By the field-side, free and sweet,
Clear-voiced nightingale, beneath the green grove.)

In the former line the *cynghan'edd* is, *r*, *l*, *s*, *m*—*r*, *l*, *s*, *m*; in the latter, *e*, *s*, *g*, *l*, *s*, *l*—*i*, *s*, *g*, *l*, *s*, *l*. This form of poetic art, however, shows itself, though less regularly, in the poems of the old bards. By Llywarch Hên, *n*, *b*, *d* are repeated in:—

"Lle *ni bo dawn* | *ni bydd disg*."

(Where there is no gift (talent), there is no learning.)

So *n*, *d*, *w*,—

"*N*amwyn *Duw* | *n*id oes *dewin*."

(Besides God there is no (all) foreseer.)

As Butler says:—

"Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their courses:"

so others may hold, on good grounds, that the word-locks of measure, voice-rhyme, and clipping-rhyme, may so far hamper the writer that he cannot well pour out his thoughts in free speech; and so his poetry must be the less good as it is of a more skilful form.

A writer says, that the search after this ornament (*cynghan'edd*, or alliteration) may lead to the neglect of the much more essential beauty of appropriate diction; which may be true, and well said by a man who could take a piece of clipping-rhyme verse, and put in more appropriate words than those that hold the rhyme: but yet a good poet will most likely feel, like a master painter, what he can and cannot do well. And, moreover, bardic poetry is understood to have been for the singer with his harp, and the *cynghan'edd*, besides that it was a verse-lock, might have come in, as a sweetness for the British ear, with the accents of the tune.

When, moreover, a man writes with a skill that conceals skill, and his lines, while they keep all the strait rules of verse, yet flow as freely as if they were wholly untied—as flow some of the lines of such a poem as the "Caniad y Gôg" (The Cuckoo's Song), to Merioneth by Lewys Morys, called Llew Du—we cannot but feel that kind of pleasure which is afforded by the easy doing of a high feat, besides that which is afforded by good writing. The main questions of bardic poetry have been about its antiquity, and its quality as poetry. For some read as bad verse that which to others may seem very fair poetry, and would show a bardic poem to belong to a time as far later as they can

than the earliest to which another may have assigned it.

In some songs which have lately come under my hands, and which were written in the old English speech of the Strongbow colony, in the Baronies of Forth and Bargy, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, I have found a case—not unworthy of thought in the rating of the age of an unwritten poem which may have come down from tongue to ear through more or fewer generations, as it would show that the presence in a poem of a word of late form, or use, does not needfully prove that the poem was not written before the common use of such a word.

Some of the songs were written down about forty years ago, from the lips of an old man, Lett Sealy; and in the following year *corrections* of the versions were taken from the voice of another man, Toby Butler. Now, these *corrections* were the restorations of a few old Forth words for modern English ones, which, with the train of singers through whom the song had come to Sealy, had taken their places.

"*Thae* priesth,"

said Sealy;

"*A* priesth,"

said Toby Butler.

"So *when* aul was ower,"

said one of them;

"So *fan* aul was ower,"

said the other.

"*Each* man took his laave,"

said Lett;

"*Earch* man took his laave,"

said Toby.

The words *a*, *fan*, and *earch*, were the old Forth words for the later English ones, *the*, *when*, and *each*; so that, after all, the song was written, not in the later time of the use of the modern words, but in the earlier time of the use of the older words, which old Toby Butler put in, by correction of the wording. This case may afford a hint that, although the poems which have come down to us as the writings of Myrddin, or Merlin, may not be wholly the true words or strains of his song, yet he did leave a body of verse, into which may have slipped a few newer words or verses; for, as it was deemed to be prophetic, rather than historical, so it was handled through the run of time as that which belonged to any point of it. This case of the Forth poems shows also the good of the word-locks, since these infoisted words could not have kept their place unless they had been of the same length as were the output ones.

The use of the word-locks of rhyme, both clipping-rhyme and voice-rhyme, may be sometimes found in the forms of words belonging to the laws or ceremonies of tribes, who might have first used them in their bookless times. So, in an old Saxon-English law-form for the sale of land, the seller words it that he thenceforth holds a right neither in "plot nê ploh; nê turf nê toft; nê furh "nê fôtmael; nê land nê laesse; nê "ferse nê mersc; nê ruh nê rûm; nê "sandes nê strandes:"—neither in plot nor ploughland; nor turf nor toft; nor furrow nor foot-track; nor land nor leasow; nor freshet nor marsh; nor rough nor wide; nor sand nor strand: with the words bound in pairs, some by clippings and others by voice-rhymes.

In rating the quality of bardic or other old poetry, and especially poetry of a bookless race, we should bear in mind what was the aim of the poem under thought: whether it was one of history, in a form of words for the memory; or one of passion, in winged words for the heart. If we take some of the historical triplets of the Welsh which tell the places of warriors' graves, we must not think that they should burn with passion, or charm us with fine imagery. Even the metre and rhyme may be given no less as a help to the memory than as a sweetness for the ear; and the poet can relieve the flatness of such historical truths, as Homer did the roll of his ships or leaders, only with a few epithets.

After a late Welsh Eistedd'vod, some

little merriment was made for the English readers of one of our daily prints, at the badness of a Welsh poem which had won a prize, and which was presented to them in an English version. I have not seen the Welsh poem, but I was not sure that it was as bad as was its so-called version. An English version of a poem in another speech would be better or worse, or more or less worthy of a good original, as the translator might write with a full knowledge of the foreign speech, and with *awen* (genius) and good will; or with either knowledge, genius, or good will singly, without the other two fitnesses; or with any two without the third; or with neither of the three: though a man without a good will, or with an evil will to make the worst version that could be formed within the meaning of the words, would never win a poet much honour out of his own speech. Man after man has given us, with a good will, as well as more or less genius and knowledge, English strains for the lofty ones of Homer; and yet how many of them have brought over all the grace of his wording and music and thought? But Welsh poetry, with the rhyme and *cynghan'edd* of that ready-rhyming tongue, is even more hard to bring fully into English verse. Homer himself, however, sometimes dozes, and Dryden was bold enough to pour out more wrath than music on the smallpox. In a poem on the death, from smallpox, of Lord Hastings, he asks:—

"Was there no milder way than the smallpox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?"

Again, Ovid writes—

"Sulmo, mihi patria, est gelidis uberrimus undis,
Millia qui nonies distat ab urbe decem;"

and Heylin the geographer gives it as:—

"Sulmo, my birthplace, full of rivers cleere,
From Rome is distant ninety miles well neere."

An early, if not the earliest known, form of British verse was the warriors' triplet (*triban milwr*), sometimes called the *englyn milwr* (the warriors' verse). The triban is a verse of three lines, each of seven or eight syllables, and all ending with syllables of one rhyme; and it may be taken, with the triad, as another token of the British use of the number three. "The old bards," says a bardic writing, "sang in bare rhyme; "that is, without *cynghan'edd*" (or clipping rhyme), "and laid the stress of the "harmony on the accentuation."

The triplet (triban) has been tried in English:—

"Fly from Olinda, young and fair,
Fly from her soft engaging air,
All wit, in woman found so rare;
Although her looks to love advise,
Her yet unconquered heart denies,
And breaks the promise of her eyes."

The form of the warriors' triplet is that of the historical "Verses of the Graves" (*Englynion y Beddau*) of about two hundred heroes of early times, down to the seventh century. These memorials of the great run in this strain:—

"Whose rest is this four-cornered bed?
Two stones at feet and two at head.
The furious Madoc here is laid."

Another is on Cynddyl'an, on whose death Llywarch wrote an elegy:—

"After wounds of bloody fight,
And trappings worn on steeds of white,
Cynddyl'an's grave is here in sight."

Another is on a hero called by the not uncommon name of "Tarw Trîn," the "Bull of Battle:"—

"Whose grave on yonder cliff is seen?
His hand to foes a foe has been.
Be mercy on him, Tarw Trîn."

The three great British bards of the olden time whose works are come down with their names to our days are—Llywarch (High-ruler), usually called Llywarch Hên (Llywarch the Old); Taliesin (Bright-forehead or Bright-face); and Aneurin.

Llywarch Hên, son of Elidyr Llydanwyn, of the Vale of Clyde, was by birth a prince of the North British Cymri, who have left their name in Cumberland, though they held the lands from Cumberland to the Picts' Wall. He was driven into Wales by the inroads of the Saxon-

English; and he lost some of his many sons in the struggles of the Britons for their land. He withdrew with some of his sons to the friendly dominions of Cynddyl'an, Prince of Powis, and dwelt for a time in a cottage at Aber Cuawg, now Dôl Giog, in Montgomeryshire; but it is thought that he ended his great length of days in a place called Pabell Llywarch Hên (The Tent of Llywarch Hên), at Llanvawr, near Bala, at the church of which parish he was buried.

A triad makes him to have been one of the three main counsellors of King Arthur; whom another makes him to have left, as one of the three discontented guests of his court; and by a third triad he is called one of the three disinterested princes of Britain, though he was a bard only by *awen* (genius), and was not bred up as a fellow of the bardic body, of whose rules his war-waging life was a strong violation.

One of the poems of Llywarch Hên is on the death of Geraint ab Erbin (Geraint, the son of Erbin), a kingling of Cornwall, who was slain in the battle between the British and English at Llongborth. This answers well to the battle of Portesmutha (Portsmouth) of the Saxon Chronicle, which tells that there was slain a young Briton of high nobility; for Llongborth means Portesmutha, or the mouth or opening of the haven.

The poem is in the measure of the "warriors' triplet." It has seventeen verses in praise of Geraint; all but five of them beginning with the words, "Yn Llongborth:" and it ends with nine verses in praise of his horses, beginning with the words, "Oedd re redaint" (They were swift). The Llongborth verses are of this form:—

"In Llongborth saw I strife begun,
With men to rage, and blood to run
Before Geraint, his sire's great son.

"At Llongborth saw I warriors led
To onsets, with their feet blood-red:
'Who helps Geraint, haste on ahead!'

"Before Geraint, the foemen's dread,
I saw the steeds with foam bespread,
And then a shout, and then the dead.

"In Llongborth were to Arthur slain
His brave steelwielders of his reign,
The lord and wielder of the train."

The verses of the horses are of this form:—

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, on barley fed;
As brushfire on the hills they sped.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain high fed,
And bay; as eagles bold they sped.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, with grain in highest plight,
All bay, and swift as eagles white.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain well fed,
And bay, as swift as eagles red.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and with their grain full gay,
And bay, as swift as eagles gray.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and wheat-fed, sleek of hide,
And bay, as swift as eagles pied.

"The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain supplied,
And gray, with manes in silver tied."

The taking up of a hinge-word at the beginning of each triplet of a strain belongs, in a way, to the supposed poetic grace, called in bardic lore "Cymmeriad," or Resumption; though *cymmeriad* is mostly that of the same or like clippings or sounds in successive verses.

Southey, in his notes to his "Sir Thomas More," has observed that the general strain of the poems of Llywarch is as melancholy as it is rude. Upon what knowledge of the Welsh and the forms of the poems he found them rude I know not, as I take to be rude that which is unshapen or ill-formed. But Llywarch's verses are of so very true a measure and rhyme that, with their *cymmeriad*, besides their many pretty word-settings, which cannot well be brought into English, I should call them of severe form rather than rude. Llywarch's treatment of his subject, it is true, differs much from that with which an English poet would now handle it; but this does not itself make his verses rude, unless there was never a good school of poetry but that of our days.

Llywarch has left some satirical triplets on a coward of the name of Maenwyn, who was steward (*maer*) to Maelgwn, who, as are we are told by Gildas, his contemporary, was King of Wales from about 534 to 550. Llywarch sings to Maenwyn :—

"Maenwyn, when I in thy youth woke,
Men would not trample on my cloak,
Nor plough my land, without a stroke.

"Maenwyn, when I, like thee, was found
In youthful bloom, all body-sound,
The stranger would not break my bound."

Another poem of Llywarch is on the death of Urien, prince of Reghed (about Cumberland), who gathered his men together against the Saxons under Ida, and was at last assassinated, from some hatred, by a man of the Scots, his allies, of the name of Llovan, afterwards called Llovan Llawdivro, "Llovan of the fleeing-hand," or the outlaw. Llywarch was the war-mate of Urien ; and his elegy is in five strains, of verses in the form of the warriors' triplet. The first is of the vengeance for the deed of the wicked hand ; and the next is on the head of Urien, as borne away home by the warrior bard. Each of its triplets begins with the words, "Pen a borthav" (I bear a head), as :—

"I bear a head from Pennoe's beach ;
Far and wide his warfares reach ;
Urien, famed, and sweet of speech.

"I bear upon my arm a head,
He in the land of Brynaich[1] sped.
Steeds after battle draw the dead.

"Still 's the gale, once loud with song ;
To few will praises now belong,
Since Urien heads no more his throng.

"A head upon my left I bear ;
Better his life, than mead, to share,
The shield of helpless eld's grey hair."

Then follows a strain on the burial of Urien, in three triplets beginning with "Y gelain veinwen" (His fair body). Then he touches on the grief of Urien's brother and sister, and, after other strains, ends with one on the sad sight of the weather-beaten hearth of Urien's fallen house. The triplets of this strain all hinge on the words "Yr aelwyd hon" (This hearth).

[1] Brynaich, the hilly land ; from Bryn, a hill. = Bernicia.

Llywarch Hên has also left an elegy on the death of Cynddyl'an ab Cyndrwyn, or Cynddyl'an, the son of Cyndrwyn. It is noted in the Saxon Chronicle, under the year 577 :—"This "year Cuthwine and Cawlin fought "against the Britons, and they slew "three kings, Comail and Condidan and "Farinmail, at a place which is called "Deorham, and took from them three "cities—Gloucester and Cirencester and "Bath." It would seem from other Welsh writings, and the poem of Llywarch Hên, that the name *Condidan* stands in the Saxon Chronicle,—by some writer's or reader's change of *l* into *d*,—for Condil'an or Cynddyl'an.

Llywarch Hên makes Cynddyl'an's palace to be at Pengwern (the head of the flat land), which, as is thought, is near Shrewsbury. He defended Tren, a town by a stream of that name, and, as its name would seem to show, a swift or much-flooded stream, and it may be the Tern. His place was by a slope (*rhiw*) near a height (*pen*), and not far from the rock of *Hydwyrth*, which would mean "channel-side," or "long-channel."

For the "Farinmail" of the Saxon Chronicle, Llywarch Hên gives "Caran'mael" as the war-mate of Cynddyl'an. Cynddyl'an and Caran'mael are more likely than the two names of the Saxon Chronicle to be the true names of Britons, as they are of likely British form and meaning. Cynddyl'yn, or Cynddel'yn, would mean the Pattern, or paragon, and Caran'mael would mean the Head-iron or helmet ; and it may be observed that the stem, *mael*, for iron, and mail, comes into many words of trading and gain, and might have been taken in a trade-meaning in a time of iron ring-money, such as that of which we are told by Cæsar.

Among the epithets bestowed on his hero by Llywarch Hên are "calon-goddaeth" (brushfire-hearted, with a heart as eager as the brushfire on the land) ; "calon-milgi" (greyhound-hearted) ; "calon-hebawg" (hawk-hearted) ; "gwydd-hwch" (wildboar-hearted). A token of the early age of

the elegy is that it makes Cynddyl'an to wear the torque of the old British noble :—

" Cynddyl'an, all his people's stay ;
With torque, and stubborn in the fray ;
The shield of Tren, his father's sway."

The following triplet will show how the verses of a strain of this school of poetry are varied upon the same model :—

" Cynddyl'an, high of wit and thought ;
With torque, and sturdy where he fought :
The shield of Tren, ere Tren was nought.

" Cynddyl'an, wildboar-hearted knight ;
When once arose the dust of fight,
Then there was slaughter left and right.

" Cynddyl'an, make thy hill-mound good ;
'Tis there the foes must be withstood,
Though call we not a tree a wood ;"

that is, the foes are not so mighty as they may be thought. The French have the saying, "*Un arbre ne fait point une forêt.*"

The poem on Cynddyl'an is of many strains, each of which is of more or fewer triplets on the same head ; as on the hero, on his fallen palace, or on Pengwern, the field of battle : and almost every triplet begins with a *cymmeriad* (resumption) of the same word or thought, as a verse-head. The triplets on Cynddyl'an begin with his name, and those on his hall begin with "The Hall of Cynddyl'an," "Ystavell Cynddyl'an." The strain on the hall of Cynddyl'an is of triplets of a very sad cast :—

" Cynddyl'an's hall is all in gloom—to-night ;
No fire, no lighted room :
Amid the stillness of a tomb.

" Cynddyl'an's hall is left alone—to-night :
A hall with none to own.
O Death, take me where he is flown.

" Cynddyl'an's hall is now unblest—to-night ;
On Hydwyrth's rocky crest
No lord is there, no meal, no guest.

" Cynddyl'an's hall ! It makes me wan
To see cold hearths, and roofing gone.
My lord is dead, and I live on !

" Cynddyl'an's hall is sad within—to-night ;
For sons of Cyndrwyn,
Cynon, Gwion, and Gwyn."

One of the triplets of the poem names Brocmael, Prince of Powys, who fought with Ethelred, King of Northumberland, at the battle of Chester ; and, in a verse on the churches, the bard says :—

" The churches of Bassa are enriched—to-night ;
My tongue has done it ;"

thinking, it may be, that his war-song, in the field, had sent the Britons to slaughter ; for, as late as the time of Hoel Dda, the bard had to go into the battle-field ahead of the men, singing the national song—

" Unbenaeth Brydain "
(The monarchy of Britain).

A triplet on "Y Tref Wen," The Fair Town (of Cynddyl'an's people), shows how many struggles there were between Britons and Saxon foes ; for he says that it was there as usual to behold the broken shield brought back, as to see the ox come home in the evening.

Heledd, a sister of Cynddyl'an, is made to bewail the loss of three brothers. She says, in a triplet,

" At once I mourned three brothers' fall—
Cynan, Cynddyl'an, Cynvraith—all
In guarding Tren's now wasted wall."

Another triplet is—

" Thin the gale, the rumour loud ;
Sweet the ridge that lost ones ploughed :
Those that now the graves enshroud."

The triplets upon Caran'mael show that he was very brave, and the son of Cynddyl'an, and that he was childless, and the last of the line of Cyndrwyn :—

" Caran'mael, in the strife not slow,
Cynddyl'an's son, whom all men know,
Of no weak old man was his blow."

Cyndrwyn had many daughters, some of whom are commemorated in triplets of Llywarch's poem :—

" There once were fair, to sons of men,
The daughters dear of Cyndrwyn—
Heledd, Gwlad'us, and Gwenddwyn."

Cynddyl'an is made to say of three more :—

" I sisters had, and loved them well ;
To lose them all it me befell—
Freuer, Meddlan, Meddwyl."

And again of three others :—

"Sisters to me were born and bred,
But all at once are lost and dead—
Gwled'yr, Meisyr, and Ceinvryd."

Llywarch's song of the "Cuckoo" in the vale of Cuawg, in Montgomeryshire, where he lived in his later years, may be taken as a fellow poem with the ode on "Old Age, and the Loss of his Sons." It seems to have been written on hearing the cuckoo, when he was low in health and mind from years and sorrow, and when he could say

"Short now is my way,
And my dwelling decayed."

The words "my dwelling" (*vy nhyddyn*) may mean his body, or earthly tabernacle, though we may believe that the "tyddyn" of the poor fallen man at Aber Cuawg was not over trim.

His complainings, at places, have somewhat of the tone of those of Job. He says, in one of his triplets :—

"At May-day, when the flowers are bright,
And to the field rides forth the knight,
I go not—I have lost my might."

He has woven into his triplets a few proverbs, such as :—

"The cheek hides not the heart's grief;"

and his so headed Englynion are verses of proverbs, very skilfully put together, with the rhymes and measures of the Englyn. Two of them are :—

"The eye will glance where the heart loves ;"

and

"The hearth of the faithless will be lonely."

Of Llwyarch's ode on "Old Age and the Loss of his Sons," the triplets of the strain of verses—the strain of one crutch—begin with "Baglan bren" (Crutched staff), and are spoken to the crutch of his weakness :—

"My crutch : is not the winter here,
When round the mead is merry cheer ?
No greeting by my couch I hear."

In another he seems touched with what seems to him a token of his falling life, a dead leaf :—

"This leaf, now falling in the blast
Of wind, not long its life-days last :
Most old before one year is past.

It may be to a son that he sings :—

"If thou shouldst flee, I should complain,
And I should weep if thou wert slain :
Be bold where thou the breach wouldst gain."

Other strains are on his sons, who were slain in the war with the Saxons. He gives several triplets on his beloved son Gwen, with whose name they begin. The third line in one of them is :—

"He was my son, and so he never fled."

And in another he cries :—

"He was my son, and so he did not shrink."

One of the strains on his sons is made up of triplets beginning mostly with the words :—

"Pedwar meib ar ugaint"
(Four and twenty sons).

"The sons I had were four and twice-told ten,
All golden-torqued, and leaders of their men :
And oh ! the best of all my sons was Gwen.

"The sons I had were four and twice-told ten,
And all with golden torque, and princely men,
But all were striplings by the side of Gwen.

"Twice twelve sons bore Llywarch's name,
Men full bold, unstained by shame,
Quick their march, and great their fame."

It may be seen that the above-quoted triplets have a special form. In that which begins with a *cymmeriad* in the words "Cynddyl'an's Hall," ("Ystavell Cynddyl'an,") and others, each takes after the first measure of the first line the word "to-night" (*heno*); and thus the triplet shows the beginning of the form of verse called the Englyn, which is the form of the Welsh epigram. The uptaking of a standing word, as of *heno*, at the end of the first measure, is found in a poem of triplets of "The Warrior in Distress," of which the manuscript is in University College, Cambridge, whither Villemarqué went to see it. He says of it that it is impossible to overrate its importance.

The Englyn is a verse of four lines, with four fellow-rhymes; or of a long measure (invented by Taliesin), followed by two lines of fellow-rhymes. It is of

several forms; sometimes of four lines of even measure, though a more skilful, and not less common, form has the first line of ten syllables, the next of six, and the other two of seven. The first two lines, called the shaft (*paladr*), as of an arrow, has in it a rhyme-point for the other lines, and, beyond the rhyme-point, two or four syllables ending with the so-called "cyrch" or mid-point word, as is the word "heno" (to-night) in the triplets of Llywarch. The following has the form of an Englyn, and gives nearly the substance of an Englyn of late times, on a "Yellow Greyhound:"—

"Hound yellow, light of tread—the cunning foe
Of deer bedappled red;
He of the wind[1] gets not ahead,
Nor yet is by the wind outsped."

The two lines down to "red" are the shaft, and the other two are the head or wings, "esgyll" (feathers), as of the arrow. Here "tread" is the main-word to which the other lines rhyme. Sometimes the cyrch-word is answered by a rhyme in the next line, and the Englyn becomes the cyrch-rhyme verse, as the following Englyn on Home:—

"Whatever land I pace—wherever *find*
Friends *kind*, or woman's grace;
Where'er my way, where'er my place,
Still fondly home I turn my face;"

in which the cyrch-word "find" is answered by the rhyme of "kind" in the following line.

The less severe forms of verse (*penill*) which English versewrights take, are also used in Welsh. The following is the form and substance of a verse on a man's coming back, after many years, to his childhood's home:—

"Here, where I daily played of yore,
The people know me now no more;
By one or two I'm known again—
By two to day, for hundreds then."

Among the poems of Llywarch Hên, with some seemingly older ones, are many verses of folk-lore, or homely wisdom. In form some of them answer to the little poems of the landfolk of Tuscany, where they are called "stornelli." Most of them are triplets, and they bind up, in a proverb, some truth in the outward world of matter, with some word of wisdom for the life of man. One of the triplets of a set called "Y Gorwynnion" (The Bright Things) is of this form:—

"Bright is the briar's bloom: no law hath need:[1]
From impure deeds withdraw;
Ill manners are the greatest flaw."

The thought-bond in the Welsh is "nid moes" (no law) or no manners of need, and the shame of bad manners, "anvoes."

"Bright is the service-tree; the old
Are care-sought, (as) by bees the wold;[2]
'Tis God alone will vengeance hold.

"Bright are the gorse-blooms: make thy friend
The wise, nor to the fool attend:
God only knoweth every end.[3]

As by the symbolism of Freemasonry every tool of the mason hinted a good thought, so, in the verse-bond of the moral truth to the natural object, the Briton found a repetition of a good teaching in his footsteps over the ground.

Some triplets, which have been imputed to Llywarch Hên, "Y Gwiail" (The Saplings, or Boughs) are called by Jones, in his "Relics of the Welsh Bards," Druidical verses; and Druidical, or of the time of the Druids, some such may be, though I do not think that they hold any Druid mystery. Three of them begin with "Marchwiai bedw briglâs."

"O birch-tree twig, so greenly fair,
Draw out my foot from this my snare:
Let not thy man thy secret share.

"O sapling of the oak-tree shade,
Draw out my feet, by chains down-weighed:
Tell not thy secret to thy maid.

"Thou oak-twig of the leafy wold,
Pull out my feet that fetters hold:
Be not to blabs thy secret told."

[1] *I.e.* the wind with the scent.

[1] Necessity hath no law.

[2] Cares settle on the old as naturally as bees on wild flowers.

[3] Or, knows how all things will end.

The writer of "A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas" writes of the Puharee poetry:—"The first line in each couplet "has no meaning in connexion with the "song—being only to rhyme to. This is "the general system of the rude Puharee "poetry. The idea they wish to express "is made to rhyme to a sentence having "no connexion at all with it." This may be true as well of such bardic verses as we have last given; for, while I seem to see the bearing, which some others have not seen, of some first lines to the others in some Welsh triplets, I do not see such bearings in all of them. But it does not therefore follow that there never were any such bearings. A cricketer may sing a couplet of his bat—

"The willow by the water grows:
A better bat hits better blows"—

and a man of a thousand years hence, not knowing that the word *willow* had been a fancy name for a cricket-bat, might not perceive any connexion between a willow-tree and the bat-blows.

A set of proverbial Englynion show a *cymmeriad*, or resumption, of the word *gnawd* (it is usual) at the beginning of each line. It is usual, say the verses, that such and such things should happen in the outer world, and so usual that so-and-so should happen with man.

The *cymmeriad* of another set of verses is *bid* (let be). Among the verses of Llywarch are some on the "Calangauav," or, the First Day of the Winter, answering to our All Saints' Day. Each of the triplets begins with "Calangauav;" and they show that at that time of year the plough was in the furrow and the ox at work, and that it was the time when the herdsmen left the *havdy* or *havod* (summer-hut) on the hills, and came down to the *hendrev* (or old house) in the plain.

"Let swineherds smile to hear the moan[1]
Of winds: be love to meekness shown:
The mischievous shall be o'erthrown.

"Let knights be seen, and thieves let cower:
A girl may be deceived through dower:
Bad shepherds give the wolf his power.

"Let bark the cubs; let sting the snakes:
The ford is swum beside the stakes:
Adultery a robbery makes."

I am so bold as to take this line otherwise than both Owen and Villemarqué:—

"Bid noviaw rhyd wrth beleidyr."

Owen makes it—"In passing a ford with spears, let there be swimming," though one cannot readily perceive why men with spears, any more than men without them, should swim over a river. Villemarqué makes it, "Qu'on passe le gué à la nage, malgré les lances" (Let men swim over the ford notwithstanding the spears)—of foes on the other side. But the line, as is shown by its proverbial fellows, tells not of what should be done, but of what is known, by observation, to happen. *Paladr*, plural *pelydr*, means a beam, shaft, or stake, and the haft of a spear; but here it may mean stakes driven in a line over the fords to mark the good footing at the shallow water. If this is the true reading, and the stake-fords were known to the early English settlers, it may be a clue to the name of so many English places: Stafford, as the Staefford, or Stakeford. I do not know that the word *novio* (to swim) was ever used for wading, but Herodian had understood that the Britons were much wont to swim or wade through water.

Aneurin was brother of Gildas Albanius, the British historian, and lived under the patronage of Mynyddawg, prince of Edinburgh. He was himself a chief of the Britons of Gododin (the Otodeni), and one of the greatest bards of his time.

The "Gododin" of Aneurin is written on a battle between the North Britons and the Saxon-English, under a leader called by Aneurin "Ffamddwyn" (or, The Flame-bearer). The battle seems to have happened at a gathering of the Britons at a yearly feast, and at a place called Cattraeth, or Caltraeth—which word *traeth* means a strand or sand-beach; and it was by the sea in the land called

[1] Because they blow down the mast for him.

Godod'in, or Gotod'in, the land of the Otadeni, or Gotadeni of Ptolemy, reaching from about Newcastle to Edinburgh. It was fought near the Roman Wall, which reached from the mouth of the Forth to that of the Clyde, and which, at Caltraeth, was then a mound with a line of stakes. This wall passed by a river, the Calder, which it is thought gave the name of "Cal-traeth" (The strand of the Caldr) to the place of the fight. The tribes on the foe side were the Angles and the Scots, who had become their allies, under a leader, Domnal Brech (or Domnal the Variegated or Pied Man)—the tattooed man, as Villemarqué takes it, but, as I think, the plaided, and so striped or variegated, man.

The battle of Caltraeth seems to have been fought after that of Llongborth, which was sung by Llywarch Hên: since some of the wielders of the sword at Caltraeth were the later kindred of the heroes of Llywarch; and since Aneurin curses a woman (Bun) whom he calls the fair traitress, who is said by a triad to be one of the three shameless women of Britain, and to have wedded Ida the Saxon. So the battle has been referred to the time of Ida's son.

Although Aneurin was not very much later than Llywarch, yet his form of verse, either as that of his own mind or that of a new school of poetry, differs from that of the old bard. Llywarch wrote mostly in the triplet and Englyn form of verse; whereas Aneurin writes mostly in *awdlau*, or free sets of lines of one rhyme. Of his hero Owen he gives a verse of the form and meaning:—

"The shield he bore, though light, yet wide,
Hung down before his charger's hide,
And he, with blade bright blue each side,
With golden spurs was wont to ride."

He gives two strains of verses of eight one-rhymed lines, and of the former strain each verse begins with the words "Calawc Cynhorawc" (The Wreathed or Crowned Leader). A couplet says of the Bernicians—

"O house of Brynaich, were you judged by me,
One shadow of a man you would not see."

Of the forthgoing of the king he says:

"In time of dawning light,
The sun arose in sight,
The king in glory dight,
On blue-skied Britain's height,
Bad spear on shield to smite,
For prey of foes in flight."

Taliesin was, like Aneurin, a *Penbeirdd* (or head of the bards), and lived under the favour of Maelgwn Gwynedd, King of Wales. His abode was, for a time, by the lake Llyn Geirion'ydd, for he says:—

"A minnau Daliesin, o lan Llyn Geirion'ydd."
(And I am Taliesin, of the place Llyn Geirion'ydd.)

He is said, in the book of Welsh verse-lore, to have invented five new metres. One of these is the *toddaid* (or melting metre), which has been often used as a melting or *rallentando* movement for the end of a stanza. It is of two lines, mostly of ten or eight, and of nine or eight, syllables. The first line has a rhyme-syllable (1) within it, and another rhyme syllable (2) at its end; while the other line rhymes to the former syllable at the end (1), and the latter in the middle (2); thus:—

"Where'er the battle-horn may call, (1) to wield (2)
Deadly spear or shield, (2) they stay or fall" (1).

A poem of Taliesin's is on the Battle of Argoed Llwyfyn—a battle fought between the North Britons of the Clyde Vale, under Urien, and the Saxons under Flamddwyn, or Ida:—

"The battle lasted from the opening light
Of morning, till the sun went down at night;
When came Flamddwyn, with his four bands' might,
On Godeu and on Reghed for the fight."

He says of the foe:—

"In *length*, they stood from hill to wood,
In *time*, one day alone they stood."

Another stanza tells of Flamddwyn's call for the hostages, and the answer with which it was met:—

"Then loudly cried Flamddwyn, blustering high,
'Give me your hostages: have you them nigh?'

Then answered Owen, with the sworded thigh,
'None have we, none there are, none will be nigh.'
And Keneu, Coel's son, cried he would die
Ere he to bring a hostage forth would try."

In praise of Urien Reghed he writes a stanza of this kind:—

"No, till my weakness drops the pen,
And I shall end my days with men,
May I not wear a smile but when
I sing the praise of Urien."

In the same kind of verse he sings the glory Urien had won in another battle at Gwen Estrad, and he honours him as a "Baptized Ruler" (*Rwyv-hedydd*), unlike the heathen Saxons.

Taliesin sings in sundry changes of verse as respects the length both of the lines and verses. One of his poems has a string of couplets of this form:

"If a groan is in the glade,
Is not Urien's the blade?
If a groan is on the height,
Is not Urien's the fight?
If a groan is on the plain,
Did not Urien give the pain?
If a groan from walls you hear,
Is it not from Urien's spear?
Groans from road and open ground,
Groans on every side around."

Of Owen, the brave son of Urien, he sings in another form of verse:

"Of foes the mower dire,
Worthy his sire;
His house's pride:
Fflamddwyn found no shield withstand
His deadly hand—
But, smitten, died."

That these bardic poems are trustworthy as writings of the sixth century is strongly shown by their many points of coincidence with other writings, Saxon and British, and with the truths of ancient and modern geography, as well as with each other. Touching as they do, for example, in sundry places on the "tan y goddaeth" (or brushwood fire of spring), they must, I think, have been written when the kindling of the fire was a usual practice; they must have been written while yet the golden torque was the badge of the prince and noble, and when the Britons were Christians, and the Saxons were as yet heathen; and, though Welsh may have changed within a thousand years much less than the English, the language of the old bards, as that of the Gododin, differs widely enough from the Welsh of our days to show itself some hundreds of years older.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

BY ROBERT HAYNES CAVE, M.A.

XVI. OF MEN WHOM THE WORLD HAS LOVED.

One morning, taking counsel with myself, I sallied forth for a "constitutional" walk after an autumnal nor'-west gale of two days' continuance had nearly spent its fury. Shut up in the house for those two days, I had occupied myself in following the life of a man who may be taken as the representative of a class sadly too common; men who are loved by their fellow-men, and are in every-way loveable, but whose characters are marred by one fatal flaw: we may call them men of good principles and weak wills. Such men were Steele (poor Dick Steele!), Fielding, Charles Lamb, Burns, Coleridge. I but pick a handful of names out of the literature of one age; but from King David's time to our own what a roll-call might not be made out of these, the "greatest, wisest, *weakest* of mankind!" Taking with me the remembrance of these men, of their troubled lives, and of the rich legacy of wit and thought and love which they have left to us—a remembrance to which the wild wind and the gloomy sky formed fitting adjuncts—I reached at last the end of my walk, a hill some half-a-dozen miles from home. A long stretch of fallow land, rising black with twilight hues against the western sky, shut out the horizon. Behind it the storm clouds had broken their ranks, and had drifted low down into strange fantastic forms, between which the

amber glow of sunset shone brilliantly, melting into faint pale green, and then into the pure blue of the upper sky. And there, where the sun-rays still rested, the cirrus clouds, flaming in vermilion and gold and orange, trailed their long lines of feathery spray through leagues of quivering stainless azure.

And is it not so—the mocking wind seemed to whisper as I turned somewhat sadly homeward—is it not so with all that pertains to this earth of ours? Yonder sunset gold is but a pestilent congregation of vapours after all, brethren of the fen mist and the London fog. And the men you have named have been loved rather for their vices than for their virtues. The world, in fact, has loved them as old women prize certain kinds of china, for their cracks and flaws. Not wholly so, I reply. There have been cracked vessels enough which the world has never stored in its cabinets; men of genius whom their fellows have never loved. Swift was, without doubt, a clever man enough; but what Tory even ever felt the slightest spark of affection for the Dean of St. Patrick? Sterne sentimentalized and drew largely upon the human heart, but his bills have been dishonoured. But the world has always felt a tenderness for certain of its teachers who could command its love when they were unable to command its respect. For it has felt that these were true men even when they were most false to their own principles. Against Steele, Fielding, Burns, Lamb, and Coleridge the devil and his advocates may substantiate many a heavy charge of recklessness and ill living. But we feel instinctively that these men had the root of the matter in them. We feel that they were better than their lives; that there was a deep tap root of religion and goodness beneath the tree, even though its bark was cankered and its fruit sour. And the world in judging thus has judged rightly, even though it may have arrived at the truth through instinct rather than by any reasoning process. For men's hearts are ever wiser than their heads. The majority of men may be fools; but the majority of men are benevolent, and humane, and well intentioned.

Poor Dick Steele!—for he it is whose life suggested these thoughts. — You have read the "Spectator" of course, and you have been accustomed to associate all that is best of it with the name of Addison. But its worst (and some of Steele's Essays are by no means the worst) is better, and wiser, and nobler than the age which gave birth to it. And I think there are few who have loved and lost who can read Steele's Essay upon the death of his mother in No. 181 of the "Tatler," without being touched, even to tears. Steele is in fact eminently human. All the relationships of life are dear to him. He is warm hearted, affectionate, and impulsive. His religious principles are excellent; but from his youth up he suffers the terrors of God with a troubled mind, as all men must do whose faith is a constant protest against their lives. For his life is a continued struggle against temptation and a yielding to sin, until you are weary and sick at heart with following the fortunes of a combatant who is always being beaten. All his sympathies are in favour of religion and morality, and all his practices, unhappily, on the other side. As a desperate chance, a last throw to make a good man of himself, while he is still young, he publishes a book called the "Christian Hero." He hopes, poor soul, that this public profession of religion, in the face of a sneering irreligious world, may yet ballast the ship of life. Alas! the Christian Hero is discovered next morning in the kennel, drunk; having so celebrated his victory in a duel which has been forced upon him about a woman of bad character.

Is it necessary that the moralist should mark and enforce the distinction between religion and morality, should assert boldly that a religious man may be immoral, and that a moral man may be absolutely irreligious? Much, in truth, that wears the appearance of religion may be but worldly selfish prudence after all. There are last that shall be first, and there are first that shall be last. "One of the

"most persuasive arguments for a future "state," says Coleridge, "rests on the "belief that, although by the necessity of "things our outward and temporal wel- "fare must be regulated by our outward "actions, there must yet needs come a "juster and more appropriate sentence "hereafter, in which our intentions will "be considered, and our happiness and "misery made to accord with the "grounds of our actions. Our fellow- "creatures can only judge what we are "by what we do; but in the eyes of "our Maker what we do is of no worth, "except as it flows from what we are. "Though the fig-tree should produce no "visible fruit, yet if the living sap is "in it, and if it has struggled to put "forth buds and blossoms which have "been prevented from maturing by "inevitable contingencies or untimely "frosts, the virtuous sap will be ac- "counted as fruit: and the curse of "barrenness will light on many a tree "from the boughs of which hundreds "have been satisfied, because the om- "niscient Judge knows that the fruits "were threaded to the boughs arti- "ficially by the outward working of "base fear and selfish hopes."

Many vices are but virtues gone astray, and every type of human character has its own characteristic faults. The fault of clever men is their impatience of fools, their scorn. Earnest men are given to be intolerant. And the fault of the poetic mind is its love of pleasure, its voluptuousness. For the very essence of the imaginative faculty is that it shall feel more sensitively, taste more keenly of pleasure and of pain than its fellows, than that common run of men who have scarcely soul enough in them to keep their bodies from corruption. It demands an ideal beauty, a larger vastness, a loftier goodness than the world can give, and is tempted to seek them —or their shadows—in the excitement of dram-drinking and opium-eating, forgetful that conscience cannot be drugged to sleep. Hence the miserable lives of many men whom the world still needs must love. Haply even with them the clouds have broken ere the sun of life went down. And after all, methought, as I turned for one more look towards the west, it is your stormy day which gives you the finest sunset; heaven's heraldry —gules, and or, and azure—is often blazoned the most gloriously over a foaming sea and a wreck-strewn shore.

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

I.

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging up of caps; nor one in which,—with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions,—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

1° *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an

England, with its hundred and fifty millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say 50 years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, shall have deliquesced,—into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3° That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade.—which some take to mean, 'Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*;' — this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off,—and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly, — 'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain side in motion) 'as the *square* of the time': — so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see itself fulfilled, not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the Newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now doable; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of completed Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

II.

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while:—"Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει; For who can change the opinion of these people?" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. "For who can change the opinion of these people?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwärmerey* ('*enthusiasm*' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply '*Swarmery*,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the

centre of the swarm;—but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of Leyden, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee: and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practice, and *quàm primùm* see *done*, if your soul would live! Divine commandment *to vote* ("Manhood Suffrage," —Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); universal "glorious liberty" (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as would appear); count of Heads the God-appointed way in this universe, all other ways Devil-appointed; in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined, on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspere; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ;—and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practice for the salvation of the world, —I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor Mankind; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day!

But you will in vain attempt, by argument of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, if disputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot: if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible; and will plunge more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment:—once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest result of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest; and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like: —he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein;—and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, *cannot* be other than misdone. The whole world rises in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing:—yet the whole world, listening to the cool Sheffield disclosures of *rattening*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular "Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited)," feels its hair rising on end;—to little purpose hitherto; being without even a gallows to make response! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to "disastrous *strikes*," "merciless *lockouts*," and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude; nay is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, too often as "distressed needle-women;" thirty thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand: but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that, —to the frantic notion, in short, That

servantship and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargoning, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken!

Servantship, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough!), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely,—a "contract for life," if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all. And this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison; vitally important to every just man concerned in it; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic "Abolitionists," fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger's case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so! America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America's blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense *we* sent over to them); and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing to be done. Their energy, their valour, their &c. &c. were worthy of the stock they sprang from:—and now, poor fellows, *done* it is, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate[1]) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have slit one another into horrid death, in a temporary humour, which will leave centuries of remembrance, fierce enough: and three million Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely "emancipated;" launched into the career of improvement,—likely to be "improved off the face of the earth" in a generation or two! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men,—who doesn't regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in Heaven at this time. *Papae, papae;* wonderful indeed!

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about "Liberty," "Constitutional Government," "Reform," and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture: venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox populi vox Dei*, can make them: axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man, it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true; that taken unconditionally, or under changed conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about "Liberty," for example; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be "free," as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be "free,"—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way, is contrariwise, the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing;

[1] "More than half a million." (Lunt, *Origin of the late War*: New York, 1867.)

if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one "blessing" left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quàm primùm*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from "extension of the suffrage," laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a "chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,"—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters, and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became "Reform Parliament;" victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum, or tatter of rope or leather left upon it:—there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a Garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and "board him at the public expense," a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends;—a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (*i.e.* tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of "way" it is! But indeed your "Reform" movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not "Reformation," practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour's; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply Extension of the Suffrage! Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and puddle of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

III.

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the "Reform Measure;" that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of "improvement" by such a method is to me a finished off and shut up intellect, with which I would not argue: mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence; it is mere "reflex and reverberation," repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all Nature groan

everywhere, and lie in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the "*swarmeries*" and enthusiasms of mankind thereon, will seem to you not a little marvellous!—

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious "new Reform Measure,"—as there lies something of good in almost everything,—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable;—pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon!* For the last thirty years it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on;—one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one's own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it:—but, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, "Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities *ends*,—if not in some improvement, then in death and finis,—may it not be the better? The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!" Nay, have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*schadenfreude*, 'mischief-joy,' the Germans call it, but really it is *justice*-joy withal), that he they call "Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers, of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milk-cow);—and you shan't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort.

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty) listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary, to be kicked downstairs, with orders never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you, then; God bless *you!*" and bursts into tears. Those 'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee;" and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such &c. &c. as takes with ravishment the general Editorial ear, Penny and Threepenny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws, and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first

beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips, and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object), —or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our Social Affairs and Arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly,—leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter-the-Pennyless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughs, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour, the mob, than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees the Official slinking off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it; but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing down Beales and his Roughs. So that if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquences in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, "Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England;* that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!"—in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, 'within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone:—alas it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still:—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblessed process; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time,—with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and

mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews, — is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others, strictly that?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

IV.

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be: "What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take; what are, in main features, the issues it will arrive at, on unexpectedly (with immense surprise to the most) *shooting* Niagara, to the bottom? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man: and to be candid with myself, up to this date, I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If "immortal smash," and shooting of the Falls, be the one issue ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing in comparison!—And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches if it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards?" Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past,—it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then? Shew us, shew us, or else disappear!" I regard this as potentially a great benefit;—springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one, I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes;" and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous,—with success! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged!) —and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to,—with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile,—by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be, That, from Plebs to Princeps, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are,—some of them (as my Lord Derby, I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually,

—ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours! More than once, I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry: life of Giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economies, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least *do* this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years, I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen "in Council" (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet,—younger son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career;—and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie in you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading and coercing to a noble goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are the grandest gifts a mortal can have; and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world. See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers, ripening towards nothing but destruction: one of these *you* shall have: you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and your posterity's if worthy): go you and buckle with it, in the flame of Heaven; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing,—thinks the reader? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant:

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfullest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work: ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work, a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Frederick William, followed by his Frederick, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round, and lovingly kissed and laved, by the beautifullest seas in the world, and beshone by the grandest sun and sky! "For ever impossible," say you; "contrary to all our notions, regulations, and ways of proceeding or of thinking?" Well, I dare say. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is: Population of 100 white men (by no means of select type); unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers, and Mulattoes; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (head Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman),—and so exquisite a care of Being and of Well-being that the old Fortifications have become jungle quarries (Tinman "at liberty to tax himself"), vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb and oxide of iron in the vigorous embrace of jungle: military force nil, police force next to nil: an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see, who would not go away again,

but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly,—had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order it home straightway to its bed; which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Demosthenic Tinman and his Ten, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not "Self-government" a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and some others? But to leave all this.

V.

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element; leaving that to such Cleon the Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech, issuing in no deed, is hateful and contemptible:—how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that? In God's name let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do;* if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot!——

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity: polite he is, in the finest form; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefullest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this, if you consider it well! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you); and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index, and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it; none but potential kings can really have it. In the crude, what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all "men of genius" have it; but see what it avails some of them,—your Samuel Johnson, for instance,—in that crude form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a "New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary change, may nevertheless be for good, if the Few *shall* be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for "reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old our habits in regard to "reformation," or repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic!

And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years. Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier

"reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and hammering on the old quiet House; —dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep; don't disturb the old beams and junctures: varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names; and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly-consciously,—*liars* to their own souls and to other men's; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum* on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by Destiny as *slaves*; and not even the immortal gods could make them free,—except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble Few, who we always trust will be born to us, generation after generation; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaverish or dog-like one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune, and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class? And if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, "who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it,—then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous "Copper-Captaincy" as of France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer or guess has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid

the ever-increasing bewilderments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develope themselves into something of Heroic Well-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parliamenteering, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophy-ing, immortal Verse-writing, &c. &c. (if of *vocal* turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet)? How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible Ἄριστοι fighting for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," or "Death for you"! Looking into this, there are fearful dubitations, many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, and how extensively, in stupid, maundering and degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The *best*: for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can hold out and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase; to become (as Oliver once termed them) "a company of poor men, who will shed all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die, we say;—what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and, "while God lives"—(I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, tho' so many have forgotten it!)—said issue can or will fall only one way.

VI.

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: "men of *genius*" they all emphatically are, the "inspired Gift of God" lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class,—provided God *have* "touched their lips with his hallowed fire!" Supreme is the importance of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (political or other);—priceless and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless I will omit these at present, and touch only of the second, or Industrial Hero, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial Hero, here and there recognisable, and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the *Orson* form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title; and by degrees, will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do

better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat by title; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to co-operate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future,—if there be any such, as I believe there must,—will have grown out of both. A new "Valentine;" and perhaps a considerably improved,—by such *re*contact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical "man of genius" will probably *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament:—his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire, (truly a "bloated" specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitude of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two! —In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilize, out of its now utter savagery, the world of Industry;—think what a set of items: to change *nomadic* contract into *permanent*; annihilation of the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor; matters sanitary (and that not to the body only) for his people; matters governmental for them; matters, &c. &c.;—no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generations yet!

And indeed reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will you would suppose have to start at once upon the industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its "4 eights,"[1] with assassin pistol in its hand will at once urge itself on reformed Parliament: and reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books upon it if nothing further. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what I could reckon,—as touching on our Ark of the Covenant, on sacred free trade itself,—to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*, let me explain it a little.

"Cheap and nasty;" there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which in all times and places taints it or lies near it, and which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage "cheapness" at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present,—I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing or employing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronize, or in any form countenance the working, wearing, or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work: how much more that for doers and producers of it! Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder; work, none of you, like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer,—under penalties!

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the "cheap and nasty" genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you,—consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts in comparison? Do you know the shop, sale-shop, workshop, industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had? I

[1] "Eight hours to work, and eight hours to play,
Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day."—*Reformed Workmen's Pisgah Song.*

confess I hardly do; the more is my sorrow! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's dust cunningly varnished over; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as ware invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean, Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*,—our practical hero will be infinitely anxious to deal with that question, and see how Free Trade with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be tied again a little.

One small example only! London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick,—we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing! England needs to be *rebuilt* once every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*, the expense will be say fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things); and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you; lying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time) pay your National Debt for you, bridge the ocean for you; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again; —and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, provenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*; — into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds, and liturgies whatsoever is, to do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's dust, and endeavouring to reap where you have not sown?——But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

VII.

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now,—to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*,—granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted?—This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing*; the relations between all classes from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths,—not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and discountenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself: and all men should recognise that there verily was a bit of kinghood ruling "by the Grace of God," in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by degrees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours it ever had, in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogeler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer: this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I have practically little faith in it. Discerning well how *few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, "Blessed is every one that does!"—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to *be* "noble" and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. "Management of one's land on this principle," yes, in some degree this might be possible: but as to 'fostering merit' or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem),[1] "What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another!" (*Hear, hear!*) By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan! (In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at!)—To recognise merit you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it, is the saddest operation under the sun; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day. Alas! no? Ideals won't carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

[1] Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil Service Examination Proposal.

In such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it. Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods, and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him, which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbours round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitallest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt: but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more unattainable, by public clamouring and jargoning, than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out "the *wise*," who are apt *not* to be found on the high roads at present, or only to be transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a grimmish aspect of countenance, among the crowd of loquacious *sham-wise*. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well):—in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department, such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal;* presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this king could eliminate from all corners of the impious world; and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation, by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing paper, white as snow;—everything we please can be written on it;—and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun: towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt, and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this,—if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it!—Goethe has shadowed out a glorious far-glancing specimen of that Non-vocal, or very partially-vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small, but highly useful and practicable little corner of one actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and *have* often thought of it since.

VIII.

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points,—and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it!

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis, and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do,—is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia: *he* does his function, he is genuine; and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else; ask your poor Bishop, sacred Overseer of souls; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice; your poor Doctor, ditto of health: they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to!" That is the melancholy fact; well worth considering at present.—Nay I often consider farther, If, in my Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Courts martial revelations, Newspaper controversies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice miserable Drill-Sergeant?

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged king in all corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill, not military only but human in all kinds; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it,—which would be immense to man, woman and child? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something of this; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes,—is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto); and one he takes the greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet,—and to infinitely higher degrees (that of symbolling in concert your "first reverence," for instance, supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere!)—there is a natural charm in it; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures; richer by what a multiple; and hitherto as good as never opened,—worked only for the Fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose; no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too

and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial persons we have had for the long centuries past! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multiform opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out million-fold on a Whit Sunday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling Processes; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny Newspapers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, he would have to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise Hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament; but, on the contrary, might and would loyally help said Parliament in warring down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man, he was widening the arena of *Anti*-Anarchy, of God-appointed *Order* in this world and Nation,—and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him That, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this universe, and in every nation that is not *divorced* from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy, not, but contrariwise; having the whole universe for ever set against it; pushing it slowly at all moments towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast in the course of time you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say: "Here are we, Sirs; we also are minded to *vote*,—to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million, to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

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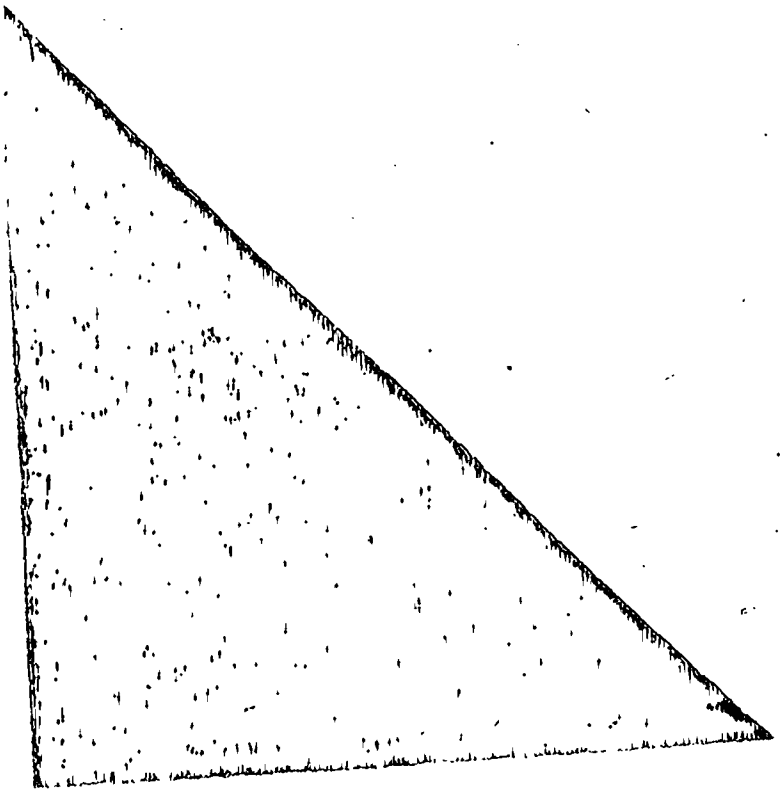

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